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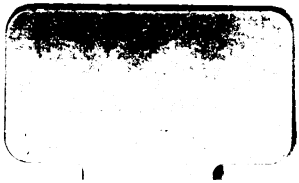

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THE HOMESTEAD GARDEN.

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MERRY'S MUSEUM,

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, WOODWORTH'S CABINET,

AND

THE SCHOOLFELLOW.

EDITED BY

ROBERT MERRY AND HIRAM HATCHET.

And Aunt Sue.

VOLUMES XLI. AND XLII.

New York:

J. N. STEARNS, PUBLISHER,

111 FULTON STREET.

1861.

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PISTOLS AND BRAVERY.*

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

CHAPTER I.—EUPHRAZIA

ONE summer, when August was about twelve years old, he went to spend one of his vacations with his uncle and aunt, who lived near a pleasant village on the banks of the Connecticut River, at some distance below Hartford.

The house in which August's uncle lived was situated on a rising ground near a wood, just beyond the margin of the village. There was a piazza near one end of the house, that commanded a very pretty view of the river. Euphrazia, August's cousin, used to sit upon this piazza summer afternoons, and watch for the steamboat coming up on her way from New York to Hartford.

Euphrazia, I am sorry to say, was rather a wild girl. The truth was, she had always been so much indulged by her mother, and allowed to have her own way from her earliest childhood, that she was now entirely unmanageable. Her mother attempted to exercise some control over her from time to time, but she acted in so feeble and ineffectual a manner that she accomplished nothing. It is true that Euphrazia did not in most cases openly and avowedly refuse to obey her mother, still she always contrived to carry her point, and her mother's resistance to her will ended almost always in useless remonstrances and murmurings. One or two instances will best show how Euphrazia was accustomed to manage affairs with her mother.

One day when Mrs. Gale, Euphrazia's mother, was sitting at one of the windows in her little back parlor, at her work, Euphrazia came up to her and began tumbling over the things in Mrs. Gale's work-table drawer.

"Frazie," said Mrs. Gale, "what are you doing in my drawer? Let it alone. How many times have I told you that you must never touch anything in my drawers?"

"But, mother," replied Euphrazia, "I want a string." As she said this she went on ransacking the drawer.

"What kind of a string do you want?" asked Mrs. Gale in an impatient tone.

"I want a good strong string to tie up some flowers," said Euphrazia.

"But, Frazie, I can't let you have any flowers, at least not from my borders," said her mother.

"I'm going to get them in the garden, mother," said Euphrazia, "all except two or three."

"And you are putting my drawer all in confusion," said her mother. "Look at my spools, all topsy-turvy—and I took so much pains to arrange them this very morning."

"I did it pulling out this skein of linen thread," said Euphrazia. "This is just what I want."

"Take it, then," said her mother, "and go away; and the next time you want anything out of my drawers ask me, and let me get it for you, instead of tumbling over my things in that way."

Euphrazia, who, having accomplish-

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ed her object, was very willing that her mother should have the last word, said nothing, but went away with the string.

The little back parlor where Mrs. Gale was sitting had two windows in it, both extending down to the floor. One of these windows opened upon the end of the piazza above mentioned. The other led by two or three steps down to a little green yard, which was situated at the end of the house; and at the foot of these steps, extending along the side of the house, there was a small border of flowers which Mrs. Gale called *her* border, as she considered the flowers in it exclusively her own, and she was accustomed to watch and tend them with great care.

Euphrazia, when she had obtained her string, instead of going out toward the garden, went down the steps leading to the little green yard.

"Frazie!" said her mother, calling out to her through the open window, "you must not touch any of my flowers. You must get your flowers out of the garden. Take them from your own bed."

"But, mother," said Euphrazia, "there are no pretty flowers in the garden. At least there are no pretty ones in my bed. They don't grow well in my bed. The ground there is all choked up with weeds."

"Then you ought to take better care of it," said Mrs. Gale. "It is not right for you to neglect your own garden in that way and let it all run to weeds, and then when you want flowers for a bouquet to come and get them out my border."

"But, mother," rejoined Euphrazia, "I only want two or three out of your border, just to give my bouquet a sort of an air. The rest I will get in the garden. I have only taken three, and two more will be enough."

"You must not have a single one more," said Mrs. Gale, speaking very positively. "Not one. You may take the three that you have got, now that you have gathered them, but not one more; and above all, you must not touch the moss rose."

"Ah, mother," said Euphrazia, "a moss rose was just the one I wanted the most."

"But, Frazie, I positively can not let you have the moss rose. It is the first one that has come out, and it is hardly out yet."

"But, mother, there are more buds coming on," said Euphrazia.

"No matter for that," said Mrs. Gale; "you must not touch it."

"It won't do any harm for me to smell of it, at least," said Euphrazia.

On hearing these words, Mrs. Gale rose from her seat hastily, laid down her work, and went to the open window to save her rose. She found Euphrazia standing by the side of the border, and pulling the rose over toward her, in order that she might smell of it.

"Frazie!" said her mother sternly, "you must not touch it."

"It is very sweet, mother," said Euphrazia, "very sweet indeed. I'll put it right back in its place."

Then, after putting back the stem of the rose-bush, which she had drawn toward her, in order that she might smell of the rose, she suddenly exclaimed:

"Ah, mother, see how it leans all to one side, and hangs down! I must have partly broken off the stem when I pulled it toward me. *Now*, I may just as well have it as not, for the stem will never straighten up again."

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So she put out her hand again to take the rose.

"No, Frazie!" said her mother. "No! no! You must not touch it."

But it was too late. Euphrazia had broken off the stem completely in the midst of her mother's words.

"Now, Euphrazia!" exclaimed her mother, in a mournful and pathetic tone.

"Why, mother!" said Euphrazia, "it would have done no good to have left the rose on the stem after it was half broken off. You would never have liked it, mother."

Mrs. Gale turned round and went back to her work with a very sad expression of countenance, while Euphrazia, having put the moss rose among the other flowers which she had gathered, ran off with them round the corner.

The best possible way to teach children to be disobedient and insubmissive, is to argue with them, and make a show of resisting them, and yet allow them finally to carry their point.

CHAPTER II.—THE PISTOL.

Two days before August was to set out on his journey into Connecticut, a letter came to the house for him by mail. On opening this letter he found it was from his cousin Euphrazia. It was as follows:

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"DEAR AUGUST:—I am very glad indeed that you are coming to pay me a visit. And I want you to do me a favor when you come. You will come through New York, I suppose, and when you are in New York, I want you to buy a pistol, and bring it with you for me. That is, it is not for me, exactly, but for a boy here named Maurice. His mother is not willing that he should have a pistol, and he can't contrive any way to get one, without her knowing it. But I told him that I could contrive a way to get one for him, and that is for you to buy it in New York, and bring it when you come. You must do it slily, so that nobody shall know. A small pistol will do.

"Your very affectionate cousin,

"EUPHRAZIA GALE.

"P. S.—I expect it will cost about a dollar. I will pay you for it the first money I get to spare after you come."

As August, after finishing the reading of this letter, folded it up again, a lurking smile was seen playing about the corners of his mouth, and as he put the letter in his pocket, he said to himself—

"Poor Frazie! I am afraid my chance of getting the money that I should spend for the pistol paid back to me, would be rather small."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A RHYME FOR THE SEASON.

BY TIMOTHY PERRY.

OLD YEAR! with a song
We have jogged along
Through fair and through stormy [weather;
But now, good-bye!
For you and I
Can no more travel together.

In my very heart
I am sad to part
From a friend so esteemed and respected,
But I hear thy knell,
And so, farewell—
May the place of thy rest be protected!

O ho! NEW YEAR!
Are *you* so soon here?
You have come on the wings of the morning,

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No noise or display
Has prepared your way,
You are here without a word's warning.

But in your face
I plainly trace
A happy and kind disposition;
So, welcome here,
Friend new, but dear—
We receive you without a suspicion.

I have read in books,
That honest looks
Are not to be always trusted;
But I'm sure that you
Are faithful and true,
And that all will be rightly adjusted.

Then let us start
With a merry heart
To make the tour of the seasons,
And never fall out
Through the whole long route,
Unless for the best of reasons.

Very little we know
Of the path we go,
Nor which will outrun the other;
But resolute still,
In good or ill,
Let us always assist one another.

If John should get stuck,
Or Charles have bad luck,
Or James meet with broken bridges,
Like allies still,
With a hearty good-will,
We'll help them over the ridges.

Some ugly snag,
Or projecting crag,
May in turn offer us resistance;
Then, doubtless, they
Will our kindness repay,
And give us all needful assistance.

The path of life
Is a way of strife—
Not to harm or hinder another,
But a strife to excel
In doing well—
Each one to conquer the other!

So in passing along
We grow bold and strong,
By good-will and friendly ambition,
And the happy new year,
Which is just now here,
Will be full of glad fruition.

And when at last,
All dangers past,
The line of our march is ended,
Our hearts will thrill
With the memory still,
Of the comrades we have befriended.

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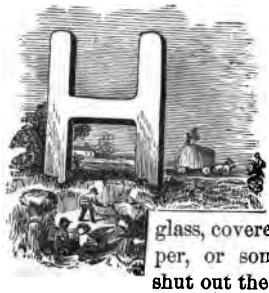
A PEEP INTO MY KALEIDOSCOPE.

BY UNCLE WILL.



HAVE you ever seen a kaleidoscope? It is made of three long strips of glass, covered with paper, or something to shut out the light, except at the ends. In one end are placed small bits of glass, shreds of silk, leaves of flowers, and other bright colored objects. It is so constructed that when you look into it, these odds and ends appear as if arranged into beautiful figures, as stars, hexagons, triangles, and other regular forms. Every time the instrument is turned in the hand, new shapes are seen, and you can spend an hour very pleasantly in examining the surprising and pleasing changes.

My kaleidoscope is not like this, exactly. Instead of beads, and threads, and leaves, I put into it thoughts, and facts, and fancies, such as may be picked up while walking along the streets, or riding in the country, or sitting in my own quiet room. These are often arranged in a way that amuses me, and may interest you, and I propose to let you take a peep at a few of them. The printer can very easily represent them upon paper, so that, though many miles apart, you can all examine them without difficulty.

Now, then, for the first scene. Away in the State of Maine there are two

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small houses, standing right in the woods, not very far apart, but a mile or more from any other neighbors. You would almost call them huts. They are small, unpainted, the boards on the outside are not even planed. They look rough indeed, compared with the pleasant white cottage, or the handsome brick house in which you live. In each of these cabins is a little boy. They look somewhat alike —only one has black hair and eyes, and the other brown hair and blue eyes. They are cousins, about of an age, and they are playmates and great friends. They have fine times there in the woods, frolicking with their dogs, chasing the butterflies and the squirrels, fishing in the brook that runs between their houses, and picking the berries that grow wild around the stumps and fences.

Now, we'll leave the woods, and pass on about a mile, where a small one-story building, painted red, stands by the roadside. As we look through the open door, we see at a glance it is a school-house. There are benches around the room, and boys and girls upon them, busily studying their lessons. One class is standing upon the floor, reciting to the teacher. At the head of the class stands the blue-eyed boy we saw in the woods. His head is erect, his face full of life, his eye on his teacher, and his mind full of the lesson. Where's the black-eyed boy? O! there he is, near the foot, half turned away from the teacher; and see, he has a book partly open, which he holds behind the boy next to him, and into which he is looking, to see the answer to his question.

We have looked long enough, and now we will let a few days pass, and on Sunday drop into the village church at nine o'clock. Sunday-school is about to commence; everything is quiet, and we can take a good look at the face of each child as they sit in their classes, waiting for the superintendent to commence reading the opening chapter. Ah! there sits Blue-eyes, close by his teacher, with a Bible in his hand, for he wants to read as well as to listen to the verses; he can remember them better. Who is that boy we see out through the window there, just over the fence, picking berries? It's Black-eyes. His mother sent him to Sunday-school, but he chooses to play truant.

Now, it's a week-day again, and a holiday in the village. It is the 4th of July. Three years have passed since we saw the boys on Sunday. A group of young men are having a game of ball in one part of the village green, and one of the most active of the whole company is our blue-eyed boy, now a tall, manly youth He loves innocent sport, and engages in it right heartily. But there is another little knot of youths in another part of the green. They are pitching pennies—gambling. Alas! the black-eyed boy is one of the number; and listen, he has learned to swear—we do not care to stop here long.

What have we next? A large and handsome store, one of the finest in the city, filled with goods, and clerks, and customers. Do you know that

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pleasant-looking gentleman behind the desk? That is Mr. G., one of the partners of the establishment. He was formerly from Maine, and entered this store as clerk many years since, and by his industry and integrity has worked his way up to his present position. He is wealthy, and knows how to use his money right. The poor bless him as their benefactor, and the Church acknowledges him as one of her most liberal supporters.

One scene more—this time in Maine. There is a great stir about the village court-house. The court-room is full. A trial is going on; the prisoner is accused of murder. It is proved that he was intoxicated; that there was a quarrel in which he was engaged; a man was fatally wounded in the affray, and the jury find him guilty of the act. What a sad sight the murderer presents! He is pale, his limbs tremble, his features are bloated and distorted; we can scarcely believe, as we look upon him, that this was once the black-eyed boy who was so happy in the forest cabin. But it is the same. And now the lines in the kaleidoscope change their form, and there appear in golden letters two sentences: "The way of the transgressor is hard," and "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

THE SNOWBALL.

MANY years ago, a most loving and gentle brother was the almost idolized companion of my daily life. No sister was ever more tenderly watched over, more gently counseled, or more lovingly encouraged to do right. One day, when the snow lay thick on the ground, we were walking along one of the streets of our native town, when a schoolboy, with his green baize bag of books slung across

his shoulder, threw a snowball after us. It happened to hit me under the ear, and many of the cold particles of snow lodged inside the collar of my pelisse. Startled with the blow, annoyed with the wet of the melting snow, and vexed at what I considered the rudeness of the boy (who was much older than either of us), my little hand was instantly filled with snow, which I was preparing to send, with all my tiny might, in the hope of punishing my assailant, when the gentle tones of my brother's voice, while he rubbed the melting snow from my neck, stayed my intended revenge. "No, Polly dear! that will be to return evil for evil. Let us walk home quietly, and if he throws another snowball, let us try not to notice it, and then I don't think he will do so again. I will try to hinder it coming to you; and when we get home, we will tell dear mother, and won't this be doing as she said was the right way, returning good for evil?" My anger was all gone; I felt as I ever did, safe with this kind protector. The boy did not throw another snowball at us, though I heard him laugh at what, I daresay, he thought our cowardice; but I was

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then too brave and strong in the sense of doing right to care for his derision. He is now a clergyman in a distant part of the country. May he be preaching the gospel of love and peace.

And my brother: he has long ceased to be an inhabitant of this world; but the gentle lessons he taught me in my childhood, his loving care, and gentle spirit, are all much treasured memories of the past which come to me in the quiet evening hour, when the heart is attuned to present its hymn of praise to the God of all our mercies. They direct to the true source of strength in trial and sorrow, and the remembrance of his gentle monitions has often stayed the hasty word, and cleared the look of anger from my brow. May you, dear little ones, like this precious brother, strive to help each other to walk in the paths of peace, that so you may find that blessed Saviour who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

Jesus, I hide my head in shame,
I blush and weep to see,
That I who wear thy sacred name,
No more resemble Thee.

O the sharp pangs He underwent
When He my sorrows bore;
And shall I trifling wrongs resent?
No, I'll resent no more!

SARAH.

"'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief,
And sin is here;
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours."

CURIOSITIES OF HUMAN FOOD.

MANKIND has been wonderfully ingenious from its infancy, in the concoction of edible varieties. Apart from baked human thighs in Fejee, and boiled fingers in Sumatra, there are sundry culinary fashions still extant, which must be marvelously unintelligible to a conventionalized appetite. Not that it appears strange to eat ducks' tongues in China, kangaroos in Australia, or the loose covering of the great elk's nose in New Brunswick. Not even that it is startling to see an Esquimaux eating his daily rations, twenty pounds in weight of flesh and oil, or a Yakut competing in voracity with a boa constrictor; but who would relish a stew of red ants in Burmah, a half-hatched egg in China, monkey cutlets and parrot pies at Rio Janeiro, and bats in Malabar, or polecats and prairie wolves in North America? Yet there can be little doubt that these are unwarrantable prejudices. Dr. Shaw enjoyed lion; Mr. Darwin had a passion for puma; Dr. Brooke makes affidavit that melted bears' grease is the most refreshing potion. And how can we disbelieve, after the testimony of Hippocrates, as to the flavor of boiled dog? If squirrels are edible in the East, and rats in the West Indies—if a sloth be good on the Amazon, and elephant's paws in South Africa, why should we compassionate such races as have little beef or mutton? for we may be quite sure that if, as Montesquieu affirms, there are valid reasons for not eating pork, there are reasons quite as unimpeachable for eating giraffe, alpaca, mermaid's tails, bustard, and anaconda.

It is a noble satisfaction to be ill spoken of, when we are conscious of doing what is right.

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WHAT'S IN A SLEIGH RIDE.

Ben Franklin used to say,
(And he was a genial one,
And a real lover of fun,)
"If you wish the fun to know
Of riding out in a sleigh
On a sparkling winter day,
When all the world is in a glow,
It is very easily done,
And cheaply, by the way,
Without yourself exposing
To the danger of being frozen.

"In cloak and furs encased,
Stiff as a steel-clad knight,
And in your arm-chair braced,
Your reins to the door made fast,
With a string of bells in sight,
Your feet in a tub of snow,
Whip up, and shout 'gee! ho!'
And make believe you go,
And you'll know the fun and pride
Of a glorious winter ride,
With a good fire at your side,
To comfort you when 'tis past."

A funny old man was Uncle Ben,
Wisest and wittiest of men,
And he had a wonderful way
Of saying what he had to say;
But he must have had, just then,
A touch of the tooth-ache or gout,
Or a gripe somewhere about,
Or he wouldn't have scouted, 'tis clear,
The glorious excitement and cheer

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(Indeed, he couldn't have tried it,
As in boyhood you and I did)
Of a ride on a clear, bright day,
Or an evening at full of moon,
When every rod of the way
Is glittering under the sleigh,
And the stars a twinkling down
With such benign delight
On the gay and joyous sight.

I am sure kind Uncle Ben
Could never have tried it so,
As I have again and again,
For he had such a genial soul,
Such ample berth
In his heart for mirth,
He would ever have blessed the day
When first he saw a sleigh.
And then, moreover, beside
The excitement of the ride,
And the fun of the rapid glide
Over the creaking snow,
There's the crowding of the sleigh,
The filling of gaps,
The sitting in laps,
The laugh, the shout, and the jest,
The racing, and all the rest—
And last, not least, the lift
That tumbled all in drift
Pell-mell—all jumbled together.
And the scrambling to get out,
The bustling and rustling about,
The shaking and quaking,
The screaming and breaking,
The rumpling of lace and feather,
And, but hold!—'tis enough,
Though 'tis tumble and rough,
Who is there of women or men,
Having tried it, wouldn't try it again?

Charles V., while hunting, lost his way, and entered a miserable roadside inn for rest and refreshment. He noticed four men lying on a bed, whose countenances were by no means indicative of good intentions. In fact, they were thieves. Charles asked for refreshments, but he had scarcely swallowed a drop, when one of the ill-looking fellows got up and approached him, with the remark, "I dreamed you had a mantle that would suit me to a T," and thereupon he appropriated the garment. "And I," said the second fellow, following his comrade's example, "dreamed you had a buff coat which would fit me nicely." At the same time he seized upon the buff coat. The third took his hat; the fourth prepared to take a whistle which the emperor wore suspended from his neck by a gold chain. "Softly, my friend," said Charles; "let me first show you the use of this whistle." Accordingly he raised it to his lips, blew a shrill note, and the house was filled with his armed retainers. "Here," said Charles, pointing to the ruffians, "are a set of fellows who dream whatever they want. It is my turn now. I have dreamed that all these rascals were worthy of a gibbet. Let the dream be realized instantly." The hint was taken, and without further delay or formality, the rascally quartette were swung up before the inn door, a signal warning to all unprincipled psychologists.

A "Submissive and Patient Woman."—Mr. Peabody one day came in from a walk. His wife said to him, "I have been thinking of our situation, and have determined to be submissive and patient." "Ah!" said he, "that is a good resolution; let us see what we have got to submit to. I will make a list of our trials. First, we have a home—we will submit to that. Second, we have the comforts of life—we will submit to that. Thirdly, we have each other. Fourthly, we have a multitude of friends. Fifthly, we have God to take care of us." "Ah," said she, "pray stop—I will say no more about submission."

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FASHION.

THE EMPEROR OF BURMAH.

THERE is nothing so changeable or so unaccountable as fashion. It would seem as if the principles of taste would be always and everywhere the same, and that whatever would adorn and render graceful the human form at one time, would always do so. But it is manifest that the world does not think so. An article of dress, which was the perfection of beauty and grace only one year ago, is hideous and unbearable now; while that which a street-beggar would have been ashamed of then, has become the pattern for universal adoption and admiration. I shall not attempt to account for this singular fact. I fear I should not succeed if I should try. I will only suggest that it is so, because it ought not to be so, and because some "people love to have it so."

The first fashion that we hear of in history was a very simple and inexpensive one, though it was undoubtedly tasteful and becoming. It was a tunic of fig leaves, skillfully joined together. As such a garment would require to be renewed every day, it must have been always fresh, green, and soft; as graceful and comfortable a covering as any that have since been invented to take its place. Whether flowers were woven into it, we are not informed; but it might in

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that way have been made exceedingly ornamental.

The love of ornament has been a prominent feature in the costumes of all nations and tribes, in the early stages of their history. Bright colors, glittering trinkets, strong contrasts, have taken the fancy and pleased the eye of the savage and of the civilized. Joseph's coat of many colors, and the frequent allusions to purple, scarlet, blue, and crimson, which we find in the Bible, show the taste and the custom of Eastern nations in those olden times. The same tastes were found prevailing among the Indian tribes of America, at its discovery, and they still remain. The ladies of our own country seem now to emulate them, in their great love of many-colored finery.

Some costumes, to which we are not accustomed, seem so ridiculous, when we see them in print, that we can scarcely believe that any but fools or lunatics could even have worn them. Just look at the Emperor of Burmah, in all his magnificence; could you imagine, if you were not told it, that any man, much less any king, could consent to be shown up in this style? And yet, after all, it is not much more ridiculous than the rigging in which our famous old English and French kings appeared, a few centuries ago.

Here is another style, not so fanciful, and apparently not so easy. In-

A COAT OF ARMS.

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deed, I should say, it was decidedly stiff and unwieldy. I do not believe a man could run or jump in that dress. It is made of steel plates, so jointed and riveted that a tolerable use of the limbs is left to the wearer, while he is proof against any but very hard blows from without. This is called "a coat of arms." It was worn by knights

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who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of some shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation rapidly spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it reached Paris. A single plant, brought there in 1614, became the parent stock of all the coffee plantations in the West Indies. The extent of its consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume, at the cost of its landing, from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars. You may know the Arabia or Mocha, the best coffee, by its small bean of a dark color. The Java and East India, the next in quality, a larger and paler yellow. The West India and Rio has a bluish greenish gray tint.

THE grandson of Tecumseh is now living in Natchez, Miss. He is a well-educated and accomplished gentleman, having traveled over a greater part of Europe. He is a physician, and is said by the *Free Trader* to be an excellent one. In his pharmacopeia is a lot of medical herbs, the secret of whose curative powers he derived from his grandmother, who was a great "medicine" woman.

A GREAT ARTIST.—It is said that an eminent artist lately painted a snow-storm so naturally, that he caught a severe cold by sitting near it with his coat off.

"THE UNGRATEFUL," says Xenophon, "are neither fit to serve the gods, their country, nor their friends."

COULDN'T SEE.—"Pompey, did you take that note to Mr. Jones?" "Es, massa." "Did you see him?" "Es, sar, me did." "How did he look?" "Why, massa, he looked pooty well, 'sidering he's so blind." "Blind! what do you mean by that?" "Why, massa, when I war in de room gibbing de papers, he axed me whar my hat was; and perhaps you won't believe me, but, massa, it war on de top of my hed de hull time."

SELFISHNESS. — There are persons who have so far outgrown their catechism as to believe that their only duty is to themselves.—*The Doctor.*

A CIPHER.—A henpecked husband says that, instead of himself and wife being one, they are ten; for she is 1 and he is 0.

SILENCE!—The officers of a court who cry "Silence!" usually make more noise than they quiet. In some parts of Ireland they manage better. They write "Silence" in large letters on a piece of pasteboard, stick it into the cleft end of a long white rod, and wave it in the face of any one whose voice is heard rising above a whisper. If the conversation continues, they enforce the admonition by a rap on the head with the rod.

BOARDING BY THE WEEK.—The last good story from the Springs is that of a gentleman who took board at a house where but *seven* dollars per week was charged. He remained five days, and on leaving, received a bill of ten dollars, which he promptly paid. It presently occurred to him that something was wrong, and he asked the landlord if his terms were not seven dollars per week? "Oh, yes," said the host, "but you have been here only five days, and we charge two dollars per day." "Oh, well, then," returned the visitor with exceeding *naïveté*, "give me back the three dollars, and I will stay with you the rest of the week."

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ABOUT LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

RUFUS HERBERT laid down his November number of the "Museum," and looked up at his father and said, very earnestly—

"Do tell me, dear papa, if you think it pleasanter to live in the country or in the town? I am sure we have many delights here in the city—music and processions—whole miles of torch-lights, grand visitors, and all manner of curious and beautiful things everywhere. Yet, when I read the stories about farmers, and their fields of golden grain, and fine gardens; their animals; their wonderful colts, and funny roosters, and so on, I wish I could live in the country. Can't we go, papa, and try it?"

"One question at a time, my son," said Mr. Herbert; "however, I am glad to find that you enter into the spirit of reading so much that you

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think about, and speak about, what you have read. I will begin by answering your last question first. I hope to take you, next year, where you shall try that kind of life for several months. I must say that I love the country dearly; but only a few persons can live just where they would prefer. Most of us have reasons (which make it our duty) for living in one place or another; and the right disposition in us will make either of them pleasant; and besides, my dear boy, we are not to live only that we may find all more or less pleasant or happy—

'Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way—
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.'

"But you begin to look very sober, and as if you did not understand Longfellow's poetry. Well, do just as near right as you can in all your acts, and you will understand it by-and-by. Since I have made your face so grave, I must bring back your accustomed smile by telling you of one day upon your grandfather's farm, in which a dear little boy and a great, good, old dog figured conspicuously. Who do you think the little boy was?"

"I can not tell, papa," said Rufus; "perhaps it was my cousin Tommy—was it?"

"No; his name was Rufus, my own boy, and the clever old dog, Ponto. When you were just a toddling fellow, your mamma and I staid with you one summer upon the farm; and one day in haying-time, when all, in and out of the house, were very busy—for good farmer wives have nice things cooked for the men who work so hard in the burning sun—all at once Rufie was missed, and everybody remembered only, that he had not been seen for two hours! Your mother was dreadfully terrified, and a search was begun in earnest. I was fearful that you had found your way to a brook, 'Spring Brook,' we called it, at some distance below the garden; for you were allowed to run about there at any time, under cover of a great straw hat; and if you perpetrated any little mischief, it was regarded very forbearingly. To the garden I ran, and truly there were traces of your steps, for marigolds and larkspurs were dropped here and there. Over the fence I leaped (you had found a little opening to crawl through), and found a marigold, dropped in the direction, away from the brook, but toward the hay-field. A quarter of a mile from the house, and under the shade of a fence, I came upon you fast asleep, and with the best of protectors, old Ponto, lying by your side. I wondered for a moment how you came to get under the shade of the fence; but directly I saw the lunch-basket of the workmen, and then I knew that you must have espied that, and by the time you had got to it, you were tired out and sank to sleep. There was great joy then as I bore you triumphantly homewards; and never did you get another opportunity to stray away, for the whole house kept an eye on your footsteps ever after. Ponto is dead, now, and so is his first master, whose name was Jerry, and who gave the dog to me when I was a lad. Did I ever tell you about Jerry, my son?"

"No, sir," said Rufus; "but I wish you would tell me about him, now, if you please."

"It almost brings the tears to my eyes," said Mr. Herbert, "to think of Jerry, he was such a good soul. He

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was not a strong man; he had never been robust from a child, and for many years he earned his living by spinning. I suppose you think that is a woman's work, Rufus. It is not necessarily so. Jerry had a 'great wheel,' as a wheel for wool was called, on which he spun stocking-yarn, and then took it around to sell to the women who knitted stockings and mittens for their families. What beautiful soft yarn he would spin—what an even thread!

"He came to my father's at least once in two weeks; and it was considered a thing of course to put into his basket something for his comfort at home. He was very fond of me, and I loved him, as if he were my elder brother or uncle. He had no low and repulsive habits, and he was always contented and uncomplaining.

"He always lived alone, and often I have been over to stay an hour or two in his tidy, small house, with its one room. I was sure to hear him singing, and his wheel buzzing, as I came up to the house. After school hours, in the summer time, I liked to sit in his open door and see the shadows begin to fall, as the rays of the going-down sun made the white clover blossoms by the roadside like a sprinkling of pearls.

"When I lingered till it was late, Jerry would walk home with me. Even the fowls in the farmer's old barn-yard put on an air of pride at his approach; and how beautiful were the great white daisies, as we went through the fields!"

"Were there any butter-cups there, papa? I think I always read of butter-cups and daisies being together," said Rufus.

"Oh, yes! plenty; and I always liked them, and the abounding dandelions; but those have their beauty in the middle of the day, when they are wide-spread and brilliant; the daisies in the twilight looked like stars. Then how quiet was all! and we would listen to the whip-poor-will, and the frogs, and tree-toads, and many soft insect sounds, and it seemed the easiest thing in the world to be good and to do right.

"I had especial reason to be attached to Jerry, for, when I was a boy, not as old as you were when you strayed to the hay-field, I was very ill for many weeks, and as soon as I could bear it, this faithful creature would carry me in his arms, two miles and more, to the cool grove; and my dear mother has told me that she believed he saved my life by such care of me, and that I was always better

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after these walks. He would take me in his lap at the table, as she told me, and allow my mischievous fingers to go anywhere among his food, while others would laugh to see what liberties he permitted to me, and to me alone. Our friendship was never broken; and when I became a young man, and was to leave home to enter into business here in the city, he put his arms around me and groaned in his sorrow. Whenever I went home for a visit, one of the first to meet me was Jerry; and in his joy wanted to lift me in his arms and give me a whirl, although I was five and a half feet in height.

"I should like to tell you about our milking and churning, but I have not time now; for, see! Christmas and New Year's are here—mamma and little sister Nettie must be remembered; and not they alone, but we will remember the poor with our gifts; and may many, many others do likewise."

TO "CARRIE."

THERE is a land all pure and fair,
Where flowers immortal bloom,
And this, dear friend, shall be my prayer:
That there may be your home.

There is a crown laid up in heaven
For those who faithful prove;
God grant one may to you be given,
When to those realms you move.

They ne'er shall part, who dwell therein,
But be forever blest;
Though strangers now, may we not be
In that bright land of rest?

THE FROLIC IN THE SNOW.

PLAY on, play on, while the feathery snow
From the sky comes whirling past;
Thy cheeks are bright with a crimson glow—
The rose that blooms when the north winds blow,
Where the pulse of youth beats fast.

Why dost thou heed, light-hearted child,
Who knowest no care or pain?
Though cold is the breath of the winter wild,
And the sun since yesterday hath not smiled
On the ice-bound hill and plain.

The hearth in thy home is bright and warm,
Unfelt is the piercing air;
Oh! naught to thee is the biting storm
Raging without, while a mother's form
Hovers in kindness there.

Play on; for the days of youth are fleet,
From wearisome burdens free;
Life's earliest cup is the cup most sweet,
And the merriest pulse is the first to beat,
As it beats to-day in thee.

When the burdens of life thy heart appall.
As the years shall come and go,
And golden castles dissolve and fall,
With a sigh perchance thou wilt recall
Thy frolic amid the snow.

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Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

I WISH you all a "Happy New Year." So here you all are again, by the ten and twenty thousand, with your smiling faces and words of cheer, gathered round Uncle Robert and the old familiar table at the commencement of another New Year. What a lot of you! Welcome!—thrice welcome all!—and many years of happiness and joy be yours. Why should we not all be happy? How kind and good the Old Year has been, and how bright the new one beams with joy and gladness. New Year's day seems always to take us by a kind of pleasant surprise, and never fails to receive a hearty welcome, by old and young, boys and girls. I enjoy it better and better every year, as old age comes on, and am never tired of hearing the "Happy New Year" from my twenty thousand nephews and nieces. But there is a special reason why old Robert Merry is glad to receive your kind wishes, and to meet so many friends of MERRY'S MUSEUM on this New Year's morning, and what do you think it is?

Some of you have already guessed it. The MUSEUM is twenty-one years old to-day—just of age, you see—and here he comes full of life and vigor, the pride of Uncle Robert, and the delight of all the Merry family. How the little fellow has grown! Twenty-one years ago, amid doubts and fears, and with much trembling, he was launched forth upon the voyage of life with but few friends to help him along. But he has always found a host of warm and devoted friends. And now, what a troop of children and youth, all so joyous and happy, gather around our table, and whose love entwines around the heart! Hardly a town or hamlet in the whole country but what holds a host of friends, nephews, and nieces, old and young, to welcome his monthly visits and cheer him on the way of life. And here we are at the commencement of 1861, in full-grown manhood, and yet feeling just as young as ever. Uncle Merry and the publishers have resolved to make the MUSEUM better and richer than ever before. We commence a continued story from Jacob Abbott, in this number; and intend to continue to illustrate the magazine with the best engravings, and hope to make it a welcome visitor to every fireside. It would help us much, in making these and other improvements, if, accompanying your good wishes, you would send us a good list of new subscribers, with the money in advance. Read our list of premiums and see what each one of you can do. We hope to lose no one from the Monthly Chat, and trust to receive many new comers. One thing you must all remember: you have breathed a "Happy New Year" to Uncle Merry—make it so by a monthly letter to the Chat through the year, not forgetting our mutual friend, Aunt Sue. It is her delight to hear from you all *every month*. If she does not get her letters regularly, she anxiously inquires, "Where are all my little correspondents?" If you do not forget us, we will not forget to call upon you every month. But we will listen now to what you have to say; and first comes our "Minister to Italy," returned home, and seeks admittance. We will try and make room, dear Sybil, though I confess if Uncle Hiram were about, he might perhaps clip your wings.

"Home again, home again, from a foreign shore;
And, oh! it fills my soul with joy to meet my friends once more,"

and especially my friends of the Chat, my dear five hundred, or, rather,

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my dear twenty thousand friends. Don't look cross, thou of the hatchet, at the sight of this large sheet of paper; remember, I am only allowed to write on one side of it; and remember, especially, that I have not said a word since June, and must, therefore, send you the concentrated wit and wisdom of six numbers. Yes, I am once more at home, and right glad am I, for though traveling is doubtless a very fine thing, yet living in a trunk is detestable, and sea-sickness is not very agreeable.

I must first give a welcome to "Bess." Your "cousinly kiss" I return with interest. Do you know, I think we shall be very good friends? And I must also have a kiss from "Dew-Drop," and from all the others who have joined the Chat since I last wrote. No. I shall take back all those kisses, for I do not like to kiss girls; I never do it when I can help it. I never could endure the fashion some girls have of rushing up and embracing each other whenever they meet. Even you will hardly credit me, but I have seen them do so, even in the street! I very much prefer the giving of one's hand. One can express a hundred things in the simple pressure of the hand; but I will not write a long dissertation on this subject too. I fancy some of you will think I have already said too much on the subject of "*kissing*," and will come down upon me with Shelley, and argue—

"See! the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another," etc., etc.

Respecting Aunt Sue, Oliver—in the first place, do you know that she lives in Brooklyn? Second item, her *name*, *you* may furnish (for I fear her scissors), and then it will be my turn again. And now, Oliver, I have a word to say to you concerning pretty young cousins peeping over one's shoulder. "A cousin's a dangerous thing," Oliver, especially a *pretty* cousin of *seventeen*, who looks at one "in *such* a way."

"People think it no harm, 'Ol.,' with a *cousin* to hear you talk,
And no one feels any alarm, 'Ol,' at a *quite cousinly walk*;
But, 'Ol.,' you'll soon find, what *I* happen to know,
That such walks often grow into straying,
And the *voices* of *cousins* are sometimes *so low*,
Heaven only knows what you'll be saying."

Black-Eyes, I wish you would write longer letters. Your communications are very piquant. You are the life of the Chat.

Don't any of you listen, now, while I speak a word to W. H. C.

So you wish my hand, for better or worse, do you? Blue-Eyes and others are waiting to hear me exclaim, "*And* MY HEART TOO!!" But, Willie, they say, "Men are *April* when they *woo*; *December*, when they *wed*." From time immemorial, poets have warned fair damsels of the false vows of the sterner sex, "At lovers' perjuries, the poets say, love laughs." But, Willie, do you think it would be a *laughing* matter with me, if, after I *had* concluded to accept you, I should find that,

"Few had e'er deceived like thee,
Alas! deceived me *too* severely!"

I crave your patience a few minutes more, Uncle Hi, while I propose something which I have long thought of. Do you not think it would be very pleasant if we had a shelf in the MUSEUM set apart for curiosities from various authors, to be furnished from month to month by correspondents? I think many of my cousins would join with me in this request, and would gladly contribute extracts and quotations, and find the origin of many proverbs and sayings which have become household words. Addio. SYBIL GREY.

A good suggestion. Send along the curiosities. Perhaps Aunt Sue will have room in some corner of her Drawer for them. Uncle Hi, unfortunately, popped in just at this moment, and looking over our shoulder, shook his hatchet at Sybil's long letter, and said he wouldn't allow "*courting*" in the Chat. But it was too late—the whole letter had passed, and there it is. But here comes Blue-Eyes. All right—the more the merrier.

Howd'ye, howd'ye, Uncles, Cousins, and Aunt Sue, too, though, dear, kind, sweet Aunties, how *could* you be *so* sarcastic? Couldn't you see we, to whom your classic enigma was dedicated, were only waiting for something worthy our notice ere we tried our wits upon your Puzzle Drawer? Fie, Auntie dear, to be so dull, and yet *so* sharp. But, are you not grown coquettish in your *old age*, to offer your heart to so many. Methinks a heart so often won is scarcely worth the winning.

Very well, G.-H. Effie, "How do you find yourself?"

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Here I be, Rosalie, P. F.

I don't exactly know, Snowflake, whether I am sorry or not, to have to confess that I *don't* know how to prepare "the staff of life;" or at least I never tried. But I know how to appreciate the successful efforts of others in that line. Do you count that among your accomplishments, *ma chère?* The *making*, I mean, not the appreciation.

Pertine, I *like* you, decidedly. You "put me in mind" of somebody what I know.

Uncles, I'll see you again before another year, about a little affair mentioned in No. 170, Puzzle Drawer. We'll talk it over now; but I'm going to try and have company when I call on that errand. Do you care? I don't *promise*, but if wee blue-eyed Annie mine will let me, I'm going to try. Farewell, one and all. BLACK-EYES.

By the way, Hawthorne, don't secede. We'll miss you so.

HAVILAND HOLLOW.

DEAR UNCLE HI:—It seems very familiar to call you so, for I have, besides the Uncle of the Chat, one of the dearest, kindest, and best of Uncle Hi's. It is to his kindness I am indebted for ever receiving the MUSEUM, as I have done for the past three years. The only fault I have to find with him is, that he only makes me annual visits, when I should prefer them much oftener.

Well, cousins all, how do you do? I have been away two whole long months, and I am anxious to join your circle once more. Imogene Latham, I will take a seat by your side, if there are no objections, as I feel more acquainted with you than the rest.

Nell of B., I send a kiss to your baby brother, and love to yourself. Hope you will accept of it, if it is proffered from one so unworthy as myself, for I love you dearly. And Golden-Haired Effie, I am sure I shall love you too; for I always had a partiality for "Out-West." But I must leave you now. Good-bye.

DEW-DROP.

BROOKLYN, *Nov.* 23, 1860.

UNCLE HI-MERRY: — Help me to a chair, please, that I may rest this "mangled, mutilated" frame; then, let your gaze rest upon the wreck that your pitiless hatchet has made, and say whether your conscience does not reproach you. I am quite willing, U. H., to take my share of clipping and docking, but how is it that when you do fall to choppin' of me, you generally manage to lop off what *I* had imagined the best part of my letter, or to excise the very questions that I would fain have asked? "Answer me that." I confess, W. H. C., that I labored under the impression that you were running for President, and nominated Aunt Sue as *sue*ting me better. I will support you for P. M. G., but still "adhere" to my original motion, nominating A. S.

Homely-Face, don't call yourself names; of course I included you, *provided* you're not a boy! Yours is accepted, with thanks.

Now that the ice is broken, W. H. C. aforesaid is in a fair way of being overrun with offers.

Sybil, why don't you speak out and end his misery, and head off your competitors.

Pertine, I don't think you're by any means *im*pertinent—*tout au contraire;* but I do think that you might change one letter in your signature appropriately, and write it thus: Pert One. Respeckphully, BESS.

PEACH GROVE, *Nov.* 12, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Here comes your little Busy-Bee again. Please, dear Uncle, let me have a seat close by your side, for I have been absent so long that I see a hundred eyes turned upon me with suspicion, not knowing whether I come as "friend or foe." But I assure you all, my dear cousins, I am perfectly harmless, having lost my sting long ago.

But who is it wants to know about my age? Is it you, Nell? Well, just look in the *April number*, and you will find my letter. I have since then arrived at the very respectable age of *ten*, and I expect, one of these days, to be as *old* as A. E. Drummond. Annie, dear, don't despair. There is nothing like *trying*, so Uncle Merry always tells us. And mamma often repeats to me, "If at first you don't succeed," etc. Cousin Willie H. C., do you ever notice little folks? If you do, pray give me a shake of the hand, or at least a nod and a pleasant smile. I want to tell you how very sorry I am to find you in such a mutilated condition. Did it "hurt you bad," cousin, to be so chopped up?

And, Fleta! poor, poor Fleta! If I were with you, darling, I should help

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you to dress your wounds. I hope you will both be well by Christmas.

Uncle Hiram, don't you think you had better change your weapon to a *broad axe?* You could then cut many at a single blow, and so save you pain and trouble. But lest it should be raised first at me, I will stop. So, farewell, with a heart full of love to you all. Your affectionate niece, BUSY-BEE.

P.S.—I will come again soon, and bring along with me several "*yellow boys.*" Will you admit to our circle any who have *green* or *gray* eyes? B.-B.

Certainly, little Busy-Bee—all sorts of eyes are welcome, and are admitted on good behavior, subject only to the reserved rights of the hatchet. The "yellow boys" will be exceedingly welcome, and may you so

"Improve each shining hour"

that there shall be a good company of them. But here comes a "Boy" all the way from the "Lone-Star State." It would give me much pleasure to visit your beautiful State, and to call on you "in Texas." But what part of it?

IN TEXAS, *Oct.* 20, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have just received the October number of the MUSEUM, and like it very much. I think it is improving every month. I have been a subscriber for two years, but have never written to it yet; so I thought I would just venture this time. I have the honor to be acquainted with a few of the cousins. I passed through Rose Villa some time ago, and got acquainted with Lizzie G. I also saw Imogene L., who, I think, bears a *strong* resemblance to Lizzie. I think Miss Ophelia Strong, of Strongville, a little too *strong* in advocating woman's rights. She must be jealous of W. H. C.

Uncle Merry, if you should ever visit the "*Lone-Star State,*" you must give me a call.

I heartily agree with W. H. C. about that "milking machine." I am one of the milkers, and sometimes receive a kick from "*Old Red,*" too.

I will some time tell you and the cousins about this beautiful State, Texas. But, adieu. Yours, etc., TEXAS BOY.

Nov. 15, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—May I come in again where the cousins are chatting so merrily. They seem to be enjoying themselves very much, and, with your consent, I would like to become one of the number. I have taken the MUSEUM six years, and I like it better every year. I wish one of the cousins would send another tough enigma. Willie H. Coleman, will you not send one?

C. M. Gibbs, where are you?—come and let me shake hands with you; I am glad to become acquainted with one of my Southern cousins.

Now, we will get Uncle Hiram to introduce us to Lizzie G. I hope you will comply with our request, Uncle. Goodbye. FORGET-ME-NOT.

Texas Boy will introduce you to Lizzie G. We are glad to see you all get acquainted. Here comes Cornelius, with a new cousin. Please walk right in—we have enlarged our parlors this year, and have room for all.

SOCIAL CIRCLE, GA., *Nov.* 12, 1860.

DEAR MUSEUMITES:—Allow me to introduce my friend "John Quiz," a new comer, who is a jovial member of our Georgia "*Social Circle.*" As he is *very* fond of the company of the fair sex, I bespeak for him a seat near some of our *chatterers* feminine.

How long are my letters in journeying to "116 Nassau Street," Uncle Merry? My "messages" to the cousins are generally two or three months "behind time," and seem entirely "behind the excitement."

Now, Uncle Hi, hide your *hatchet* a moment, while I have a few words with the cousins. I will be as brief as possible, and hope you will not put me under the necessity of getting some "bloodroot." By the way, Willie, if that "bloodroot" does cause your curtailed members to grow on to their body in the October number, let me know, and I'll order a plentiful supply for future use.

"Nell," I'm glad you like the South. *I* like *you.*

"Josiah Joker, Jr.," were you at the "fair" in Atlanta, last Oct.? Couldn't we devise some means by which we might become acquainted at the next annual fair?

"Golden-Haired Effie," I'd like to hear you *guess* at my height; one guess, and then "compare notes" with "John Quiz."

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My "love and half a dozen kisses" to Sybil, Bess, G.-H. Effie, Blue-Bell, my "im*Pertinent*" coz, Blue-Eyes, Fleta, etc. My respects to the other sex. *Au revoir.* CORNELIUS M. GIBBS.

SOCIAL CIRCLE, GA., *Nov.* 13, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I have taken the MUSEUM six or eight months, and like it better every month. I would like to become one of the cousins, but, like one of our other cousins, "I have been too timid," but, however, I venture. Please introduce me to some of the bright stars. Give me a chair near Golden-Haired Effie, so I can chat with her about Cornelius M. Gibbs; I and Cornelius are old schoolmates, and are now sitting at the same desk. Cornelius is one of our first young men. He is a young man of fine appearance; in height, he is only 5 feet 10 inches. I reckon short letters are preferable. So, good-bye.

"JOHN QUIZ."

HAMPTON COTTAGE.

DEAR UNCLES:—The Chat of the October number was so interesting that I could not resist the temptation to write you a few lines to-night. Am I to come in or not, Uncles?

Annie E. Drummond, accept a kiss from me; also Bess, in return for the one you sent *me*. Love to Blue-Eyes, Daisy W., Dew-Drop, and a host of others.

Uncle Hi, why did you not come this way when you were out "cousining?" We would have welcomed you right gladly. But my brief letter is growing quite lengthy; so I will bid you a pleasant good-night, and happy dreams. I am yours, *toujours le même*,

SAUCY NELL.

SOUTH BOSTON, *Nov.*, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—"Three cheers for our side," though you are not President this time, and consequently I am not secretary of state, and our fair Sybil ministress to Italy.

Imagine, my philanthropic Uncle, how my "feelings overflowed," and what an immense quantity of that precious material was lost, when you informed me that I just missed Annie E. Drummond at the White Mountains. Oh! for a sight!

Good gracious, girls, what do you say to the last item in "Roland's" credentials? "Don't go to see the girls often!" Somebody suggests that he and I are slightly different in that particular. That's so!

My sweet little "Sister M.," certainly you shall come in. My vote is thrown in your favor.

"Did you ever," Uncle! Pertine sends a kiss, *if I want it!!!*

Stella L., I'm done for, surely! Won't say another word about it.

OLIVER ONLEY.

INDIANAPOLIS, *Nov.* 12, 1860.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT SUE, AND COUSINS:—I have not written for the Chat for some time. I enjoy reading more than writing. I agree with C. M. Gibbs, that a bee is an insect, and think O. Onley's eyes must have magnified it to a great size and queer shape, to make him think it an animal. Love to all from your niece, ROSA R.

Nov. 10, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Taking up a political paper a few days ago, I saw an article headed, "We have lost New Jersey." I now write to ask you if it has been found, and if not, hadn't we better offer a reward for it?

When is that MUSEUM election coming off? I am in a hurry to have W. H. C. Postmaster-General, in place of Hiram Hatchet removed. Mr. W. H. C. is too well known to us all in his character of "beet peddler," to need any praises. Mr. Hatchet is also well known as the man who has such a "cutting" way of saying "hold," "enough." ADRIAN.

OAKLANDS, *Oct.* 12, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Well, here I am again. I thought at the time that I wrote my first letter I would not write again, but the temptation was too strong to be resisted, and I was obliged to write once more. I shall try and send you a story soon if I can hatch up anything; but please do not publish it unless you think it is fit for your MUSEUM. Well, I must be brief, for fear of that hatchet. It must be very *awful* to be cut with it. Oh! I forgot to tell you, that I have decended from my home up in the clouds, on purpose that my cousins, Aunt, and Uncles can pay me a visit. Good-bye. Your niece, CARRIE.

P.S.—You shall hear from me again.

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PLANTSVILLE, *Nov.* 8, 1860.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—May I step in a moment on business? I want to speak with one or two of the cousins. Fleta, was not it nice for us little ones to have Aunt Sue "carol" so soon? Do you really think it best to talk Latin privacy before children? Black-Eyes, here is my hand in condolence. But didn't you catch a trimming in Aunt Sue's "funny" enigma? Between you and me, don't you think there might be a fair medium between that and Uncle Joe's hard knots? Good-night, cousins. TATTLER.

How was it you didn't understand about "carol," when you solved "Monochlamydeous?" A. S.

HATTIE, of Fredericksburg, Va., sends us a dear good letter, but we can make no room for it this month. Come again, Hattie, we are always glad to see you. Your sentiments we can indorse.

VENERABLE SAN takes his place among the Aunts and Uncles, and promises to make himself useful as a hatchet-sharpener. We give him his seat by the side of "dear little Aunt Mattie."

EDDY WILSON requests a seat by the side of Aunt Sue, and an introduction to the cousins.

CLARA V., we will change your numbers of past years for bound volumes for 50 cents a yearly volume, in plain binding, and 63 cents for gilt. We have all the back twenty volumes of the MUSEUM uniformly bound.

CHARLES W., your dollar came safely. We prefer the gold, when neatly and securely done up between papers, or fastened to a card, so as not to slip out of the letter or make it too thick. To those who prefer a bound volume of the MUSEUM as a premium for two new subscribers, we will send it; twelve cents, in stamps, must be sent to prepay postage.

THE MORNING STAR: HISTORY OF THE CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY VESSEL—is a little book, published by the American Tract Society, Boston, describes the history of the ship Morning Star—how the money was raised by the children to build her—and her voyages among the islands of the Pacific Ocean. This book will be eagerly sought after by the children, for very many of them are stockholders in the ship. We have our certificates of stock, and consider it one of the best investments we ever made. The book will be found exceedingly interesting, and profusely illustrated. We hope no one will fail to read it.

THE BOBBIN BOY; *or, How Nat Got His Learning*, is a work just published in Boston by J. E. Tilton & Co., and written by William M. Thayer. It is designed to show the young how "odd moments" may be used in the acquisition of knowledge, and what energy, perseverance, and industry can do in achieving success in any position in life. It is a true story, and an example well worthy of imitation by the youth of our land. The same publishers have also just issued THE PRINTER BOY; *or, How Ben Franklin Made His Mark*. These books are of a series of six, the next of which will be Washington, and we predict for them a wide circulation. They will be sent anywhere on receipt of price. See advertisement.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

I WISH you all a happy New Year! Are we all here? Shall I call the roll? Uncle Joe, G. W. M., E. Cahill, G. B. D., A. O., F. E. W., C. F. R., H. C. B., M. D. E., Lola, Hawthorne, C. M. G., Frank, Sam, Ned W., W. A. F., Pah non, O. O., G. B. H., Leon, Myrtle, Cricket, J. H. D., Anna J., S. B. L., Parvus, Ellie A. M., Lutetia, L. A. D., Eddie, A. A. F., Gertrude, M. W. R., F. A.

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James, Wm. C., E. N. De L., Milton G., Geo. B. S., Annie J. H., J. H. L., Julia E. P., Nannie H., Lizzie G., Geo. Chumasero, Rose R., H. W. P., J. Q., Charlie F. W., H. C. S. B., R. H. L., Nellie F. M., C. T. W., Anna W. N., J. J., jr., J. A. Q. Q., and O. H., M. D., E. W. H., Alpha, M. A. H., Blue Bell, Harry B., H. A. D., Clara, Ike, Fannie E. J., Sam Slick, Fred J., Tommy, Kruna, *et al*, and several others too numerous to mention. If any of the above are not present, let them signify the fact by saying "absent;" then let them be fined one dollar, and bound over to preserve the Union for the next twelve months, at least.

Will somebody hold that "animal," Henry A. D., until this vexed bumble-bee question be settled? *I* give in; don't you, Willie? and you, Corrie? Of *course*, a bee is a *perfect jointed, articulating zoological animal.*

HOWARD and BERTHA have won prizes for the November Puzzles, having answered nineteen out of the twenty.

I offer again the same prizes on the same terms.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.—*Love, Agitation, Prejudice.*

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

1. I am composed of 14 letters:
   My 7, 5, 13, 14 may be found in a bee-hive,
   My 4, 3, 7, 12 is a tool.
   My 8, 9, 4, 5 is what travelers do.
   My 10, 1, 9, 6 is a native of Africa.
   My 2, 1, 11 is near the ground.
   My whole was one of the greatest men in Europe.
   George L. Higbie.

2. I am composed of six letters:
   My 3, 1, 4, 5, 6 is a crime.
   My 2, 1, 3 is a fixed point of time.
   My whole is that which supports a determination. *Parvus.*

3. My first a buttress, or a prop,
   My next a fish, from deep sea taken,
   My whole a sheep without his crop,
   Who by bleak winds is chilled and shaken. *X. T. C.*

ANAGRAMS.

4. Happy coral.
5. Dry the oil.
6. Red copper Anne. *A. Older.*
7. I diet in a nut. *Bertha.*
8. I set ore; try me. *Ned W.*
9. At mute vinegar.
10. Roil legal clay. *C. T. Warner.*
11. Ere Adam and Eve in the garden had birth,
    My first was created, they say;
    And my first makes my next every day upon earth,
    So cheerful, so lively, and gay.
    Oh! keep sacred my whole,
    Keep it well, and with care,
    Or else of thy doom,
    Reckless sinner, beware! *A. S.*

    Anagram.

    (The title of a familiar song.)

12. O! Matthew, art can be her death. *W. P. L.*

13. What variety of pigs never eat, grunt, or squeal? (No reference to pictures or images.) *C. M. Gibbs.*

14. Names of animals enigmatically expressed.
    1. Expensive.
    2. Naked.
    3. Continue to tell falsehoods.
    4. A boy's toy.
    5. An excrescence.
    6. Worry. *E. W. Hall.*

15. My first is the farmer's yearly gain,
    A rich reward for his toil and pain:
    In princely halls my second dwells,
    Pitied by matrons, envied by belles;
    The daughter of Saturn, and goddess of corn
    My whole represents, and in triumph is borne. *X. T. C.*

16. My whole distracts a good many; behead me, and I am found in the list of prepositions; curtail me, and I am myself. *G. B. H.*

17. My whole is good advice to parents, contained in 31 letters:
    Children are 20, 28, 12, too 3, 7, 1, to do 19, 2, 26, 15, 30; and to 22, 11, 29, 18, their faults; therefore do not 12, 8, 6, 30, 10, at their 18, 4, 24, 17, 31, 5, 18, 24, 16, 21, but 9, 25, 14, 13, 23 them gently, and make them 27, 7, 2, 11, 30, 17, 1. *Alpha.*

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18. Behead a surname, and leave a garment worn by both men and women, but chiefly by the latter. *Fred Judson.*

19. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 8, 12, 10 is a mineral spring.
My 3, 9, 2, 11 is a sailing vessel.
My 4, 15, 14, 16, 15 is to be compact.
My 17, 1, 7, 6 is to float.
My 5, 10, 17, 13, 8 may be found in a desert.
My whole is an adage which I think requires qualifying. *Frank.*

20. Entire, I've traveled to many a rill,
Behead me, and I shall be sick or ill;
Behead me again, and make me worse still. *G. B. H.*

21. My first is a facial ornament,
And all are my second, on pleasure bent;
The danseuse applauded by "pittites" and "gods,"
My whole oft receives with courtesies and nods. *X. T. C.*

22. Transpose the letters in the two words, *certain* and *famous*, so as to form one word. *A. Older.*

23. Counties in Kentucky:
1. A fish.
2. A tree.
3. A sigh.
4. An Indian chief.
5. A President of the U. S.
6. A character in the "Pilgrim's Progress. *Charlie F. Warren.*

24. What is that which if you take away the whole there will be still some left. *Hawthorne.*

25. I am a word of three syllables; my first and third are alike, and my second is what my whole is. *A. C. Warner.*

26. What class of men are the strongest? *C. M. Gibbs.*

27. My first is the abbreviation of a girl's name; my second most children like; my whole is a bird. *E. W. Hall.*

TRANSPOSITIONS.

28. A geometrical term into a noted adventurer.

29. An animal into an ancient musical instrument.

30. A pleasant place into something to be avoided.

31. A spirit into a geometrical term.

32. A spirit into a sentence. *H. A. Danker.*

33. Hark! I hear a doleful sound,
From the forest it doth burst—
'Tis the yelping of a hound
As he follows now my first.
My second oft is used by men
Who seek for game, to catch it;
To dry-goods stores pray hasten, then,
If you would wish to match it.
And if my whole you can not find,
I'll tell you one thing more,
When used, it always is behind,
And never goes before. *Sam.*

34. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.

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Answers to Questions in Nov. No.

158. Because we must be (B) before we can see (C).

159. (I have received several answers to this, which I have *credited* to "Gowan," "Choat," "Hart," "Booth," etc., but as the original is not among them, I give the question again, in a slightly different form. I consulted a directory to see if the name were really there, and there it was.)

160. Conundrum.

161. Brandy. (*Tattler* says, "Firewater.")

162. Education.

163 Postman.

164. A flight of stairs.

165. The letter R will make gin grin.

166. Write "nothing" on a slate, rub it out, and there will be no nothing (know nothing) there. (For further particulars, see Bess!)

167. Great desert of Cobi.

168. Legacy. 1. Clay. 2. Lag. 3. Lay. 4. Gale. 5. Leg. 6. Gay. 7. Ale. 8. Yale. 9. Age. 10. Lace. 11. Al. 12. La!

169. Presidential election.

170. Pay for your MUSEUM. (After taking the top letter commence with the lowest, and read up.)

171. Physician, heal thyself.

172. Shark. Hark! Ark. Spark.

173. Longshoreman.

174. 1. Landlord. 2. Bittern. 3. Wardrobe. 4. Night-gown. 5. Dilate. 6. Pupil.

175. Something funny.

176. CODICIL.

177. Poverty deriding wealth will only recoil on the assailer.

BERTHA answers all but 166.

HOWARD answers all but 166.

Ned W. answers all but 158 and 166.

Mary A. E. answers all but 164 and 166.

Anna W. N. answers all but 168, 166, and 171.

H. A. D.—159, 160, 161, 162, 164, 165, 167. 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177.

Alpha.—159, 160, 161, 162, 164, 165, 167, 168, 169, 170, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177.

Frank.—158, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 167, 168, 169, 170, 172, 173, 175, 176, 177.

Lilla Harrison.—158, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 168, 169, 170, 172, 173, 175, 176, 177.

D. P. and W. W. W.—158, 159, 160, 161, 165, 168, 170, 172, 173, 175, 176, 177, 174—2.

Sam Slick.—159, 161, 162, 163, 165, 168, 169, 172, 173, 175, 176, 177

Homely Face.—158, 161, 164, 165, 169, 170, 172, 173, 175, 176.

Ellian and Annette.—160, 161, 162, 164, 165, 169, 170, 172, 173, 175, 176, 177, 174—2.

Tattler.—159, 163, 164, 165, 169, 170, 172, 173, 175, 177, 174—2.

Sam.—159, 161, 165, 170, 172, 175, 176.

C. M. Gibbs.—158, 161, 165, 172, 175

John Quiz.—158, 161, 165, 172, 175.

Eddie D. B.—161, 170, 172, 175.

Milton Goodenow.—161, 175.

Harry H.—170.

Isaac Sellars.—170.

Three errors have crept into the December puzzles; I am glad there is time to correct them. In 187, "Tom Thagan" should read "Tom Shagan."

In 191, "Lane Lucian" should read "Lame Lucian."

In 193, "added too small" should read, "added to small." The rest are "all warranted."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Adelbert Older.—We can not allow any "absence from home" to divide you from the "Merry family." Don't go to absent yourself any more. I don't remember the anagram to which you refer, please "enlighten" *me;* am more inclined to believe that there was some error in its composition, than that it foiled you in its solution. The mathematical affair would take up too much room.

Bertha.—Please send real name and address. Why do you write so semi-

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occasionally? I ceased to be your anagram, when I had solved it, did I not?

D. P. and W. W. W.—A pretty good guess for 162 ("animation"), but you will see it was not quite right.

Black-Eyes.—I guessed your puzzle, "What letter will make wine swine?" *right away!* Ha! ha! you'd laugh to see how that little quiz of mine (175) has enlightened some of the multitude who were in darkness on the subject of enigmas; they know all about it now.

A. N. C. Arr.—I was thinking of scolding you for sending your answers so late, when it occurred to me that you live in Texas (don't you?), so I take the "think" all back, and will be very patient. You didn't send quite enough answers to gain a prize, but you came so near that you only need to try a *little* harder.

Howard.—Does your anagram resolve itself into a "figure of rhetoric?" How am I to direct your prize? The bearer (Uncle Sam) waits for an answer.

Lilla H.—Shake hands with "Ma" for me; she is a lady after my own heart.

Homely Face.—I hope you are "at home" with anagrams now. Are you?

Milton Goodenow.—Are the puzzles you send me original?

Tommy.—All right; "mum's the word." Why didn't you send answers?

C. M. Gibbs.—I am very glad that 175 gave your friend the clew to our labyrinths. Did you mean me to tell right out in meeting that you are "in the middle of your teens, and love the girls as hard as—" etc.? "More sweethearts than one" and "never so happy as when in the company of the fair sex?" If you don't want me to mention it, I wont!

Bess.—Is it true that you have "stolen" *Stella L.'s* "spirit, while she slept?" I am really afraid I shall be guilty of *compounding a felony*, if I don't tell all I know!

Bella B.—So you read *clear through* the puzzle-drawer, and found my little message at the end of it; let me repeat it now, and if I can do anything to amuse the little "olive branches," while you are attending to the cares (may they ever prove light ones), "*count me in.*"

Anna's Sister M.—Did I ever keep any one yet "a knockin' at de door," and not bid them welcome? When I do, "may my right hand forget its cunning," and my left hand have to do all "de knockin'."

Ellian and Annette.—I am going to institute a libel suit immediately, for your answer to 166. So you couldn't get the "legacy" for 168.

Oliver Onley.—Welcome back again. Rather "rich?" My remarks to that individual in the September number will answer your query.

Stella Lightner.—If I were you, I would call an indignation meeting. "Stella *Fightner*," indeed!

Sam Slick.—Did I save you from "Sue's side?" Do you warrant the *devourer of branches* as being correct now?

I. Sellars.—Where *have* you kept yourself all this time? "That's all right," decidedly. What a cook! and what a "stew," Ike!

Ned W.—Sure enough, I found it among the ores.

H. A. Danker.—Thanks for your nice, long, sensible letter; "them's my sentiments," too. Very glad the pen suited you.

C. T. Warner.—You answer the second anagram in 138 as TOURNAMENTAL, and I resolve it into ULTRAMONTANE. *Ellian* must tell us which is right. You are right about the flower.

For the credit of *Bess's* "young 'uns"—no, I don't mean that, I mean for the credit of the aforesaid y. u. s, *Bess* thinks I ought to assure the cousins generally, that the y. u. s before-mentioned did *not* make mince-meat, mud-pies, doll's dresses, or any such *out* of the "way" things with *Bess's* magazine, they only "made way with it."

How a "way" looks, when it is made of a magazine, I really can't say; will *Bess* tell us?

Oliver Onley.—What of the "mice!"

Answers too late to be credited last month, from *A. N. C. Arr*, and *C. T. Warner*.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Forget-me-not*, *Howard*, *Harry H.*, *Tommy*, *C. M. Gibbs*, *Sam Slick*, *Dew Drop*, and *John Quiz*.

Love to *Lamen Blum*, *Lou T. B.*, and *Nell of B.*

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PISTOLS AND BRAVERY.*

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

EUPHRAZIA'S SECRET.

AUGUST was at first somewhat puzzled to know what to do in respect to this commission. He decided at once that it would not be right for him to buy the pistol, but what he was to say to his cousin, and how he was to excuse himself, was the difficulty. The question also at once arose to his mind, whether he ought to show the letter to his mother or not.

"My mother knows that I have received a letter," said he to himself, "and it may trouble her a little to think that there is something secret going on, which, for the very reason that it is secret, she will imagine is wrong.

"Frazie asked me to keep it a secret, but I do not think that I am bound to do it on that account," he added, after a moment's further thought.

August was right in this opinion. A person can not impose upon us an absolute obligation to keep anything secret, which he voluntarily reveals to us, simply by making the request. If we give a promise beforehand to keep it secret, which promise, however, a discreet person will seldom or never give, then we are bound; but we are not bound by any mere request on the part of another, in cases where there are strong and sufficient reasons for not complying with the request.

"I will give the letter to my mother," said August to himself, "and let her read it or not, as she pleases. I am sure she will not read it when I tell her that there is one of Frazie's secrets in it."

So August took the letter into his

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mother's room and laid it down upon the bureau.

"Mother," said he, "there is a letter, which I received from cousin Euphrazia this morning. In it she asks me to buy something for her, and she says it is a secret. I have concluded that I had better not buy it for her, at any rate; but I will leave the letter here for you to read it or not, as you think best."

"No, August," said his mother, "you need not leave the letter for me. I would rather not read it, if there is one of Euphrazia's secrets in it, though I am *very* much obliged to you for giving me the opportunity. But what will you say to Euphrazia as an excuse for not fulfilling her commission?"

"I shall have to think what to say," said August. "I have not quite decided yet."

So saying, August took the letter and went away with it, leaving his mother with her heart full of love and joy at the thought of the confidence which her boy placed in her.

August thought of various ways of excusing himself from making the purchase of the pistol. One was to pretend that he had not received the letter.

"I need not *tell* her absolutely that I did not receive the letter," said he to himself, in musing on the subject." "When I see her, and she asks me if I received her letter, I can pretend to be surprised, and ask her if she wrote me a letter. She will say Yes. Then I can ask what day she mailed it. She will tell me the day. Then I can say that she ought to have written two or three days before, on account of the mails being so irregular. And I can tell her that I shall probably find the letter at our house when I go home, and that in the mean time she can tell me what there was in it. Thus I shall not tell any lies, and yet shall lead her to think that I did not receive the letter.

"That would do pretty well," said August to himself, "and I should not tell any lie; but after all, it would not be really honest, and my father has told me very often, that the best and safest way of getting out of any difficulty is the most open and honest way."

August then thought of another plan, which was to arrange his journey so as not to go through New York at all. Then, of course, he could not buy the pistol, and Euphrazia, he thought, would be satisfied with that excuse.

"And yet," thought he, "she will be very likely to ask me why I did not go through New York as usual, and I shall have to resort to some sort of prevarication or other to give her a satisfactory reply."

Then he thought of writing to her plainly, that he thought it was wrong for a boy to attempt to get a pistol against the will of his parents, and that all those who undertook to aid and abet him in such a course were sharers in the wrong. This would be an honest course, but there was an objection to it which August felt, though he could not express it in words, even to himself. The feeling was, that by writing in that way he would convey a rebuke to his cousin, and would, in fact, as it were, be setting himself up as her censor, which, since he was only a boy of about her own age, it seemed to him not proper for him to do so. August was right in this feeling—for not even a love of honesty should lead us to be blunt and censorious, or to violate any of the established courtesies or proprieties of life.

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August concluded that at any rate it would be best to communicate with Euphrazia by letter before he went to Connecticut, so that she might have time to get over the disappointment she might feel about the pistol, before he saw her. He determined to be perfectly open and honest so far as concerned his declining to make the purchase for her, but for the rest, to treat the affair in a jocose way, so as if possible to avert Euphrazia's resentment by making her laugh.

He also determined, in order to prevent Euphrazia from supposing that he was influenced by any pecuniary considerations in his determination not to procure the pistol, that he would purchase something of equal value, and make a present of it to Euphrazia herself. He thought it best to ask his mother's consent that he should do this.

"Mother," said he, "have you any objection to my buying a little bracelet, or something of that kind, as a present for cousin Frazie?"

"Worth about how much?" asked Mrs. Rodman.

"About a dollar," said August.

"Have you got money enough of your own?" asked his mother.

"Yes, mother," said August, "plenty."

"Then I have no objection at all," said his mother.

The letter which August wrote to his cousin was as follows:

"DEAR COUSIN:—I received your letter, and I would do almost anything for you in the world that is reasonable, but it is not reasonable at all for you to ask me to help you to make a present to one of my rivals—for Maurice—as you say that is his name—if he likes you half as well as I suspect he does, must be one of my rivals.

"Instead of helping you to make a present to him, I would rather make a present to you. So, instead of buying a pistol for Maurice with the dollar, I have concluded to spend it in buying a little bracelet, or something for you. I shall bring the bracelet with me when I come.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"AUGUST.

"P. S.—If I thought the pistol would burst in Maurice's hands, when he was firing it, and blow him up without hurting him much, perhaps I should have been willing to bring it."

August folded, sealed, and addressed his letter, and put it in the post, and then set himself at work in earnest, making preparations for his journey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALWAYS BUSY.—The more a man accomplishes, the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty. You always find those men the most forward to do good, or to improve the times and manners, always busy. Who start our railroads, our steamboats, our machine-shops, and our manufactories? Men of enterprise It is just so with a man who is benevolent—the more he gives, the more he feels like giving. Let the mind grow not dim, nor the thoughts grow stale. Keep all things in motion. We should rather that death should find us scaling a mountain, than sinking in the mire—breasting a whirlwind, than sneaking from a cloud.

NIGHT brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truths; we can never see the stars till we can see little or naught else—and thus it is with truth.

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THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

Released at last from conflicts hot,
The soldier seeks his humble cot,
And on the ever-hallowed spot
He greets his little daughter.

His duty oft hath bid him go
To grapple with a country's foe;
But silenced now is all his woe
While with his little daughter.

She kneels beside her father's knee,
Her welcome voice is loud and free;
Full is the soldier's heart as he
Blesses his only daughter.

Father, O! leave us not again,
And fill our souls with grief and pain;
But with dear mother now remain,
And smile upon your daughter.

When others praise thy glorious fame,
Because thy bravery wins a name,
We little care for praise or blame
When you are from your daughter.

We hear the roar of cannon sweep,
And then my mother's grief is deep,
And we together sigh and weep—
Dear mother and your daughter.

Her head lay gently on his arm,
She feels quite free from every harm;
No cannon's roar doth now alarm
The soldier's little daughter.

O. E. C.

In childhood be modest, in youth temperate, in manhood just, in old age prudent.

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THE HARE AND THE RABBIT.

RABBITS belong to a family of animals that are too familiar to us to require any extended description. The engraving below presents to you the HARE. It is a timid, harmless little creature, readily distinguished by its large eyes, long ears, fine skin, and stumpy tail. It is found all over Europe. It keeps mostly hidden in the daytime; and at night comes forth in quest of food. It eats seed-buds, gnaws the bark of young trees, and nibbles cabbages. It runs *up hill* best, on account of its long hind-legs. Making a series of leaps, it stops, pricks up its ears, and looks about; then it manages to cross its own track, thus frequently eluding pursuit. When wounded, or in trouble, it utters a mournful cry.

THE HARE.

The male and female are designated buck and doe, like the deer. They increase rapidly, giving from two to four at a birth. They are easily tamed and learned some amusing trick, as drumming and firing off miniature cannon. Their flesh is considered most delicate game; their fine skins are used for linings; and their soft hair is used by the hatters.

The RABBIT has shorter hind-legs, also a coarser skin and hair. The increase is even greater than that of the hare, giving nine or ten at a birth. It does the same damage as the hare, eating vegetables, grain, bark of young trees, etc. It is said that rabbits have been nearly hunted out of Germany. Their flesh is quite different from that of the hare, being stringy, and of a sweetish taste, unless very carefully cooked; the young ones, however, are considered a delicacy for the tables of the rich.

The ANGORA RABBIT is a variety with the hair longer, and very fine. It feels in your hand like glossy silk. Some of these are quite white, with red eyes, and are called *Albinoes*. Some are of a bright silver gray, and are much prized. They are often kept as playthings; they are very tender, and seem to want to be petted like kittens. They are very sensitive to loud noises, like the firing of large guns. They seem exceedingly annoyed by these, and get into sly and dark places, pricking up their ears and twitching their nostrils, as if all excitement and anxiety.

I have seen one that had

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THE RABBIT.

been petted in the country (allowed to come into the house freely, and all that sort of thing), and one morning, after a great military celebration and cannon firing, he was found dead, with no apparent hurt; and the general belief was, that he had been *scared to death*, or that his poor little *nervous* system had been shaken to dissolution.

"Puss," "Tiney," and "Bess," the three tame, pet hares of the poet Cowper, we must believe, had the happiest of lives, cared for, as they were, by the excellent but melancholy man. Though so small and tender that the stroke of a horseman's whip could easily kill them, as is often done in hunting these animals, the names of Puss, Tiney, and Bess will come in for a share of notice, whenever the good Cowper's life-story is told.

There is such an *apropos* little bit in a memoir of Cowper, that I can not forego the pleasure of inserting it here. Writing of the snug retreating-places of these gentle creatures brings it to mind. It is from a letter of Cowper to a friend, Mr. Newton, I believe:

"I write in a nook, that I call my Boudoir. It is a summer-house, not much bigger than a sedan-chair, the door of which opens into the garden, that is now crowded with pinks, roses, and honeysuckles. I have lined it with garden mats, and furnished it with a table and two chairs, and here I write, all that I write in summer-time, whether to my friends or for the public."

LAURA ELMER.

LAUGHTER.

Oh! who can estimate the worth
Of sunny-eyed and dimpled mirth?
How desolate would be the earth
If it were not for laughter!

Of all the cures by man possessed,
To cheer the heart by grief oppressed,
There's none hath power, it is confessed,
That can compare to laughter.

So for each sorrow ye endure,
Unless ye nourish it, be sure
Ye have at hand an easy cure;
Ha! ha! 'tis only laughter.

'Tis good for young, 'tis good for old;
It is more precious far than gold;
Then laugh as long as you can hold;
Hurra for jolly laughter!

THE easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good large heart in it; it saves the cost of gymnastics.

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ANNA HATHAWAY'S TALES.—No. 3.

"NOW that school is out, what shall we do?" asked Della.

Susy and Della had just then reached home, and were hanging up their "shakers" on the nails provided especially for them.

"I do not know," replied Susy. "Mother, do you want us to help you?"

"Not till supper-time," was the reply.

"Perhaps I'll read awhile, then," said Susy.

"Oh, dear! I can't read good," cried Della, dolefully. "What shall *I* do?"

"Shall I tell you another story?" asked Miss Hathaway, who had entered unperceived by them.

Anna had remained awhile in the school-room to set the copies in the children's writing-books, and was consequently a little behind them.

"Oh, Miss Anna! please do," was Della's eager reply to the question.

"That's just what I'll like," cried Susy. "I didn't want to ask you for fear you'd be busy."

They followed her up stairs. When about half-way up, Della stopped. "Miss Anna," said she.

"Well, dear?"

"May I go and get Johnny?"

"Certainly," answered Anna.

John was reading, but he was very glad to come. When they were all seated, Anna said, "I think this time I will commence telling you about

A WEEK WITH ELLEN AND HER FRIENDS.

Ellen's vacation had at last arrived, one week of which—according to a promise of long standing—was to be spent at her Aunt Mary's. Aunt Mary resided in a pleasant village, about fifteen miles from the city. Ellen had long been looking forward to this visit—not impatiently—she was not an impatient child, and she now felt much quiet pleasure at being all ready to start. The carriage was at the door. Ellen was glad she was going in the carriage instead of the cars, because it was *so* pleasant, and she would have such a nice ride.

"All ready, Nelly?" asked papa at the door.

Little Eddy ran out with her satchel; and after kissing mamma and grandma "good-bye," Ellen started on her journey.

They arrived in J—— a little after sunset, and were warmly welcomed by Uncle Henry, Aunt Mary, and cousins Clara, George, and Louis. You may think it strange when I tell you that Ellen and Clara had never met before. Uncle Henry had only resided a short time in J——, and when Ellen's mother visited there, the summer before, Ellen was spending the vacation at Grandma Ellis'; but her mother often told her how pleasantly her uncle's home was situated, what a fine girl Clara was, what manly boys were George and Louey, and how much they all wanted to see her; this, with Aunt Mary's pleasant letters, and the kind messages her cousins always sent, made her feel almost acquainted with them.

She had only time, before entering,

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to notice the large trees in front of the house, that there was a flower-garden, and an arbor at the side, and that it was a handsome stone house with verandas and brown blinds. Her mother had told her of the lake, the bathing-house, and the boats a little way behind.

Ellen felt a little shy at first, of course, among her cousins; but they soon became like old acquaintances; besides, papa was with her, and he was so well acquainted, that she soon became perfectly at ease. After enjoying a hearty supper, and an hour's pleasant chat, the two girls retired, in order that Ellen might be thoroughly rested for the fishing-party on the morrow, which had been arranged with reference to her arrival.

Ellen dreamed of a large fish, with a face like her grandma's, smelling a bait resembling a snuff-box, which was attached to a string and held by brother Eddy, so strangely did her thoughts of friends at home and pleasures to come intermingle.

The girls awoke at dawn, and after putting on their plain gingham dresses —for Ellen's mother had sent her provided for such jaunts—they ran down stairs to help Barbara put up the lunch. They were to start immediately after breakfast. George's last charge, the evening before, had been: "Now, girls, you must be ready. Morning is the best time, by far, for fishing. Accordingly, by breakfast-time, everything was ready for the excursion.

After seeing Ellen's father off, they

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walked down a short lane, which brought them to the lake side. Here was the bathing-house; one side of it was used to shelter the boats. Louis opened the door for them to enter; one half of the room had a floor; in the other half the two boats rested on the water; they were chained to a post.

"Which is the prettiest boat, Nelly?" asked George. Ellen pointed to the larger one.

"You shall ride in that one, then," said Louis. "That's the Water Lily; the other is the White Swan."

"Mother, can't we four children go together?" asked George.

Aunt Mary consented, for she knew the boys understood managing a boat as well as their father. Jacob, the hired man, walked out on a beam and opened the large outside door. The children embarked on the Water Lily. Uncle Henry, Aunt Mary, and *the lunch* got on board the White Swan; and both glided out on the lake.

After a short ride they brought the boats to a stand-still. The boys took the jointed fish-poles from the bottom of the boat, and commenced putting on bait for the girls and themselves.

"Oh, how can you?" cried Ellen, shuddering. "Those poor worms!"

"Why, you see," said Louis, laughing, "George and I got Jacob to cut their heads off, so, you see, they don't suffer now."

Somehow, Nelly's scruples did not seem to extend to the fish. She was delighted on capturing one, a fine fellow—lake bass, George pronounced it. She consigned him to the basket, where he soon had company. Indeed, the children seemed to have better luck fishing than their parents, who liked better to enjoy the cool breeze, to see the water glisten in the sun, and watch the gulls and fish-hawks. Time passed very quickly. Presently Uncle Harry looked at his watch, and called out, 'The Water Lily, ahoy!" and, in reply to the answering shout, "Time for lunch!"

They rowed to the opposite side of the lake; they alighted; fastened the boats to a tree, and started for the "Big tree," which seemed to be a well-known locality. Ellen thought it *was* a big tree, and was as astonished as her cousins seemed to expect. They partook of the excellent lunch, and remained some time under the trees, it was so cool and pleasant away from the sun, which was getting unpleasantly hot. Then, after a long ride on the lake, they returned home. It was about three o'clock. They spent the rest of the afternoon in the orchard (the most delicious cherries and early apples were just ripe), at the swing, and in the flower-garden.

After supper, they went down to the lake, to inspect the bathing-room. On two sides of the room was a stone platform; on the side where the door was, broad stone steps descended to the water, which was as clear as crystal. There were no stones in the bottom, only clean white sand.

"We'll bathe here to-morrow," said Clara. Ellen was delighted, it would be *so* nice. While they were there, a nice little girl, in a pink dress and wh[illegible]pron, came tripping along the board walk, which extended along a little ways from the shore. When almost to them, she stopped and beckoned to Clara.

"It's Kitty Anderson," said Clara; "I'll go and see what she wants."

Clara ran to her; they spoke in a low tone a few minutes. Clara seemed to ask her a question. She an-

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swered, "No, not now," and ran back the way she came.

"Kitty wants us to come and see her to-morrow," said Clara. "I guess we will, if mother's willing."

"Where does she live?" asked Ellen.

"Do you see that other bathing-house up the lake?" asked Clara. "That's Judge Anderson's. They havn't any boats—they use ours; but they've got a greenhouse, and a splendid garden."

"Prettier than yours?" asked Ellen.

"I guess it is," said Clara. "I asked Kit if I should introduce her; but she's so bashful at first."

It was growing dark, so they returned to the house; and after enjoying another pleasant evening, they went to bed tired enough to enjoy a good night's rest.

Here Mrs. Eastman's voice was heard, calling, "Susy! Susy!"

"She wants me to set the table," said Susy, starting up.

"Come up after supper, then," said Anna, "and I'll tell you about the next day." ELLIAN.

HINDOO WIT.

A HINDOO woman having been summoned to give evidence before a court of judicature in Calcutta, deposed that such a circumstance happened in her presence. The judge asked where it happened; she replied, in the verandah of such a house. "Pray, my good woman," said the judge, "how many pillars are there in that verandah?" The woman, not perceiving the trap that was laid for her, said with much consideration, that the verandah was supported by four pillars. The counsel for the opposite party immediately offered to prove that the verandah contained five pillars, and that consequently no credit could be given to her evidence. The woman perceiving her error, addressed the judge and said, "My lord, your lordship has for many years presided in this court, and every day that you come here ascend a flight of stairs; may I beg to know how many steps these stairs consist of?" The judge confessed he did not know. "Then," replied she, "if your lordship can not tell the number of steps you ascend daily to the *seat of justice*, it can not be astonishing that I should forget the number of pillars in a balcony which I never entered half a dozen times in my life." The judge was much pleased with the woman's wit, and decided in favor of her party.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

EVEN when his health was bad, Richelieu was indefatigable at work. He used to go to bed at eleven, then awake in the middle of the night, and dictate or write. At six he slept again for an hour or two. Richelieu well knew the value of pleasing in manner and address; he could command his countenance to an astonishing degree, and when apparently sunk in pain and half dead, he would in an instant afterward rise from his arm-chair gay and amusing. Marie de Medicis used to say Richelieu had tears at command. He received every one with studied politeness, holding out his hand affectionately to some who came to speak to him; and, when he intended to gain them over, he spared neither praises nor flattery. He was anxious to be of use to those who showed him attachment, and his word was inviolable. His servants looked on him as the best of masters, and he recompensed them liberally.

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A HARD DRINKER.

"Cold water! cold water!"
Cried Michael M'Wharter;
"I'm as dry as a withered old stump,
And I verily think
I this moment could drink
To the bottom of spring or pump!"

"Bravely boasted, indeed,"
Said Jonathan Meade;
"And now, if you dare, I'll try you.
Just open your mouth,
So afflicted with drouth,
And I'll undertake to supply you!"

"Ah! that's what I like,"
Said unthinking Mike,
And stretched himself flat on the stones,
With his mouth open wide,
While he ravingly cried,
"Oh! this thirst is consuming my bones!"

Meade pumped with a will—
Mike soon got his fill,
And was up on his feet with a jump,
And shouting with pain,
Vowed never again
To venture to dry up the pump.

Not "Officially Drunk."—A postmaster, on being notified of a charge of intemperance, replied, "acknowledging the corn," but insisted that he was not "officially drunk." His friends, appearing to take a great interest in him, and it being shown that his office was well conducted, the Department consented to overlook this first offense, in the hope of permanent reformation, but with a pointed intimation, however, that a repetition of it would certainly cause his removal.

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THE GOLDEN RULE.

ALWAYS remember the golden rule, dear girls; it will be the best rule you can follow. I want to tell you a story about a little girl who always tried to follow it.

Everybody who knew Susy Grey loved her. In fact, no one could help loving her, she was so gentle and self-denying. But you must not think that Susy never did wrong, for she was but human, after all, and sometimes her nature would have its way. But whenever she yielded to temptation, she was so very sorry that you could not help forgiving her.

The school which Susy attended had for some time been planning a pic-nic excursion to some woods not far distant, and every one of the children was looking forward to it with great delight. For a whole week beforehand you might see them grouped about the play-ground, and all eagerly discussing the pic-nic.

The day before the great event, a large circle of girls stood in one corner of the yard.

"I say, girls," exclaimed Bell Martin, "let's pass a vote not to allow Mary Everrett to go with us." Then, before any one could speak, she went on: "We won't have such a hateful, fretful thing go with us, will we, girls?"

"No, indeed," "No," "Mary Everrett shan't go," sprang from nearly all the group.

As soon as they were silent, Susy Grey said, quickly: "Dear Bell, don't forget what our minister said last Sabbath: 'Do unto others as you would have them do to you.' Poor Mary is not healthy and strong as we are, and it is not strange that she feels fretful. If you were in her place, shouldn't you feel so? And shouldn't you feel badly not to be allowed to mingle with your schoolmates?"

"You are right, Sue," said Bell; "she shall go, and we will try to make to-morrow pleasant to her too."

"We will, we will," said all the girls; and with this good resolution, they separated to their homes.

The great day came as fair as even the children could wish, and at an early hour they all assembled at the school-house, from which they were to start. Mary Everrett was there, and her pale, fretful face softened as she saw how kind they all were, and Bell Martin said to Susy that she had never seen Mary so agreeable; but even while she said so, Mary said, very loudly—

"Why, Charley Greene, you don't mean to say you're going to walk with Miss Parson Pious! It's just throwing yourself away to walk with her."

Charley said nothing, but passed on to where Susy stood, and said—

"Susy, you'll walk with me, won't you?"

"I thank you, Charley, but I must walk with poor, lame Benny Page."

"Oh, Alice Williams is going to walk with him!" said Charley, eagerly.

"Then I will walk with you, gladly," replied Susy.

The procession was finally formed,

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and they all started for the woods in high spirits. The woods were delightfully cool and pleasant, and they would have been very happy, but that Mary Everrett teased Susy so much, that Bell remarked that she wished they hadn't let her come.

It was late when they started for home, and the sun had set as they neared the village, and they were talking and laughing right merrily, when suddenly Mary cried out, "Oh, I've lost my locket! What shall I do?"

The boys said they would look for it the next day; but Mary would not be consoled, and walked to her own door, crying bitterly.

Just then some one said: "Here is your locket, Mary;" and looking back, she saw Susy holding it up; "I found it by the spring," said she.

Mary sprang forward. "Oh, Susy, forgive me for teasing you so," said she; "I will never do so again, *never*;" and ran into the house.

When Susy parted from Bell at her own door, she said, "Doesn't the golden rule work well?"

And Bell could only say, "Yes."

DAISY WILDWOOD.

DRAWING WATER.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

I HAD drunk, with lips unsated, where
the fonts of pleasure burst,
I had hewn out broken cisterns, and
they mocked my spirit's thirst,
And I said, "Life is a desert spot, and
measureless and dry,
And God will not give me water,
though I pray and faint and die."

Spoke there then a friend and brother:
"Rise and roll the stone away,
There are wells of water hidden in thy
pathway every day."
Then I said my heart was sinful, very
sinful was my speech,
"All the wells of God's salvation are
too deep for me to reach."

And he answered; "Rise and labor;
doubt and idleness is death,
Shape thee out a goodly vessel, with
the strong hands of thy faith;
So I wrought and shaped the vessel,
then bent lowly, kneeling there,
And I drew up living water with the
golden chain of prayer.

THE SILVER THAW.—A phenomenon, seldom seen in Canada, is the silver thaw, as it is called in Newfoundland. Rain in heavy torrents in February, accompanied by a low state of the thermometer near the earth, causes a regular deposition of ice round the branches and twigs of the plants and trees, and every substance capable of receiving it. This goes on increasing until a layer of ice envelops the smallest twigs till it attains a diameter of half an inch, and sometimes more. The leafless trees droop and bend their strongest boughs toward the earth; to which, if they reach it without breaking from the enormous weight they have to sustain, they become frozen. I have seen willows, whose branches were as thick as a man's [illegible], break off under this pressure. The wind generally rises soon afterward, and then the clatter and destruction may be conceived. I can compare the appearance of a tree thus adorned to nothing in man's art nearer than to a vast chandelier of the purest crystal; and the play of the light is fully equal to that from myriads of prisms when the sun shines.

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ALMOST DROWNED.

TIMID as children generally are, when they have some experienced friend to lean upon, they are often very brave, considerate, and quick-witted when left altogether to themselves in an emergency. This was seen in the case of little Charlie Rogers, who, while playing on a raft, near the shore, fell off, and came near being drowned. There were several other children playing about, some on the raft, and some on the shore. Charlie Rogers was captain of the raft, with Bell Clinton and Robert Lawton to assist him. James Benton, Edward Harrod, and some others were on the shore, trying to pull the raft in, so that they could get on board of it. They worked a long time at the rope, but they were not strong enough to move the raft, which was very heavy.

While they were busily at work, Captain Charlie happened to step on a loose piece of board, at the side of the raft, which he thought was a part of it. It immediately slipped away and carried Charlie with it into the deep water. In an instant all their mirth was changed to consternation. They all screamed and shouted, but immediately the older ones among them saw that they must do something more than scream.

When Charlie fell, he fell across the loose board, which had been the means of his fall. If he had not been too much frightened, he might have held on this board, and it would have supported him till some one would come to help him. As it was, it kept him up only for a moment, and then he lost his hold of it, giving it, as he he went down, a push toward the raft. This suggested a thought to Bell Clinton, who, calling Robert to help her, threw herself flat on the raft, and seizing the end of the board, had it ready, when Charlie rose to the surface, to

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push him toward the shore, at the same time calling to the boys on shore to wade in as far as they could and draw him out. It was a happy thought, and perfectly successful. James and Edmund both waded in as far as they could safely. Bell and Robert carefully pushed the drowning boy along, till James got hold of his clothes; then, by laying the board from the raft to the shore, they were soon on dry ground to lend their aid in carrying him home.

But Charlie was far gone, and it would not do to wait till they should get home. Something must be done on the spot to restore him, and the children did not know what to do. Fortunately help was at hand. Mr. Clinton, Bell's father, was at work near by, and heard the shout when Charlie fell in. He rushed to the spot, and arrived just in time to see him lifted out of the water. He took him into his arms, carried him to a warm grassy bank, laid him down, rolled him over and over, and rubbed his body briskly with his hands, while the children, each with a hand or a foot, were rubbing them. As soon as any signs of returning life appeared, Mr. Clinton took his own coat, wrapped Charlie in it, and carried him home to his mother.

When Mrs. Rogers, almost frantic with the sudden alarm, rushed to the door to receive her child—dead, as she supposed—he was so far recovered as to be able to say, "Here I am, dear mother, almost well." It was some days, however, before Charlie was quite well. His mother watched over him with tenderest care, and the brave little folks who had shared his danger, and rescued him from it with so much presence of mind, were every day at the door to inquire how he was, and to bring him a flower, a book, or some other token of their kindness and sympathy.

INDIANS SHOOTING FISH.

THE Indians of South America have a mode of taking fish, which, we will venture to say, some of our young friends never heard of. Mr. Gibbon, in his Report of the Exploration of the Amazon, tells us that he was visited one morning at daylight by twelve or fourteen Indians. Three of them were on their way to a lake for fish, to which he accompanied them. As they walked along, they asked him all sorts of questions, which he could not understand. When they saw a bird, they made signs for his gun to shoot it. They seemed to admire his gun, as much as he did their bows and arrows. But they had no curiosity to use them in their own hands. They evidently thought the bow and arrow were much better for them, though a superior being, like the white stranger, might do better with his own weapons.

As they approached the fishing place, the Indians quickened their pace, and walked single file, like soldiers marching up to a fortification. The lake was small and deep, with water so clear that the bottom was plainly to be seen. The stream that fed it ran off from the side of a hill, which was thickly wooded. Long stakes had been driven into the soft bottom. To the head of these stakes, which stood a little above the

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surface of the water, poles were fastened by ropes made of a running vine or creeper, forming a kind of platform, on which the Indians could walk out over the water. As they went out, they arranged the black spears, which were about twelve feet long and very slender, and silently watched the bottom, one at each end of the lake, and one in the middle. Their arrows were all pointed down into the water. When one fired and missed, there was a general shout of laughter, and he good-naturedly talked to them and to the fish, as if he enjoyed the fun. With great dexterity he caught his arrow, rebounding from the water, and almost always exactly on the string from which it had been shot. The next one that shot caught his arrow in the same way, which was shaking with a heavy fish, about a foot in length. He killed it, by sticking his knife into the back of its head, and then threw it on the shore. Turning up the point of his spear, he sharpened it with his knife, and made ready for another fish. The knife was fastened to a string suspended round the neck. After using it, he threw it over his shoulder, where it hung, out of the way, till the next fish was caught. It looked like a table knife, broken square off, and sharpened at the end like a chisel, and was used as such, not like a common knife.

As the fish were thrown out, one after another in quick succession, the excitement became very great. They chatted and laughed all the while, and appeared to be joking one another. Their faces brightened pleasantly as they drew out the fish, and whenever one of them missed, they all shouted in loud laughter. When they had secured five or six fishes apiece, they repaired their scaffold, and left for home.

After walking a short distance, they stopped, cut some fresh green leaves from a sort of cabbage plant, which grew there, and having taken out their entrails, rolled the fish in the leaves to keep them from the heat of the sun, which had now begun to shine with force upon them.

Some of you will be wondering, perhaps, how it was that the fish, when speared by the arrow, should always rise to the top, so that the Indian could watch him. You would suppose that he would start off in any other direction, as well as in that from which the arrow came. The explanation is probably this—when pierced, the fish, in his fright, loses his self-control, is blinded with pain, and at the same time deprived of the power of using his gills, by means of which he breathes under water; and thus being compelled to rise to the surface, he naturally follows the direction of the arrow, and so comes directly to the hands of the captor.

COFFEE, TURKISH FASHION.—People of all classes in Constantinople use these drinks. A good cup of strong coffee may be had for a farthing, and a glass of sherbet for a little more. Their coffee is made in a simple, easy manner, and most expeditiously. When a single cup is called for, the attendant in the coffee-house pours out water into a little copper pan, or rather pot, puts it over a charcoal fire for an instant, and the coffee is made. It is poured, boiling hot, into a small porcelain cup, and handed to the customer; the coarser grounds quickly subside, in a few seconds, while cooling down to the drinking point. Disagreeable at first, a taste for this strong, unclarified coffee is soon acquired.

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THE BAMBOO.

The Bamboo.

WE have in our sanctum a cane made out of the bamboo tree, in China, sent to us from a dear friend there, and we keep it as a curiosity to show to the young Merrys when they call to see Uncle Robert. A specimen of the tree you will see in the engraving. It is almost a universal material in the hands of the Chinese, who use it in a great variety of dissimilar ways. It is formed into all kinds of furniture, such as chairs, bedsteads, tables, etc., and is used for building material, shipping, all arts of husbandry, making ropes, cords, twine, and for all purposes, from the rigging of a ship to the wick of a candle.

When young, the bamboo affords a nutritious article of diet, and is used as a fence for gardens, and an ornament for palaces. It is the weapon of justice, and the instrument of oppression, supporting the authority of the mandarin as well as the arrogance of the petty official. In fact, it almost seems that without its aid, the government would stand still, and the Chinese would be without many of those accessories to comfort which separate the civilized man from the savage.

We have seen specimens of woven paper made out of the bamboo, which are a great curiosity. The Chinese are certainly a very ingenious people, if they are not as much civilized as the rest of mank[illegible]

A QUESTION.—At best, life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and songs, cloud and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells, then o[illegible]ittle play will close, and injurer a[illegible] injured will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?

POVERTY strikes a man after all his friends and the rest of mankind have deserted him.

LET a youth who stands at the bar with a glass of liquor in hand, consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.

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AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

AN eminent lawyer, in Glasgow, once had a client whose name was Widow Tickle. He rose, and commenced to address the Honorable Court in this manner: "Tickle, my client, my lord," and paused for a moment. The judge, who was considered a wag, broke in after this most ludicrous style: "Ye maun tickle her yursel, Mr. McLaughlin; it's no the business of this court to tickle your client, my bra' mon.'

BERANGER was complimented by a lady one day on the punctuality with which he kept his appointments. "It is a pleasure," said the lady to him, "to invite such as you to dinner, for you never make us wait." "I am no longer young, madam," replied the Son of Song, "and experience has taught me one thing—it is dangerous not to arrive at the precise hour, for the guests who are waiting for you will pass the time in discussing your faults."

"WHAT a lovely woman!" was the exclamation of Lord Chancellor Eldon, upon passing a first-class beauty, when pacing up and down Westminster Hall, with his friend, the Master of the Rolls, previous to the opening of their respective courts. "What an excellent judge!" said the lady, when her sensitive ear caught the flattering decree of the Lord High Chancellor of England.

WOMAN has many advantages over man; one of them is that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

THE sun is every man's servant, working every day in the year for him, and exacting no wages.

METHINKS to kiss ladies' hands after lips, as some do, is like little boys, who, after they eat the apple, fall to the paring, out of love they have to the apple.

A FRENCHMAN has brought "a divine ink" from China, which destroys the paper ("exquisite prudence") in a few days. This is a diabolical invention, if one regard the use that might be made of it.

"MY lad," said a lady to a boy carrying a mail-bag, "are you the mail-boy?" "You doesn't think I'm a female boy, does you, ma'am?"

THE rock upon which all our fortunes rise is rock the cradle.

SUGGESTION FOR THE STUPID.—Never think of saying bo to a goose. Say *beau* to the gander—and *belle* to the goose.

ROMAN NOSE.—"How is it," said one little miss to another, "that John's never afraid, and I am?" "Because he's got a Roman nose, and feels safe; don't you remember how we read, that it has always been said that a *Roman knows*—no danger?"

MILTON was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages. His reply was: "No, sir; one tongue is enough for a woman."

THE fellow who tried to get up a concert with the band of his hat, is the same genius who a few weeks since played upon the affections of an uptown lady.

A STRANGE man once went up to Dr. ——, in the street, and asked him to lend him a pound. "How," said the other, "can you apply to me for such a favor? I don't know you."

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"Oh, my dear sir," replied the stranger, "it is for that very reason I ask you, for those who know me won't lend me a farthing."

JOIN IN.—When Jackson was connected with the army, an officer complained to him that some of the soldiers were making a great noise in the tent.

"What are they doing?" inquired the General.

"They are praying now, but they have been singing."

"And is that a crime?" asked Jackson, with emphasis.

"The articles of war," said the officer, "order punishment for any unusual noise."

"God forbid!" replied Jackson, "that singing and praying should be any unusual noise in my camp;" and advised the officer to join them.

TREASURES.

A thousand hopes, a thousand fears,
A thousand prayers, a thousand tears,
A thousand acts of good untold,
Outweigh five thousand pounds of gold;
A thousand hopes in heaven gain
An interest that ne'er brings pain;
A thousand fears—oh! these will spring,
And safety o'er thy treasures fling;
A thousand prayers for good below,
A mine of wealth and peace bestow;
A thousand tears from Pity's eyes
Are jewels bright set in the skies;
A thousand acts of kindness done,
A kingdom great by these are won.

"INDUSTRY MUST PROSPER," as the man said when holding the baby for his wife to chop wood.

THE Cincinnatians, when their drinking water is too thick with mud, are in the habit of filtering it through a cane-bottomed chair.

THINGS I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.—A fashionable boot-maker who was not "from Paris."

A gentleman who was not a self-constituted inspector of ladies' bonnet linings.

A man who could hold an umbrella properly over a lady's bonnet; or put on her shawl or cloak without crushing her bonnet or hair; or be good-natured when he was sick, or had cut his chin when shaving, or had to wait ten minutes for his dinner or breakfast, or who was ever "refused" by a lady.

A bachelor whose carpet did not wear out first in front of the looking-glass.

THE FRUIT OF THE ITALIAN OAK.—In the market-place at Larache I saw large quantities of the sweet acorn exposed for sale, and made a purchase of a small basketful. This nut, the produce of the *Quercus Esculus*, is considerably larger and longer than the common acorn, its taste being sweet and pleasant, and a good deal like that of the Spanish chestnut. It is found in abundance in Spain, I believe, as well as Barbary.—*Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.* [In the south of Europe, these acorns are brought to table as a part of the dessert. Garcilasso, in one of his poems, describes a young Spanish lover climbing the tree to shake down the sweet acorns in his mistress' lap.]

FAITH.—The devils, we are told, *believe and tremble.* Our part is to believe and love. But it is hard to convince people that nothing short of this can be true Christian faith. So, because they are sometimes terrified by the thought of God, they fancy they believe, though their hearts are far away from Him.—*Guesses at Truth.*

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THE FIRST FALSEHOOD.

BY HELEN V. AUSTIN.

"I WONDER where Trip is! Here, Trip—here, Trip." But Trip was nowhere to be found. Little Jennie rose from her seat, having got tired of her book, and ran through the garden, calling to her dog, for she was tired playing alone, and she had no one to play and romp with but him. She looked for him in the place where he often lay under the rose-bush, and under the porch, and into the kitchen, but she could not find him. Disappointed, she went into the room where her aunt sat sewing, but her playfellow was not under the table, the place where he usually lay when in the house.

Jennie was a thoughtful child, and generally obeyed when she was told, and when her aunt said, "Don't disturb my work, or make a noise, Jennie—my head aches," she went out and ran to find her uncle; he was in the habit of sitting on a bench, with his feet on a straw mattress to protect them from the ground, when he made and mended his nets. The little girl loved her Uncle Philip very much indeed. She would sit or stand by him and watch him work, and hear him tell about what happened when he went out in his boat for fish on the sea. But uncle could not be found any more than Trip, and so little Jennie felt more lonely than ever. She sat down and began to examine the net; now, she thought, would be a good time to try if she could not work on them, for uncle would never let her try; he always said she was too small to do network; but she was sure she could do it; so she found the wooden needle in a crack of the bench where he always put it, and the twine was lying with the nets.

Jennie did not feel happy when she first began, and as she found the work more difficult than she had expected, she kept growing more and more unhappy. She knew she was doing

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wrong to meddle with her uncle's work, and she was in constant fear lest he should come and see her at it. At last she got the net so twisted and the twine so tangled that she found she never could get them right again, and so threw everything down and ran away.

She felt so guilty! What should she do? She knew her uncle would be much displeased; she ran as fast as she could into the house and up stairs into her little room. But her bad feelings went with her. Now the chief reason this little girl felt so badly was, there was a good and an evil spirit or principle striving in her mind against each other, and she encouraged the evil the most.

If she had stopped and told her aunt all that had happened, or resolved to tell her uncle as soon as he came, she would not have been unhappy. The evil spirit suggested, "don't tell," and she began to plan how she should get clear; for as she was guilty, she was sure she would be accused.

Now Jennie had never told a real falsehood in her life, and she could not make up her mind to tell one, and yet she could not say to herself, "I will tell the truth."

For a long time she sat gloomy and sad in her little room; she felt so wicked that she was afraid to stay by herself, and hearing Trip barking, she went down stairs. They played together in the garden till Jennie nearly forgot her trouble, and before she knew it, she was following her dog to her uncle's bench. The old gentleman was sitting there working at his net, as if nothing had happened; this gave Jennie more assurance, and she went up to him, but she did not feel quite at ease. Oh, if she had only told them all about it! She tried to talk as if nothing was wrong, but she only remembered it the more. Uncle Philip seemed not to notice her embarrassment at all, but worked busily as ever. But presently, when she was not expecting it, he said, very earnestly, but kindly, "Jennie, what made you tangle my twine and spoil my meshes so?" Now was the trying time for poor little Jennie. Oh, if that naughty falsehood had not been in her heart! She had not made up her mind for certain to tell a falsehood, but the old temptation was stronger than before, and she said, in a choking voice, "I didn't do it. I—I guess Trip did it." Her uncle laid his net over his knees, and put his hand under her chin, for she hung her head; but she could not raise her eyes, yet she felt he was looking earnestly at her.

"Jennie," said Uncle Philip," do not tell me an untruth; I know you did the mischief. I can tell it by your looks, if by nothing else. You not only deny you did it, but you want to lay the blame on poor little Trip, who can not speak to tell it was not him. Now Trip was with me down to the beach; and besides, you had my needle. Trip could not have been using that; you left it lying on the ground, where it was nearly lost from sight."

Jennie stood for a few seconds—it seemed to her hours—with her arms drawn up to an angle at her sides, and holding the fronts of her basque with each hand. She ventured to look up; there was Uncle Philip looking so severe, yet grieved, holding up his finger and gazing at her as earnestly as ever, while he said, slowly: "Jennie, you have told me a wicked lie, and if you do not tell me the truth, I will take you to your room to stay all the rest of this day, and never let you

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come here to talk to me and see me work. Come, tell me quickly, didn't you do it?"

"Oh, Uncle Philip," said Jennie, "I did do it. I am so sorry—I never will do so again."

Poor Jennie! how she cried! How sorry she was that she had done mischief and then told a falsehood, and doubly grieved her good uncle!

Which do you think would have been best, children, to have told the truth at first, or to have told a falsehood, as Jennie did? Which would have caused her the least unhappiness?

THE "SUNNY SIDE."

A TRAVELER from Albion's shore
Had wandered far o'er many lands,
Crossed stormy oceans, sunny plains,
And Afric's burning desert sands,
And now, at last, his foot had set
In land of mosque and minaret.

There dwelt a Moslem, old and true,
In one of Turkey's cities proud;
The praises of his gardens gay
Had long been sounded far and loud.
To him our traveler salaam'd low,
And begged he would the gardens show.

The Turk politely gave assent,
And showed him o'er the spacious ground—
Showed him rare plants, and bade him hear [sound;
The various fountains' murmuring
O'er terraces and parterres gay,
The courteous Moslem led the way.

He pointed out the splendid fruit,
Pomegranate luscious, ripe, and rare,
The lemon-tree, and oranges
So thick, they did the branches bear
Down to the ground, and many more,
Of which he'd scarcely heard before.

Nor did the Moslem fail to give
The stranger of his glorious store.
He plucked an orange for his guest
From a bough near him; but before
Presenting it, cut it in two,
And o'er the paling one half threw.

"Why cast away such splendid fruit?"
The stranger asked, in great surprise.
He smiled, not with the lips alone,
But from the depths of his dark eyes.
"To friends," said he, with stately pride,
"We only give the sunny side."

Sunshine there is in life, but storms
Oft drive across our varying sky;
But, through all changes, we should learn
A lesson from the Turk's reply,
To friends or *foes*, whate'er betide,
To only show the *sunny* side.

ELLIAN.

POLITENESS AT HOME.—Always speak with politeness and deference to your parents and friends. Some children are polite and civil everywhere else except at home; but there they are coarse and rude. Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, nothing makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and dutiful deportment toward their parents and superiors. It makes the plainest face beautiful, and gives to every common action a nameless but peculiar charm.

LITTLE drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

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Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

HERE they come! — throw open the door — throw it wide open; for they are coming thick and fast as snow-flakes. But they will soon be in a melting mood. Have the chill winter winds driven you all into our warm, cosy parlor? Well, we are very glad to see you all, and especially the new comers. Take seats at once, and make yourselves at home. We must cut your messages short, there are so many more than usual; and some of you have not minded our golden rule to "be short"—so take the consequences.

AT HOME, ST. LOUIS, *Dec.* 15, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I hope that there is still room for me to come into the Chat. I have been wanting to do so this long while, but I have been prevented by want of time, for I have to go to school. But to-day being Saturday, I thought that I would write to you.

I have been taking the MUSEUM for a long time—almost three years and a half. I commenced taking it by finding a copy of it somewhere, and I liked it so much that I immediately sent on my dollar. I like the Chat a great deal, and I also send some answers to puzzles in the November number.

Please introduce me to W. H. C., Bess, Black-Eyes, Adelbert Older, and the other cousins. I remain yours,

JOHN VICTOR HOGAN.

Welcome, right welcome, my good friend Victor. I am right glad to see your smiling face again, and right glad should I be to meet you again after school, walk out to your comfortable and spacious country home, and have a good social chat around your father's hospitable board. Just imagine me there, on the evening when you get this, and give my cordial greetings to all the house. H. H.

BROOKLYN, CONN., *Dec.* 28, 1860.

Confound that bumble-bee! What's bumble-bee to me, or me to bumble-bee? I never expressed an opinion on the subject, so of course I don't "give in;" but if that opinion is wanted, I pronounce the creature in question a hu-m-m-bug!

Oliver Onley, we can condole together concerning the missing of A. E. Drummond; for as did you at the White Mountains, so did I at the MUSEUM office not long ago. Wonder if she made inquiries about *you*, as she did about ——?

Do I notice the little folks, Busy-Bee? Hop up in my lap and see. By the way, are you the "bee" that is the subject of quarrel in the Chat? If you are, I take back what I said in my first paragraph.

What decision of mine is wanted, Stella Lightner? And, Adrian, what do *you* mean? *I* peddle beets! Nary peddle. So, Sybil Grey, this is the result of going to Italy! Come home gushing with poetry, original and selected; and after *douching* several of us with a pailful or so, you take a joke of mine in earnest, and *accept* in true womanly No-Yes style. How could you, Sybil? Didn't you know that I had a little girl of my own, and couldn't "go proposing" anywhere else? Oh, dear! Uncle Hiram, why didn't you "pop in" a little sooner, check Sybil, and save this distressing explanation? Dear, dear, I am *so* sorry! But I am not deceitful, and am *July* at all times.

I can say no more at present.

Sorrowfully yours,

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

NEW IPSWICH, *Jan.* 7, 1861.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Will you admit one more correspondent to your Chat? Bashfully I enter, but instead of seeing a "hatchet" raised "high in air," I see two pleasant-looking uncles, chat-

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ting with many pleasant-looking cousins. We love the MUSEUM, and may it long prosper, continuing ever, as now, to cheer the hearts of many. Good-bye. MILLY.

Come in, Milly, and take a seat by the side of Uncle Merry. You will find many pleasant cousins here, to say nothing of the uncles and aunts. We are not *all* of us as *stern* as you may have supposed. Come often, now you have found the way.

BOSTON, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1860.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS:—"A merry, merry Christmas to you all!" What fond, dear recollections to-day brings up! "Did you hang up your stocking?" asked a little one of me this morning. Of course I did. I was out rather late Christmas eve; and on returning home, I found all in darkness. Groping my way to the dining-room, I took off my boots, and hung up my stocking—on the gas-pipe! Santa Claus might have been generous toward me, but, alas! in the morning I found the peculiarity of that stocking was, *a hole at both ends!*

Who has anything more to say about the bee, that "perfect-jointed, articulating, zoological *animal?*"

Adrian, you're a Bay State boy, are you not? When in Boston, call and see me. Uncle Merry will furnish you my address.

May many returning Christmas anniversaries find our Merry band gathered together in our Chat, not one old friend missing, and many new ones added.

Your nephew, truly,
OLIVER ONLEY.

One visit to the Chat made me wish to come again. Ah, dear Fleta, you plead guilty very gracefully to the poetical charge. *Isn't* the hatchet cruel? haven't I felt it? It has *spoiled* me entirely several times. Dear Cousin Homely Face, I claim an *affinity* with you; but didn't I make that nomination? You should have *seconded the motion.* Daisy Wildwood and Nellie Van, I think we must be about the same age. Shall we not make a *very* merry trio in this corner? and we'll have no objections to Southern Lily, if she'll come. How very bashful some of our cousins are about accepting a kiss from a gentleman cousin. I will throw a kiss to you all. Pertine, we'll be friends, won't we? Good-bye. ANNETTE.

We return our hearty thanks to all those who have aided us in extending our circulation. It has cheered us much in our labors to find that our little bright-eyed nephews and nieces have sent us so many new subscribers. Shall we hear from the rest of you soon? Our little Busy-Bee has been flying back and forth with a buzz and a whiz, and with stores of honey for her friends. Here she comes again, humming her tune. We have to stop and listen when she comes. Listen, and taste.

PEACH GROVE, *Dec.* 13, 1860.

"How doth the little Busy Bee
Improve each shining hour!"

Yes, dear Uncles and Aunt, you would certainly say this, could you have watched me, on some of these sunny days, flying from house to house, hunting up new subscribers, and jogging the memory of old ones. I have done what I could for you.

But stand aside, dear cousins, and let me introduce this new member to our *Merry* family. Master R. C.—Aunt Sue—Uncle Hiram. Please take charge of him, Uncle dear, and introduce him generally. He is a real fine fellow. I see some of the girls are admiring his brown, curly head and his bright, laughing eyes. But I must be off, wishing you *all* a "*merry Christmas*" and a "happy New Year."

Your loving niece, BUSY BEE.

MEMPHIS, *Dec.* 3, 1860.

Lola, please come forward, as Willie wishes to see you.

Pertine, I would like very much to make your acquaintance. Are you, indeed, a "*Yankee girl?*" I don't know whether I am right or not, but it seems to me that "Yankee girls" would not send kisses unasked to young gentlemen.

But Uncle Hiram is coming, so good-bye. IMOGENE LATHAM.

BOSTON, *Dec.* 8, 1860.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—C. M. Gibbs, Roland, F. A. James, and the other Southerners, shall you secede if your States do, and leave the Chat? Willie H. C.,

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what do you say to Jeannie? Rosalie, are you the one talked of in the song? Snowflake, ain't you ashamed of talking right out in meeting? Oliver, there is a chance for you. Better take her up at once. I think you have the best of it in regard to the bee question. But I will stop now for fear of being too long.

CHARLIE F. W.

CHICAGO, *Dec.* 8, 1860.

DEAR UNCLES:—This is my first letter to you since I left New York, and I can hardly realize that I have seen my Uncles Merry and Hiram "in the flesh."

Now, if I could only see all my *cousins!* I wonder if any of them take as much interest in each other as I do. Just imagine me seated up stairs, reading—the door-bell rings—some one comes up and hands me a card, on which is written—"Fleta Forrester," or "Black-Eyes," or any other familiar name. Wouldn't I jump, and be down in the parlor pretty quick! What a brisk conversation would ensue! Well, as I have had no such visits, I must content myself with one in pen and ink.

Oliver Onley, to think of my being both at the White Mountains and Boston and not seeing you! Nell of B., you did not scrutinize that letter very carefully; however, nine *was* the number. Now, "does yours exceed mine?"

Dew-Drop and Loui Burnham, I am happy to be introduced. So Bella B. is married. Well, hereafter I shall suspect every one. Who knows but what *Fleta* and *Oliver Onley* are old married people!

Uncle H., I really am conscience-stricken at the sight of this long letter, but I will not add another word.

ANNIE E. DRUMMOND.

We would not wonder if Miss Annie should be surprised some time with a card with the name of some one or more of the Merry family upon it. We have a large number of Merrys in your vicinity, and think we must have a "Merry meeting" there one of these days.

Dec. 8, 1860.

DEAR MUSEUM:—Another year has almost gone, and old winter has shown his face to us once more. Even while I write I hear the merry shouts of dozens of boys, who make the sidewalk gay with their many-colored sleds, and the tinkling of the sleigh-bells on the street.

Dear uncles and cousins of our Merry band, in the short time that I have known you, I have come to love you all so dearly that I can't let this new-fallen snow bury me from the sight of all the dear ones who will throng into the Chat next year; so I send a little of that efficient *root* which will bring them before my eyes month by month.

Uncle Robert, is it *sartain true* that you and Uncle Hi are present in the body at 116 Nassau Street? I have been thinking of coming to see you, in case you can be seen.

Golden-Haired Effie, you are a *darling.* Though you live so far from me, I love you, and often I have read your letter over, and wished we could meet. *Chère cousine,* come and see me.

And you, too, dear Stella, I feel drawn toward. If you will send me your address, *ma mignonnette,* I shall love to come.

DAISY WILDWOOD.

You will usually find one of us at 116 Nassau Street. Call by all means. We are always glad to see our young friends, and especially from your beautiful city. We frequently call at Richmond Street.

LONGMEADOW, MASS., *Dec.* 6, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—For the first time I have called you "Uncle." I suppose you will think it is very impudent, and the hatchet will come whizzing about my ears for punishment. So our first snow has come again. The earth is lovely, enrobed in its new white dress, and the evergreens look as if pearls had been scattered on them. Inclosed you will find my dollar, for I find it hard to part with my MUSEUM.

Your affectionate niece,

JENNIE B. DICKINSON.

No, Jennie, not impudent; but in regard to the hatchet, I couldn't help it—all have to be "clipped" this month. Your request will be granted, if you will call again.

RIVER SIDE, *Oct.*, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I trust your appearance is not so formidable as your name would seem to indicate, or else I should not venture to introduce myself to you and the other members of the "Merry band," with the hope of being admitted into your pleasant circle.

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I have been a subscriber to the MUSEUM for two years, but have never, until now, mustered sufficient courage to address you; and it is not without much fear and trembling I come forward as a humble suppliant, asking permission of your Hatchet's highness a place among the 20,000. Your would-be niece, CURLY-HEAD.

BRISTOL, CONN., *Jan.* 1, 1861.

MY DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I wish you, and all my cousins, and Aunt Sue, a happy New Year. This morning I found a dollar in the toe of my stocking, and here it goes for the MUSEUM. Am I not prompt? I like the MUSEUM very much indeed; especially, I think, I shall this year. Your very affectionate niece, FRANCES R. PEET.

Thanks for your kind wishes and promptness. Uncle Robert has not forgotten you. The year can hardly help being a "happy" one, so many joyous spirits have breathed the prayer for us.

ROSE VILLA.

DEAR UNCLE:—As I have not written to the MUSEUM for two or three months, and seeing that some of the cousins have called for me, I make my appearance.

Your hand is accepted, Blue-Eyes. Son of the Evening Star, what would you give to be in my shoes?

How do you do, X? Hope you have been well since I saw you last. I am very happy, Cornelius, to make your acquaintance, also. Forget-me-not, I have read both your letters with considerable interest. Nell, please kiss your little brother for me, as I am very fond of little children. Rosalie, certainly I am willing to receive you. Come on; sit down right here by my side.

So we have a new correspondent—a *Pink*. We have Blue-bells, Lilies, Forget-me-nots, and Pinks. What an assemblage of beautiful flowers we have!

Please introduce me to Bess, Pinck, Fleta, and all the other cousins.

Very truly, LIZZIE G.

WEST BLOOMFIELD, *Jan.* 8, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—A "happy New Year" to all. Another year is gone, but still our number is complete. The Chat is as interesting as ever, nor does the MUSEUM show the progress of time (except in growing better), and may we all meet for many New Years to come. Willie H. C., I sympathize with you in your affliction, but if blood-root is all that is wanting to cure your wounds, and if you wish it, I will send some. But, for fear my *nonsense* will be tossed into that voluminous basket under the table, I will close.

NELLIE S. WHITING.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., *Jan.* 6, 1861.

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I thought I would write to you. How are all my cousins, and Aunt, and Uncle? My little niece is here now. Will you introduce me to Fleta Forrester, and Oliver Onley, and Willie H. Coleman? Don't let Uncle Hiram cut this letter as he did the other, will you? I can't write any more. Yours truly.

MATTIE CAVERNO.

ELLIAN wishes Effie to write to her, and send it to the care of Aunt Sue. Come often, Ellian; you are not forgotten, as you will see from time to time.

SALLIE OF ELIZABETH should make herself known when she calls; perhaps it wouldn't take long to send for "Uncle Hi," if he knew he had such a visitor.

BLUE-EYED LAURA moves that Uncle Hiram provide a strait jacket, to be used in case of necessity, and sends a kiss to "Mamma Black-Eyes for that other pair of blue-eyes."

EDWARD HOWE.—Here's my hand; your letter has the true ring to it; take a seat. So you have taken the MUSEUM for eight years and have not written before. We shall expect to hear from you often.

SAUCY NELL.—Take a good look at Bess, now, and tell us what you have to say about the "poor, mangled, mutilated frame," and the "bright, piquant, sunny face!" We shall give a full view next month.

MARY E. MAXWELL is a Buckeye, and wants fun. There is no better place to find it than among the Merry cousins.

LONG NECK comes from Frost Hill to shake the 20,000 by the hand.

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TIMOTHY T. comes from the "Sunny South," with his good wishes and "gold dollar for 1861." We hope you may be successful in your effort. In regard to your suggestion, we have thought of the matter before, but could not get the consent of all concerned.

We have many other letters, which will have to wait till next month.

MARTIN'S NATURAL HISTORY: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason.—The first series of this truly great work is upon our table, and deserves the attention of every family. It contains 262 colored illustrations, and condenses into a small compass a complete outline and summary view of Natural History—in two volumes—of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral kingdoms. The arrangement is so systematic and complete that all the most important truths and facts in this realm of nature can be found at once, and the narrative will also be found intelligible and interesting. It is just the book for schools and academies, and yet will be found indispensable to every intelligent reader. It has passed through thirty-four editions in Germany, and will doubtless be received in this country will equal favor.

OLDER THAN ADAM — published by Brown & Taggard, of Boston—is one of the "Summer-House Stories," and will be found a charmingly written as well as entertaining volume. It teaches geology, the habits of birds and insects, with strange stories of birds, flowers, toads, bugs, etc., with appropriate illustrations. Price, 62 cents.

NELLY'S FIRST SCHOOL DAY—also published by Brown & Taggard—is another pretty book for the juveniles, with beautiful pictures. These books can hardly fail to win their way to the hearts of the Merry family, for they seem almost written for their benefit, and are handsomely published. Price, 50 cents.

EXCELSIOR SONG BOOK—a collection of songs, designed for juvenile classes, schools, and seminaries—is a new book by Mr. Baker; contains a great variety of easy and pleasing melodies, and is well adapted to awake and cultivate an intelligent interest in singing. The rudiments are taught in a clear and systematic manner, and the work will commend itself to those in search of such music for the children. Published by Chase, Nichols & Hill, Boston.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL BELL, No. 2, is just issued, by Horace Waters; contains many new tunes and choice selections for Sabbath-school music. We know of no better books for the Sabbath-school than the S. S. Bell.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

GIRLS! I have some important news to communicate. I hardly know whether to bespeak your indignation or compassion. We have had a "confidence man" among us—a swindler, a humbug!

Two or three months since, I—to use a classic expression—"smelt a mice!" I followed my *knows* (I didn't know *much*, but I had a clew), and, with the aid of a counterfeit detector, I traced him home, caught him—have him—hold him!

The "him" is Bess! Now, what shall be his punishment? He has obtained goods under false pretenses. He professes repentance—says he "only did it for fun," and promises to return all the kisses sent to him, provided the owner will apply for them in *propria persona*. So bring out the culprit! Now, girls—"attention, company!"—"present arms!"—"take aim!" FIRE, BLUNDERBUSSES!

OLIVER ONLEY wins a third prize, hav-

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ing answered correctly *every question* in the December number.

By way of variety, I give you a verse in cipher to find out; I scarcely know whether it is *guessable*, but *nous verrons*.

The same prizes (heart-puzzle, gold pen, and gold pencil-case) are offered upon the same terms as before.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

35. Rbe ruqq guxj eaf fbuv puzbos?
Caufo oivn fbo fivl,
Ug rufb yoiq nea omosf
Iqq fbo tajkhoxf u ivl. *A. S.*

36. The letter O will change an animal into a fish. What is the animal, and what is the fish? *Tattler.*

37. In three short syllables behold
A quadruped, a biped, vessel;
My whole is seen when "Rarey" bold
Does with some vicious dumb beast wrestle. *X. T. C.*

38. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 11, 8, 7, 14, 5, 17 is a boy's nickname.
My 6, 2, 13, 9, 16 is a flower.
My 1, 15, 4 is a tool.
My 3, 12, 10 is an animal.
My whole is the name of a well-known chieftain. *Tommy.*

39. I am composed of 25 letters:
My 3, 24, 11, 20 is expense.
My 10, 9, 1, 5 is to interrogate closely.
My 15, 16, 4 is a small vessel.
My 6, 13, 8, 25 is an unusually small animal.
My 18, 22, 14, 23 is to taunt.
My 12, 19, 7, 17, 21, 2 is a fruit.
My whole is a Latin quotation containing much truth. *Mary A. E.*

ANAGRAMS.

40. Need a trifle.

41. Clean poets.
(*Cipher.*)

42. A sharp spear. *A. Older.*

43. I drift in a street. *Anna W. N.*

44. I cart a sly Bill. *Ned W.*

45. E. patent mule painter. *Cinderella.*

46. Find four different words, which, placed above each other, shall read the same, perpendicularly and horizontally. *Alpha.*

47. 150001000. *D. P. and W. W. W.*

48. I am a quality all should possess, composed of 10 letters; in me may be found (1) to give heed to; (2) something for birds; (3) a preposition; (4) an evil; (5) a stick; (6) a number; (7) a piece of burned clay; (8) part of a pitchfork; (9) a preposition; (10) an interjection; (11) a verb; (12) a relative; (13) a piece of ground; (14) a mark; (15) a river; (16) a weight; (17) privation; (18) an inclosure; (19) a trap; (20) a toy; (21) a man's name; (22) a mineral; (28) a bird; (24) a man's nickname; (25) an abyss; (26) a heap; (27) a tree; (28) part of the body; (29) part of the face; (30) a wedge, and other words too numerous to mention. *W. P. L.*

49. Entire I am a word that signifies happy; prefix the leaves of a certain plant, and I become a torch; or prefix an insect, and I am a bubble. *C. M. Gibbs.*

50. If from "the Deacon's one-horse shay"
You cut its tail, my first you'll see;
Then add 500 to a ray,
These, joined in one, my next will be;
Month after month, my whole—by grace—
In MERRY'S MUSEUM finds a place.
Illaldorama.

51. My first to seize one by the leg;
Street-sweepers for my second beg;
And, spite of senseless hyperbole,
The last quack-medicine is my whole. *X. T. C.*

52. I am composed of 12 letters:
My 6, 5, 11 is used about the horse.
My 4, 10, 1, 8 is a plant.
My 9, 7, 2 is a tool.
My 8, 12, 7, 3 is a building.
My whole is a Scripture name.
C. M. Gibbs.

NAMES OF FLOWERS, ETC.

53. A number, to strip, and an interjection.

54. A girl's nickname, a decisive answer, a fable, and an important musical note.

55. A household article, a kind of grain, and something of great importance to most people.
H. A. Danker.

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56. Add a letter to an adverb, and make it a noun; add another, and make it a verb; another, and make it an adjective; add one more letter, and make it another adjective. *Frank.*

57. I am composed of 23 letters:
My 1, 14, 16 is a boy's nickname.
My 7, 3, 14, 15 is a favor.
My 2, 17, 13 is an article of apparel.
My 9, 5, 21, 21 is a boy's toy.
My 4, 8, 23 is a month.
My 13, 10, 11 is a metal.
My 6, 8, 20, 21 is the name of a Jewish king.
My 4, 19, 6, 13 is a part of a ship.
My 18, 22, 1 is a domestic animal.
My 12, 15, 22, 13 is an insect.
My whole was a celebrated historian. *L. A. D.*

Answers to Questions in Dec. No.

178. Samuel Irenaeus Prime.

179. Lafayette.

180. Deeded. (*C. T. Warner* also adds the surname "Beebee.")

181. Exercise. (*May E. M.*, *Ike*, and *C. F. W.* say "life size;" *Tattler* and *Busy Bee* say "sighs of repentance.")

182. Willie Hoyt Coleman.

183. Wasp—asp—was.

184. Willie H. Coleman.

185. Stone—notes—tones.

186. 1. Catch-fly. 2. Cornus. 3. Foxglove (some add *Cowslip*). 4. Parsley. 5. Duckmeat. 6. Snowball.

187. Many hands make light work.

188. Concurrent.

189. Want of Circulation. (*Jeannie's* papa suggests "congestion of the pocket nerve." *Gracie Aimwell* thinks "of colds caused by using damp sheets;" but that is a form of hydropathy that agrees very well with them, *Gracie.*)

190. A sore (soar) throat. (*Jeannie Parker* says High strikes [Hysterics]! *H. A. Danker*, *D. P.*, and *W. W. W.* say Croup [Crow up]. *C. T. Warner* says Ague, or *the shakes*. *Tattler* says Yell oh fever.)

191. 1. Unsymmetrical. 2. Immorigerousness. 3. Pachydermatous. 4. Deliberations. 5. Animalcule. 6. Malefactors. 7. Yttrotantalite.

192. Ratellus.

193. Windermere.

194. Sleigh-ride.

195. Titmouse. (Some have given "bull finch;" but a finch, although of the *animal kingdom*, is not specifically *an* animal. [Now, I suppose, I shall catch it!] *C. T. Warner* says, "*pea-fowl* resolves itself into *ape-wolf*," which is very ingenious. *Busy Bee* gives "*king-fisher*," which, I think, may be called two animals of a *superior* kind.)

196. Ernest.

197. To-day man floats on honor's lofty wave,
To-morrow leaves his titles for a grave.
(*Jeannie Parker* becomes a little flighty over this, and answers it thus — "Hang the masculine gender on a high tree, no matter whether it be a day or a week!" *Jeannie*, my child, take a little warm barley-water, and go *right* to bed!)

198. 1. Foot. 2. Rice. 3. Hale. 4. Lane. 5. Bright. 6. Clay.

199. Dictionary.

200. Prelate.

OLIVER ONLEY answers all.

Alpha answers all but two items in 186.

Bertha answers all but two items in 186.

Anna W. N. answers all but 190, one item in 186, and 2 anagrams.

Mary A. E. answers all but 199, and two items in 186.

Harry Bowles answers all but 178, 190, 191, 192, 195, and four items in 186.

Tattler answers all but 190, 192, one item in 186, and 1 anagram.

Adelbert Older answers 178, 179, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 187, 188, 189, 192, 194, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 186—2, and 191—4.

Gracie Aimwell answers 178, 179, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 187, 188, 190, 192, 194, 195, 196, 198, 199, and 186—4.

C. T. Warner.—178, 179, 180, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186—2, 187, 188, 191, 192, 193, 194, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200.

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Howard.—178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186—1, 187, 188, 189, 191, 193, 194, 195, 196, 198, 199, 200.

H. A. Danker.—178, 179, 182, 183, 184, 186, 187, 188, 191, 192, 193, 194, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200.

Busy Bee.—178, 179, 181, 182, 183, 184, 186—5, 189, 193, 194, 195, 196, 198.

C. D. W.—179, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186—2, 187, 194, 196, 198, 199.

Ike.—178, 179, 182, 183, 184, 188, 194, 196, 198, 199, 200.

Jeannie Parker.—178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 186, 187, 193, 194, 195, 196, 198.

Sam Slick.—178, 179, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191—3, 192, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 186—2.

D. P. and *W. W. W.*—178, 179, 182, 183, 184, 186, 187, 188, 194, 196, 198, 199.

May E. Maxwell.—178, 179, 182, 184, 185, 186—5, 194, 195, 196.

Tommy.—178, 179, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 187, 189, 191, 192, 194, 195, 198.

May of Irvington.—178, 182, 183, 184, 186, 194, 196, 198.

Daisy Wildwood.—178, 179, 182, 183, 184, 186—5, 187, 191—5, 194, 196, 198, 199, 200.

Ellian and Annette.—178, 179, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186—1, 187, 188, 191—6, 193, 196, 198, 199.

Finley A. Johnson.—179, 180, 182, 183, 184, 186—2, 187, 188, 191—2, 193, 194, 196, 198.

Charlie F. W.—179, 183, 184, 187, 194, 196, 198, 199.

W. P. L.—183, 186—4, 187, 194, 198.

Regis.—183, 184, 187, 194.

Flora E. Hoyt.—182, 184, 187, 198.

Will.—185, 194, 196.

DEFINITIONS.

Retaliation.

Justice gone mad. *W. A. F.*
Returning a stolen kiss. *Mary A. E.*
Smashing the musquito in the morning that bled you in the night. *Ned W.*
The boy's notion of honor. *Anna W. N.*
The Christian's good for evil. *Alpha.*
Pulling the cat's tail, and getting scratched. *Bob.*
The original idea of justice. *Frank.*
A blow for a kiss. *Daisy Wildwood.*
The blow the bat gives the ball. *Tattler.*

Will.

Something in which you don't always find a legacy. *Charlie F. W.*
The king of the soul.
The parent of wont. *W. A. F.*
A master or a slave. *Ned W.*
Parent of the act. *Mary A. E.*
Thought's locomotive. *Anna W. N.*
The architect which builds what the mind plans. *Bertha.*
Getting up in the world in spite of poverty. *Daisy Wildwood.*

Faith.

Believing blindly. *W. P. L.*
Giving God credit for truthfulness. *W. A. F.*
The key to religion. *Mary A. E.*
First cousin to speculation. *Ned W.*
The Christian's heart's-ease. *Anna. W. N.*
Going after the match-box in the dark. *Alpha.*
Believing in the bodily existence of Mr. Black-Eyes. *Daisy Wildwood.*
Belief in Aunt Sue. *Tattler.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Oliver Onley.—Which would you prefer for your prize, a gold pencil-case, or a gold pen, etc., in a silver case?

Gracie Aimwell.—You have done bravely! When Oliver calls to see you, you will have to bribe him not to "answer," if you expect to gain a prize.

Mary A. E., Bertha, Harry Bowles, Anna W. N., and *Alpha*, the above remarks apply particularly to each of you. We will count Oliver "out" in future.

Adelbert Older.—Very glad your interest is not flagging. You give "*clock*" for an answer to 143, *because it is timed by seconds*" (good); may we not add, *it is always ready to strike at the right time?* H. A. D. shall get your message. No wonder the anagram puzzled you; it lacked the letter P.

Will.—"Eat my clay pipes, fine, large, and fresh" (!) does *not* resolve itself into any "monochlamydeous." Yes, I do like anagrams, but I don't want any more sent for my own personal benefit. Of course I can find any word that is in "Webster," but it requires too much time and patience.

Google

Busy Bee.—I *did* "credit" you in my "*book*," but you were too late for the *printer*. You are in very good time for December. No rule applies to the January magazine. If you take from a postman all his letters, isn't he still a postman? Thanks for your kind wishes, which are heartily reciprocated.

Anna's Sister M.—Sorry you couldn't see the warm welcome implied. Don't think there are any "*two* pigs" living as old as the conundrum.

Lillie Harrison.—If every one's answers were written out as clearly and systematically as yours, I should like it. You *jumped at conclusions* with No. 2, didn't you? What was the "crime," and "the fixed point of time?"

C. D. W.—"Between you and me," I agree with the sentiment; but we will make allowance for extreme youth. Where have *you* been all this time?

Black-Eyes.—Alas! isn't it time to offer one's heart, when the "*old age*" of it prevents any one from coming after it? Have you no respect for my gray hairs?

Ned W.—Thank you for the *definitions*, but where are your answers?

Cinderella.—Be warned by Bess's experience!

Daisy Wildwood sends her love to *all*, especially *Fleta*, *B.-E.*, *Sybil*, and *Nip*. Daisy, dear, you *shall have it*.

Busy Bee.—I am delighted with the effect produced by enigma 175; but if you were a novice before solving that, you became a proficient wonderfully soon to answer 171 in the same number; the latter was rather difficult.

C. T. Warner.—If it really "*can't* be helped," there is no use talking about it. You are the only one who sent the original name in answer to 159.

Jeannie Parker.—*Wouldn't* I like a sleigh-ride with "our Charlie!" Jeannie's mamma thinks "if the girls don't let Willie Coleman alone, he will have to build a harem, or turn Mormon, and marry them all;" and Jeannie herself pities "the poor boy."

Hal.—I try to "do justice" to all. You and *A. Older* were the only ones who answered 166 correctly.

Anna W. N.—I am very glad you were pleased with it, and that "pa couldn't release the heart-strings." I hope you didn't show him how it was done.

Mary A. E.—Shall I send the gold pen to your post-office box? Thank you for the riddles; they are excellent.

Hal.—Your answer to 199 ("singultus") is a capital guess. Of course the *ultus* is derived from *ultima Thule* ("the utmost stretch"); but I don't think we can call *singultus* (a sigh) "a disease."

Tommy.—Thank you for your nice long letter.

Lizzie G.—Much obliged for the conundrum, but we want only *original* riddles.

G. B. Higbee.—You surely won't give it up with only two answers, when you are so clever in the construction of enigmas.

D. P. and *W. W. W.*—Your guess at 180 was pretty good—"excess (X. S.)"—but not literally correct.

Timothy T.—Don't fail to "come again." I think the MUSEUM is issued about the 20th of the month. Those old anagrams are very good; I have been familiar with them for years. "There we sat" (sweetheart), is a good sample for anagram makers.

Serena desires to join the circle of cousins—would like "a seat in Sybil's corner," and wishes to know "who is considered the bright particular star." You are welcome to *my* corner, *Serena*.

Nellie O. Watson.—You have plenty of time to send more answers; don't "give it up so!" I would rather my friends would send one answer out of fifty than none.

Carrie wishes to be introduced to *Fleta Forrester*. Concerning the anagrams, see remarks to *Homely Face*, on page 160 in last year's MUSEUM.

Homely Face.—Not forgotten.

Answers too late to be credited last month, from *C. T. Warner* (16), *Harry Bowles* (16), *Busy Bee* (12), *A. H. C. Arr* (12), *Imogen Latham* (10), *Daisy Wildwood*, *May E. Maxwell*, *Lizzie G.*, *Timothy T.*, *John V. Hogan*, *Jennie B. Dickinson*.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Charlie F. W.*, *C. M. Gibbs*, *Sallie of Elizabeth*, *Imogen Latham*, *Golden-Haired Effie*, *A. H. C. Arr*, *Tommy*, *G. H. Higbee*, *Timothy T.*, *Adelbert Older*, *Tattler*, *Will*, *Oliver Onley*, *H. H. B.*, *H. A. Danker*, *C. T. Warner*, *N. S. Whiting*, *Lillie Harrison*, *Ike*, *Hoosier Boy*.

Love to *Maude*, *Cinderella*, *Rosa R.*, *Eddy Wilson*, *et al.*

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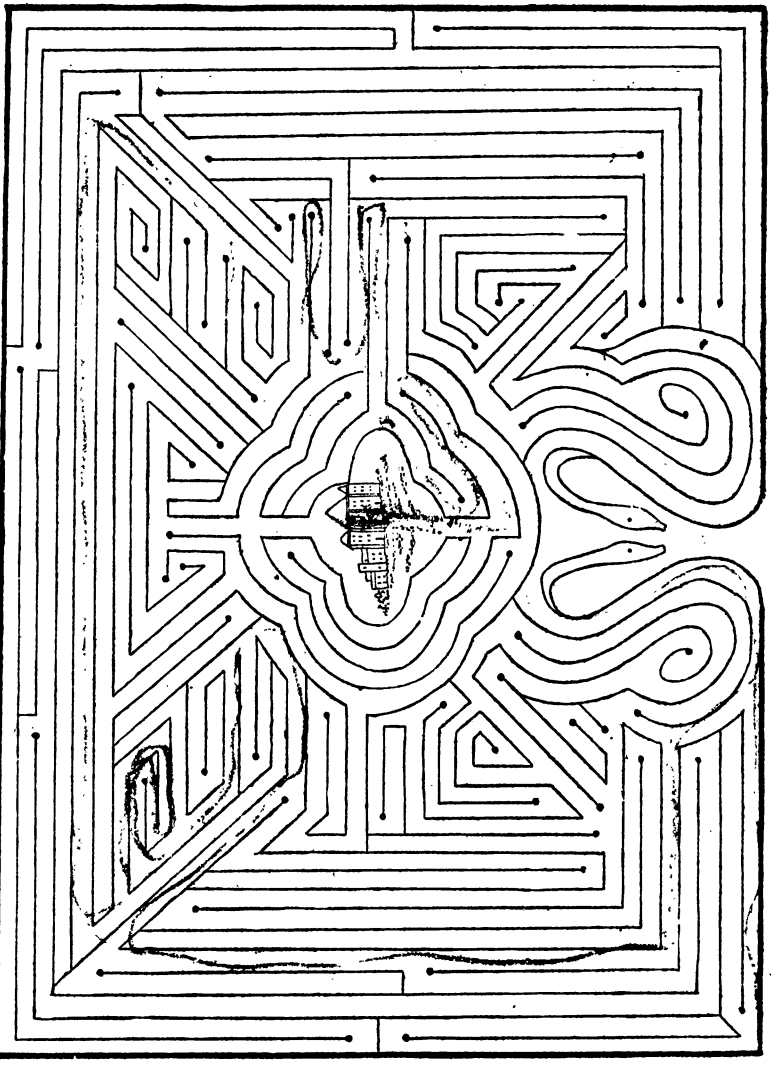

THE PUZZLE IS, TO GET FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE CENTER WITHOUT CROSSING THE LINES.

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PISTOLS AND BRAVERY.*

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

CHAPTER II.—THE JOURNEY.

AUGUST packed his trunk, putting into it all the clothes which he would require in his absence, according to a list which his mother gave him. He also put up his fishing apparatus, his microscope, his match-box, one or two knives, and several small tools and implements which he usually took with him when he went into the country. He also put into his trunk an old pair of linen trowsers, and a red flannel shirt, which he was accustomed

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to wear on boating expeditions, in which there was danger of getting wet. He called these clothes his diving rig; for as they were such as could not be injured by the water, he was accustomed, whenever occasion required, to plunge in all over with them.

When the morning of the day appointed for the journey arrived, August took his place in the first New York train that came after breakfast. His mother went with him to the station to see him off, and when the train was ready to start, she took leave of him saying:

"Good-bye, August, and remember that if you are a good boy while you are gone, and show a strong desire to do what is right and avoid what is wrong, and try to promote the comfort and happiness of other persons rather than your own, *I* shall gain a great deal of credit, for they will think it is owing to the manner in which I have brought you up."

"Mother," said August, "it *will* be owing to the manner in which you have brought me up, and I will try to get you all the credit I possibly can."

When the train arrived in New York, August engaged a carriage, which he found standing at the station, to take him and his trunk to the station of the New York and New Haven Railroad, in Fourth Avenue. It was about eleven o'clock when he arrived at the station. He left his trunk in the care of the baggage man, telling him that it was to go to New Haven that afternoon in the early train; so the man took the trunk and put it in the baggage-room. He also took the fishing-poles, which August had strapped up carefully with his umbrella, and had put, all together, in a brown linen bag, which he had made for the purpose.

August then left the station and went to Broadway, keeping his bag in his hand, and occasionally inquiring his way of those he met, and there, after looking through several shops before he succeeded in finding what he wanted, he at length purchased quite a pretty little bracelet. It was formed of four strings of coral-colored beads, with a handsome gilt clasp to fasten it with around the wrist of the wearer. The shopkeeper put up the bracelet in a small, oblong box, just large enough to contain it, having previously put a little rose-colored cotton in the bottom of the box, to form a bed for the bracelet to lie upon.

August put the box in his pocket, and returned to the station. It was now nearly time for the train to start. So he bought his ticket, called for his trunk at the baggage-room, and had it checked, took his fishing-pole bundle with him, and then chose a good seat by a window in one of the best cars. He placed his fishing-pole package carefully in the rack over his head, opened the window, and established himself in his seat, saying as he did so, in a tone of great satisfaction:

"There! So far, so good! All I want now is a pictorial paper to read, and I'll buy one of the first boy that comes along."

In the mean time, the seats in the car were filling up very rapidly, and in about fifteen minutes the train set off. Very soon after the commencement of the journey, a boy came through the car with newspapers to sell, and August bought one as he had intended. Other boys followed, bringing nuts, apples, cakes, oranges, and other such things. August bought a cake and an orange. These, he thought,

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would last him for provisions until he should reach New Haven, and there he expected to stop for dinner.

August did not begin to read his paper until the train had passed through the tunnel—that dark and dismal subterranean passage by which the New York trains enter and leave the great city. I remember when that passage was a *cut* only, running between two banks and open above to the sky. They, however, walled it in and arched it over, and have made gardens and streets on the top. This is much pleasanter for those who live in the houses up there, on each side of the track, but it makes it very gloomy and dark for the people in the trains going to and fro below.

August had half an hour at New Haven before the New London train went on, and he improved this time to get a good dinner in the refreshment-room of the New Haven station, on the second floor. First he called for a plate of oyster soup, and after that for a slice of apple-pie and some coffee.

After eating the apple-pie, he found that he had not had quite enough, and so he called in addition for a slice of custard-pie and another cup of coffee.

The cost of this dinner was forty two cents. This sum August charged

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in his little pocket account-book to his father, as he had before done the sums which he had paid for his passage down the river, for his carriage hire in New York, and for his railway fare. August had an allowance of a certain sum per week, out of which all his own personal pleasure expenses were to be paid; but it was understood that his father paid all his necessary traveling expenses when he made a journey. So he charged the dinner to his father's account. The cake, the orange, and the pictorial paper he paid for with his own money.

Soon after this the New London train was ready, and August took his place in one of the cars, and arrived safely at his uncle's house at seven o'clock, which was about half an hour before sunset at that season of the year. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

"HE COULDN'T LOOK ME IN THE EYE."

"I DON'T want your boy, sir," said an eccentric merchant to a father who was seeking employment for his son. "He hung his head all the time I was talking to him; and I never want to do business with anybody who can't look me in the eye."

Children, if you stand beside a singing brook when the sun shines upon it, how clearly you can see the pure little pebbles and the silver sand on the bottom; every ripple of the water looks like a string of diamonds—all around is made glad by its freshness and purity. But go to the frog-pond. Does that look up in the sun's eye and reflect his rays like the dancing waters of the little brook? Oh, no. The dull, green vail it wears is itself a part of the pollution it hides below. Let your heart be pure, like the waters of the brook; then you will have nothing to hide, and may look parent, teacher, or employer straight in the eye.

Although *some* good boys may drop their heads when spoken to, through bashfulness, it is usually done from a less innocent cause. He who takes money from his mother's purse, apples from his neighbor's tree, or who hides in the stable, or sits in the store to smoke a cigar unknown to his friends, will not be very likely to look them honestly in the face when he comes home. This may seem a very little thing to write about, but you may depend upon it, dear children, it will have an effect upon your success. The eyes have been called "the windows of the soul;" keep all pure and true within, and then you may allow any one to glance through. If you should close these windows so that no man can discover the thoughts of the heart, remember there is One who knoweth what is in us. We can not avoid the gaze of that all-seeing eye; let us, therefore, do what is pleasing to Him, keeping our conscience void of offense toward God and man; then may we look any man in the eye, nor fear detection.

WORRYING.—An old author has remarked that there are two things which it does no good to worry about—what you can help, and what you can't help. The latter, because fretting won't help the matter; and in the former, because it is your duty to go and help it, without fretting.

KNOWLEDGE can not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome, and like deep digging for pure water; but when you come to the springs, they will rise up to meet you.

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THE ROSE AND THE ZEPHYR.

BY ADELBERT OLDER.

Once a gentle breeze came straying,
Where a rose was bending low,
In its light breath scarcely swaying,
Gently waving to and fro;
And it whispered to the blossom
What a merry time it had
Kissing the broad river's bosom,
Roaming onward, free and glad—

Watching birds their nests a-weaving,
Sighing 'mid the leafy trees,
Like some spirit sadly grieving,
Skimming o'er the foaming seas,
Shaking dew in glittering showers,
Which each blossom tightly grasped,
From the petals of the flowers,
Closely to their bosoms clasped.

And it whispered: "Oh, how lonely
And how sad must be thy lot,
But to live one summer only,
Then to die and be forgot!
And while free and glad I'm roaming,
Over field and lake and wood,
Autumn's winds cut short thy blooming,
Wither every tender bud."

Thus replied the modest flower:
"God is good and pure and just;
Man may fear thy strength and power,
Love thee for the good thou dost.
Yet though autumn's frosts may chill me,
Nothing yet was made in vain;
Winter wounds, but can not kill me,
Spring shall give me life again."

THE HEAVENLY PRIZE.

Time's glory fades; its beauty now
Has ceased to lure and blind;
Each gay enchantment here below
Has lost its power to blind.

Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!
And welcome sorrow, too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

Come, crown and throne—come, robe and palm!
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

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ANNA HATHAWAY'S TALES.—No. 4.

OU can fill Miss Hathaway's lamp for her, Susy," said Mrs. Eastman, after supper, "and don't be teasing her for a story —she may have something else to do. Two stories in one day are too much, I'm afraid."

Susy took the oil-can, and went upstairs. "Miss Anna," said Susy, after fixing the lamp, "mother says she is afraid two stories in one day are too much of a tax upon you, and if you want to read or write, we mustn't bother you."

"No, dear," replied Anna, "it won't be any trouble. I like to tell you stories."

"She says 'Come,'" said Susy, when she again reached the sitting-room.

"You must wait for me," cried Dell, beginning to cry a little. The stairway was dark, and she was a little way behind.

"What! is Dell afraid?" asked John, laughing.

"No; you mustn't laugh," cried she, giving her foot a little angry stamp.

"No, he shan't laugh," said Susy, turning back and taking her hand.

"You stamp your foot," said Johnny, "like Georgy Lake's little lamb."

Dell tried to look cross, but couldn't help laughing.

"Come, take hold of my hand," said John, "and we'll go up together."

"Ah, here you are!" said Anna, when they reached the room; and after they had taken their accustomed seats, she resumed her story of

A WEEK WITH ELLEN AND HER FRIENDS.

Morning dawned again. As soon as the girls awoke, they arose and commenced dressing. A number of plans had been made for that day's amusement. They were to help pick strawberries for preserving, have a bath in the bathing-house, and in the afternoon visit Kitty Anderson—you remember she wanted them. But they heard an ominous sound. Ellen ran to the window; it was raining steadily. "We can't pick strawberries to-day," said Clara. "Nor bathe," said Ellen. "Nor go to see Kit," added Clara; "but never mind—we'll amuse ourselves the best we can in the house." "Yes, I've got my pencils and some drawing-paper," said Ellen." "I draw some, too," said Clara, "but I haven't taken many lessons — there isn't any teacher here

now." "I'll draw your portrait," said Ellen. "Grandma wanted me to." "Can you draw portraits, Nelly? Why, you're quite a prodigy!" Ellen laughed. "I've got a picture of

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brother Eddy here," said she, taking a portfolio from her trunk. "I thought perhaps you'd like to see how he looks." It was a half-length picture, representing him with his arm flung around the neck of a noble Newfoundland dog, and was really a faithful representation of Eddy's curly hair and roguish face. Clara was delighted. "Have you got such a dog as that?" she asked. "Oh, yes," said Ellen, "that's Lion." Clara carried down the picture for Aunt Mary to admire, and after breakfast Clara's portrait was commenced. Ellen worked busily nearly all the forenoon, and got all ready for "shading" what promised to be a very accurate portraiture of her cousin's features. After dinner it stopped raining, and the girls concluded to visit Kitty after all. At length they were neatly dressed, and donning their thick over-shoes, they prepared to go. "Shall we take an umbrella?" inquired Clara. "No," said her mother; "if it rains, I will send the boys for you."

A very pleasant afternoon they spent at Kitty Anderson's. Books, pictures, and a fine piano made Kitty's home a very pleasant one. She had puzzles, toys, and games innumerable. She showed them the conservatory, filled with rare and beautiful plants. In the green-house was a beautiful fountain, the water showering around a marble water-nymph. Kitty's sister, Jenny, helped her amuse her visitors. She told them stories, and taught them several new games. They had just risen from the supper-table, rich with its costly china, silver, and cut-glass, when the boys came. It was beginning to rain again, so the girls put on their things to go home. Kitty, who was a little bit of a romp, stole around and gave George a sly pinch on his arm. He turned around. "Ah, rogue!" he exclaimed, and after a laughing chase caught her, and before she could escape, gave her a hearty kiss.

"What a boy!" interrupted Dell, so solemnly that Susy and John, as well as Miss Hathaway, laughed merrily. Dell pouted a little at being laughed at.

"Oh, well," said Anna, "he was a good deal older, you know, and only did it to plague her."

She resumed her story. "Now, Kitty, I hope you're satisfied," said Jenny, laughing. Kitty pouted, and said, "Great hateful!" but George only laughed, and said, "Good-night, Katy darling." Kitty forgot her "pet," and called out, "Good-night, 'Rory O'More.'" The coming rain proved to be a thunder-shower, and soon passed over. "Mother," asked Clara, "won't this shower cool the air?" "I think it quite likely," replied her mother. Then followed a whispered conversation, after which Clara left the room. Ellen was deeply engaged in a game of chess with cousin George, and did not particularly notice her absence, nor that Louis was shortly after sent to the post-office with a note for Miss Mabel Hall, of H——. The village where Aunt Mary resided was situated midway between H—— and the city. The next morning was very pleasant, the sky clear, the air fresh and cool. "Why can't we take a horseback ride?" said Louis, as Ellen entered the breakfast-room. I believe I have not told you that George, Clara, and Louis each had a pony. "But what could Nelly ride?" asked Aunt Mary. Clara thought a moment. "Kitty's pony," said she; "she'll lend it to us." "Have you ever rode any?" asked George. "Yes," said

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Ellen, "last summer, at Grandma Ellis's, I used to ride every day." "And she can wear my other riding-habit," said Clara. "There, mother, you see it's very convenient to have two. You see, Nelly," Clara went on to explain, "I had a blue habit, but I teased mother so hard for a brown one, like Kit's, that she finally consented." "Perhaps," said Aunt Mary, smiling, "I was rather foolishly indulgent at the time, but it comes in very good play now. But the hat, Clara." "Well, mother, I know Kit would just as lieve she would wear hers as not; it is just like mine, and no one would notice it." After breakfast, Louis went over to ask the loan of pony and riding-hat. Kitty had a sketch of riding in olden times, which she sent for them to look at, and caused a hearty laugh at the old-fashioned hat, and the saddle-bags which

were thrown across the pony's back. Kitty readily granted the request, and Ellen first gave the finishing touches to Clara's pretty portrait; then they put on their riding-dresses. The boys brought the ponies to the door. "Kitty generally rides with us," Clara happened to observe. "Yes," said George, mischievously, "Lou rides with Kitty." "Well, why not?" said Ellen. "You shan't plague him. I'll take Kitty's place myself." "Oh, never mind, Nelly, I've got used to it," said Louis, with *such* a resigned air, the children burst out laughing. Ellen was a little anxious about this ride. When at her grandmother's the summer before, Uncle Will had rode with her every day, and taught her a great deal, but Clara had taken riding lessons, and Nelly was afraid she would appear awkward compared with her; but she was relieved by Clara's exclamation of "Why, Nelly! I had no idea you could ride so well; have you taken riding lessons?" Ellen enjoyed the ride exceedingly. "Father is going to get me a pony next summer," said she, after they reached home and were changing their dresses for dinner.

"But now, my dears," said Miss Hathaway, "although it is only noon in our story, it is almost nine by my watch, but if you will come up to-morrow night, I will give you the rest of Ellen's visit."

So the children bade her good-night and went down stairs. ELLIAN.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

FAINTLY flow, thou falling river,
  Like a dream that dies away;
Down the ocean gliding ever,
  Keep thy calm unruffled way!
Time with such a silent motion
  Floats along on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
  Burying all its treasures there.
Roses bloom, and then they wither;
  Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither—
  Then like visions hurry by;
Quick as clouds at evening driven,
  O'er the many-colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven—
  Home of happiness and rest.

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THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

"SHALL we have Christmas this year?" asked little Susie Dotten of her mother, as she rested a moment from playing with her favorite kitten, and commenced winding up the ball of yarn which kitty had tangled around the legs of the table.

Her sister Mary laughed at the question, and replied, "Why, to be sure—Christmas comes every year."

But their mother sighed, paused in her ironing, and seemed lost in thought; and as Mary looked up, she saw a tear fall. She, too, became sad, for the shadow of the sorrow which burdened her mother's heart rested upon her own young feelings.

But Susie saw nothing of this, and continued, "Why, how *can* we have Christmas? Papa has not come home. Who will put up the greens? and who will go and ask Santa Claus to come and fill our stockings? Oh! I know," she suddenly exclaimed; "The Lord will provide, the Lord will provide." This was part of a hymn she had often heard her mother sing; and as she repeated the familiar words with childish accent, they appeared to the mother to have almost a new meaning—it seemed like the breaking in of light upon the darkened dwelling.

"Mother," said Mary, cheerfully, "may Susie and I go down to the woods and gather some greens? I saw plenty of holly and ivy there the other day, while I was looking for the cow."

"Yes, if it be pleasant to-morrow," replied her mother; and Susie clapped her hands with delight, and told kitty that she would ask Santa Claus to bring her a whole Christmas cake, and a new ribbon to tie round her neck.

It was now near dark, and as Mary took the pail and went out to milk the cow, Susie followed her, and their mother laid aside her ironing to prepare for their evening meal. But though engaged thus, her thoughts were far away; there came before her mind's eye the happy hours passed when, only a few years before, she with her husband had taken possession of that farm-house, then so neat, but now so weather-beaten. Then, no young farmer in all the country round could show better fields or finer

cattle, and nowhere was there a more contented wife or a happier household. Then succeeded darker scenes, when, drawn away by social companions, he had begun to make frequent visits to the tavern at the neighboring village, and the blight of intemperance came upon him and upon his once happy home. She remembered, oh! how well, the first unkind word she received, and the bitterness of soul it brought. She saw how day by day his neglected fields were running to

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waste; how one by one they were sold to satisfy creditors, until at last but a single acre and the homestead remained; and worse than all, she watched him as he was transformed from a noble man, the kindest of husbands and fathers, to a worthless sot and a terror to his family; and how, at last, he whom she loved better than life, her own George, came home a raving, rum crazy maniac and struck her to the earth. And this was the last she knew of him; for from the effects of that blow she had lain for weeks between life and death, while he had fled, no one knew whither; and now, as the past was thus recalled, all her wounds seemed opened afresh, and her spirit was well-nigh crushed. But the voices of the children returning aroused her, and for their sakes she stifled her feelings,

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and found something of solace in the words of her favorite hymn, which little Susie had so aptly quoted a few moments before.

The next morning, though not clear, was not severely cold, and the children started to gather their Christmas greens, as happy as the snow-birds that flitted about their path, or the nimble red squirrel that frisked upon the branches over their heads as they entered the wood.

He's wishing us good luck," said Susie, stopping to watch the bright-eyed little fellow who had seated himself upon the branch of a large hemlock, and was chattering away at a merry rate. "Who feeds him, Mary?"

"God takes care of him," replied Mary, thoughtfully. "Yes, and of us too, don't he?" asked Susie; but before Mary could reply, she exclaimed, "Oh, what a nice bunch of wintergreens!" as she spied a cluster of the dark-green leaves and bright red berries peeping out from the snow, beside a large stump. "That's good luck to begin with."

They were soon busy filling their aprons with "Prince's Pine," wintergreens, holly, and ivy, and in a little time were trudging homeward through the snow; their chubby faces all a-glow with exercise in the bracing air, and their eyes sparkling with youthful spirits. Soon their treasures were deposited upon the table of the sitting-room, and Mary busied herself in making wreaths to hang upon the nails long since prepared to receive them; for in happier times, George Dotten neglected nothing that could add to the pleasures of the household.

"Now, mamma," said Susie; "you will have to put the wreath up on the high nail over papa's picture;" and as her mother failed to reach it by standing on tiptoe, she exclaimed, "Oh! if papa were only here now."

"He is here!" said a pleasant voice; and there in the doorway, watching the group with intense emotion, stood George Dotten. With a wild cry of delight, Mrs. Dotten sprang to the arms extended to receive her, while the children clung to him in ecstasy, for he no longer bore the marks of the destroyer, rum; he was a reformed man.

Oh! what a happy Christmas they had, and how the children's eyes sparkled, and what gratitude went up from the heart of his wife, as Mr. Dotten told of his wanderings in California, of his being befriended by the noble temperance band, the Dash-aways, of his success in the mines, and as he exhibited the choice nuggets he had selected for their presents.

"Mamma, the Lord did provide, didn't he?" said Susie. Her mother could only reply by folding the child to her bosom, and repeating to herself, "A little child shall lead them."

Good temper is the philosophy of the heart, a gem of the treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outward objects; a perpetual sunshine, imparting warmth, light, and life to all within the sphere of its influence.

A Boy was going along the street, carrying a pitcher of milk, when presently he stumbled, and smash went the pitcher, and away ran the milk. Another boy, across the way, saw the accident, and shouted: "Oh! won't you catch it when you go home? your mother'll give it to you!" "No she won't neither!" screamed the other; "my mother always says, 'Never cry for spilled milk!'"

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ALICE WILSON'S MOTTO.

"I DO wish you *would* play one game, and not be so taken up with that queer work," said Fanny Wilson to her sister Alice, who sat busily bending over some plain sewing the day before Thanksgiving; and Fanny impatiently rattled her bishops and knights as she spoke. "I can't understand your fancy for making over old frocks and aprons; and besides, it isn't very obliging, when you know I can't play alone, and am tired of reading, and everything else."

"I should *love* to play, but you know I want to finish this dress before dark, and it isn't near ready yet," said Alice. "It would take us until tea-time to play *one* game. Patty will go to church if she has the frock—she promised me—and then she is to come here, and mamma says I can give her her own and Tommy's dinner, as their mother will be away all day."

"Church!" said Fanny, laughing. "What good will Patty get going to church, leaving her little sick brother, too?"

"Oh, Tommy's glad to have her go. She will fix his books and things around him, and he will be thinking of what she will tell him and *have* for him when she comes."

"You're a nice little Dorcas, and seem to understand their case very well; but I think you ought to give *me* half the credit for their happiness, as it was my frock you have altered for Patty."

"You may have half, and more, if you like; I only wish you would let me take the hat, too, her poor, torn straw one is so cold and shabby."

"Where is *yours?* You won't wear it again."

"Oh, I gave it to Jenny Clark; she was here with her mother for old clothes, and looked so forlorn."

"Then Patty is not the only one you care to have comfortable. Yes, take the hat, too, only be sure and tell her I sent it."

"Will you just fix it a little, then?" said Alice, brightening, with hope of *interest in the work*, as well as *help*, from her sister.

"I'm sure it's good enough as it is. It's as much as I shall do to give away my things, let alone cutting them over to fit ragged children. It's worse than making new ones. Hadn't you better give her your blue velvet?"

"Why, Fanny!" said Alice, looking up, and hardly knowing whether to smile or cry. "I know it's easier to give things as they are, or a little money; but Patty's mother has no time to do such things, and I should not like to see her coming to church and Sabbath-school like those poor Newton children, with frocks on long enough for their mothers, and bonnets to correspond."

While Fanny was laughing at Alice's picture of what had already sufficiently amused her on the preceding Sabbath, the door-bell rang.

"There is the bell," said Fanny; "I hope somebody will call for 'Miss Fanny,' and then I can have a game without 'Dorcas.'"

A tap at their own door interrupted their conversation, and in a moment Fanny was in the arms of Gertrude Elmer, her dearest of intimate friends.

"Oh! I am so glad, Gerty, you are come; such a gloomy day—how *could* you venture? But I have done nothing but mope, and should have gone

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out, too, in spite of the weather, but mamma is so careful of my throat."

"Don't go for us, Alice," said Gertrude, as after a gentle greeting Alice gathered up her work and was slipping quietly from the room.

"Oh, she is working for Home Missions," said Fanny, laughing. "Trying to take care of Patty True and their family, and I don't know who all else."

"And Fanny is helping me," said Alice, archly, as she left the room, while the two friends soon forgot Alice's peculiarities and Patty's necessities in an entrancing game of chess."

"Blessings upon her sweet heart a thousand times," said little Tommy True, as, propped up in his narrow cot bed, he held in his hand a small china cup of nice jelly, and talked of the "good Miss Alice, who thought of everybody," as he begged Patty to share it with him, and "not eat her bread-and-butter without jelly on Thanksgiving-day, when he had a full cup."

Poor Tommy! his "cup was full," indeed. His little warm heart was overcome with joy to see Patty looking so nice and comfortable in her blue spotted delaine and warm winter bonnet. And then he had a book, with such sweet stories and pretty pictures in it; and they both had their dinners—nice bread-and-butter; and jelly for him, and a plum-pudding. No wonder his little heart could hold no more, even on Thanksgiving-day.

"It's just the sort of a book I wanted, too, Patty. Hymns for Sunday, when I can't do anything so pleasant as to learn them, and stories for any day besides. How nice it would be for all the poor people if all the rich people were like Miss Alice!"

"The world would have to be all made over before then," said Patty. "There are a good many with hearts like Miss Alice, I am sure, but I don't believe they are all among the rich people. But God is good always, and He never forgets the poor, and He is *so rich;* you know *everything* is His!"

"I never saw so dull a Thanksgiving as this has been," said Fanny, as she lounged idly upon the sofa on the evening of that day; "too stormy to get out, even to church, and no company. I don't see what makes you seem so happy, Alice."

"I *have* been very happy all day, or I should not seem so. I am sorry you could not go out. I meant to have gone into Mrs. True's, after meeting, but the snow was so deep I did not venture."

"It's a pity you should have missed the sight of Patty in her new frock, and Tommy eating his plum-pudding."

"Patty's look of joy when she took the dress and basket satisfied me," said Alice. "I was a good deal happier than I should have been if a new dress had been given to me—it is so much more, you know, to Patty," she added, for fear Fanny would think her boasting a little.

"You're a strange girl, Alice. What put such ways into your head?"

"I used to be thinking too much about my own happiness," said Alice, answering Fanny's querulous inquiry seriously. "I was thinking every day, 'Now what will happen to-day to please me,' or 'where can I go, or what can I do to-day that is pleasant?' One day, two simple, old-fashioned lines caught my attention. I read them over and over, and learned them without intending to do so, and they have kept running through my

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mind ever since. At first they did not seem pleasant to me, but rather the contrary; now they seem worth being written in gold, and they are to be my life-long motto."

"Well, I should really like to hear them," said Fanny.

"I expect you will smile," said Alice, "but they are these:

"Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

"I don't see much in them," said Fanny, carelessly.

"There is everything in them to me," replied Alice. "At first, as I said, they seemed to strike me unpleasantly, and yet I could not forget them. After I had closed my eyes for sleep at night they would come into my mind, and keep me awake, trying to think if I had done one worthy act during the day. I felt that by such 'counting' I had *lost* very many days. So, after I settled it that the lines were *true*, I thought, 'Well, I will do *something* every day to please or benefit somebody.' I soon found I had had no idea before how selfish I was. To ease my conscience, I suppose it was, I began to think each day, 'What will it be to-day?' I found there was no need to lose a day for want of an opportunity, and also found a secret was hidden in the matter that quite surprised me. There was a sweet satisfaction in an act of self-denial that was perfectly new to me. I never wanted to have a class in Sabbath-school; but the first Sabbath after I resolved to take those lines as my motto, I thought to have a class would be one thing for *that* day which would save it from being lost. So I went out, you know, and hunted up four or five poor children, Patty True among the rest, and it was not three weeks before I was as happy in having that little class as *could be*. They were so glad to come, and some of them must be got ready to come, and that saved me several week-days. I don't take any credit for it," continued Alice, not knowing what to make, exactly, of the curious expression on Fanny's face, as, leaning her cheek on her hand, she continued to look into Alice's countenance while she spoke.

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"I don't take any credit for it. I only told you this because you asked me. There is sufficient pay in the pleasure one feels in doing kind acts to others, especially to those to whom a kind act is a rarity, which more than repays what little of time or sacrifice it may cost. I wonder so few find out the secret of being happy. And yet I would not do it merely to please myself. That would more than half spoil the enjoyment. It is to please them and do them good; and there *is* a higher motive"—and Alice's lip quivered as she added, "I wish it was mine."

Fanny did not ask what it was, but the text of Scripture that flashed across her own mind was: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The next Sabbath, as Alice was about setting out to meet her Sabbath-school class, Fanny said, pleasantly, "I have half a mind to go along with you, little Dorcas, if you will let me hear you teach the little ones. I am too old to be *in* a class, and I never could think of hearing one."

"Oh, do go," said Alice; "I shall be so glad." And the two sisters were soon seated together in the Sabbath-school.

If Fanny smiled once or twice while the little stumbling voices read their simple lesson, and recited their little verses to Alice (embarrassed into more than usual hesitation and error by the presence of a stranger), the smiles were not from the heart.

And Alice thought, as they walked silently homeward, that there was another way of doing good besides by performing worthy actions—by the silent but powerful influence of example. She had never begged Fanny to take an interest in the poor, or in Sabbath-schools; but Fanny *was* becoming interested, and she could not help believing it was in part, at least, owing to herself.

"How pleasant it was to see Fanny with Alice to-day," said Tommy True, a few weeks later, as the two sisters left their humble cottage one cold winter's afternoon. "And to think she helped Alice make this nice comfort; for you know Miss Alice said I must think of them *both*, when the comfort made me warm in the cold night."

"Fanny is a good girl," said Patty. "I like her *almost* as well as Alice, but you know *she* is my teacher. I couldn't like anybody quite as well as her."

Tommy smiled. "I don't think you ought to," he said. "We must love God more, Patty, for giving us such friends. You know 'every good gift' comes from Him."

What little girl who reads about Alice and her secret of happiness, will *choose the same motto*, and try if she does not find the same joy?

KRUNA.

LAUGHTER is as healthful to the body as gladness to the mind; and there is not a more beautiful spectacle than a smiling face, when you know it is a true index to the soul within. We do not speak of that species of idiotic laughter which is sure to follow the exhibition of any low trick, or the utterance of any low jest; but that genial outburst that enlivens the social circle when men, like true philosophers, forget their past cares, and put off till the morrow all apprehensions regarding the future.

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LITTLE NELL.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENNISON.

WE were boarding at an old country farm-house. There was no fashion there; the parlor was as plain as the kitchen, with its straw matting and yellow chairs, its paper blinds, and ornaments of china upon the wooden mantle-piece. It looked very uninviting to one who had always lived in a fashionable way; but the rolling hills without, the mighty grandeur of the heavens, the sun-painted flowers, grassy slopes, tree-crowned hills and fields, waving with the rich products of nature—I enjoyed them all.

My little Nell was wild with delight. A beautiful creature was Nell, pink and white, all over dimples, breaking into smiles and pretty words—our dear, rosy-lipped Nell.

We carried her away from a city's contagion, but the fever came there. Yes, it reached even that pleasant, silent country farm-house, and Nelly was stricken. It could not be that terrible fever I had heard so much about. Yes, our worst fears were confirmed, as we watched the child lying restless, white and flushed by turns, on her little bed. My father had gone away, but we sent for him. The fever made rapid headway. Nothing could induce me to leave that little couch, and, oh, how wildly I prayed God she might not die!

One night I thought her better. I was alone with her. She lay so sweetly quiet, and her lips seemed to smile hope upon my heart. My mother—my gentle stepmother—came softly in, and stood looking at Nell. At first I thought she was a spirit, an angel, in her white and gossamer robes, bringing balm to the peaceful sleeper there, but her smile, her whisper, soon dispelled the illusion. Mutely she stood gazing on the little creature, then softly repeated, while every word thrilled through my frame—

"Thou art not mine—upon thy sweet lips linger
Thy mother's smile;
In the deep eyes, so trustfully upraising
Their light to mine,
I deem the spirit of thy mother gazing
To my soul's shrine;
They ask me with their weak and soft beseeching,
A mother's care—
They ask a mother's kind and patient teaching,
A mother's prayer;
Not mine—yet dear to me, fair, fragrant blossom
Of a fair tree,
Crushed to the earth in life's first glowing summer,
Thou'rt dear to me.
Child of the lost, the buried, and the sainted,
I'll call thee mine,
Till fairer still, with tears and sin untainted,
Her home be thine."

"And she will truly be tainted with few cares and no sin," murmured my mother, withdrawing her gaze and lifting upward her beautiful eyes. In alarm I cried out, catching at her arm as she stood there, "You surely would not take from me all hope—she will not die."

She threw her arms about me. I fell sobbing on her bosom.

"Do you not know where to turn when human hope fails the poor, sinking heart?"

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I looked at her, half blinded by my tears. There was something in her tone I had never heard before. She kept one arm tenderly about my waist; she pointed heavenward with the other, and an angel-light shone through every feature, as she said, very softly,

"Oh! put your trust in Him always, pour out your heart before Him, for God is our hope."

It did not comfort me—all hope in my heart was gone. I was deprived of utterance, of emotion, even. I can not portray the fearful rapidity of my thoughts during the long space of silence. My whole soul was in rebellion, and in the midst of that undisciplined sorrow, grief, and indignation came the deep under-current of feeling that I did not deserve it at the hands of God. I was very wicked—fearfully daring.

I bowed my head upon my hands. When I looked up, wretched as it seemed never mortal felt before—all dark and me miserable—my mother knelt by the bed of the angel.

"She is somewhat uneasy; shall I take her?" she asked, and her glances told me that death was busy. While I strove to keep back the hot tears, I felt a little struggling form laid on my knees. I cast one glance at that face and form—holy Heaven!

I grew faint. My mother lifted the dear, convulsed frame, and I rushed from the room, out of the house. I was almost frantic. I rooted up the grass, and laid it against my heated forehead. I called on God, wildly, to take me. I called for my father. How could he be away, and our idol dying? Suddenly, two strong arms enfolded me. My father had come. I lay upon his bosom, and heard the heavy beating of his heart. The village clock struck twelve—the moon poured down a flood of glory. How could it shine over so much misery as my soul held!

"Why are you here, my child? What is going on within?"

I could only say "Little Nell," and silently we entered the room together.

How did I bear the sight? You have perhaps seen just such another, kind reader. The good farmer's wife held the dear, dead form. My mother stood by, smiling through her tears at sight of my father. A plain white robe, made of soft cambric, hung over her arm. She had made it during the day, for she knew the sad fact of little Nell's danger sooner than I.

Everything told of death—of desolation. All around napkins were scattered on the floor. The windows were opened, and the cold, damp air lifted the short robe on my darling's breast.

"Oh, surely she breathes!" I cried.

Vain delusion! The sheets and white hangings of Nell's little bed hung mournfully over and trailed upon the floor. In the pillow, wet with the damps of her agony, the impress of her dear, innocent head was stamped with such exactness, that I shrieked when I saw it, and then turned distractedly to see if it had awakened her. But no; like a beautiful image of purest white wax, she lay, the seal of death only making her exceeding loveliness more distinct. Her little chain of coral—my own gift—they had unclasped and taken from her neck. It was all wet with the drops of the dew of death, and with tears that had fallen upon it.

It was very dismal in the homely farm-house, when the little coffin came in, and those beautifully rounded limbs were hidden from mortal sight. It looked doubly mournful when that

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little coffin *went out*, and our hearts went with it when we for the first time felt that she was gone.

Little Nell lies to-day in her quiet grave. It is by this time a little round-heaped mound of snow. By-and-by the snow will melt, the earth grow rich and green, and there shall be beds of violets planted over her dear head.

"THE CAT THAT WON'T SCRATCH I."

WE had a little cousin visit us once, a three-year-old boy, who had always pretty determinedly had his own way. We found him one day with the old gray cat, which he had fastened into a barrel, and which was looking rather savagely anxious to get out.

"How dare you play with that cross old cat, Charlie?" said we, "Ain't you afraid she will scratch you?"

"Oh," answered the little fellow in his piping treble, "she'll scratch everybody but I, and she won't scratch I!"

Not long afterward we met poor Charlie crying bitterly, with several deep wounds on his face and hands, from that naughty cat.

We laughed at Charlie's answer at the time, but we have often thought seriously of it since.

We never see a young man who is sure he can drink moderately and never go to excess, but that we think of "the cat that will scratch everybody but I."

We never see a man running into doubtful speculations in hopes of great gain, but we think of "the cat that won't scratch I."

We never see any one recklessly expose himself to physical or moral danger, but we think of "the cat that will scratch everybody but I."

Very few there are but what some time get a scratch from this dangerous cat, whose wounds are slow to heal, and whose venom rankles long.

Whoever trifles with the truth, selfishly wrongs another, or carelessly wrongs himself, is playing a dangerous game, and will in the end find himself deeply wounded by the cat he fondly fancies "will scratch everybody but I."

DUELING.

WHEN Judge Thatcher was, many years ago, member of Congress for Massachusetts, he was challenged to a duel by Mr. Blount, member for North Carolina, for words spoken in debate. The Judge, on reading the message from Blount, after adjusting his wig and revolutionary hat, said to the bearer, "Give my respectful compliments to Mr. Blount, and tell him he can not have a definite answer to-day. Let him be patient a short time till I can write to Portland, and receive an answer. I always consult *my wife* on matters of importance, well knowing that she is a *better judge* of family affairs than myself. If she consents to take the choice of becoming a *widow*, or having her *husband hanged* for murder, I certainly will fight Mr. Blount. Tell him not to be in a hurry. It will not take more than three weeks to receive her answer."

THE Chinese have a saying, that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue can not be brought back by a coach and six horses.

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TARTAR CHIEF.

SOME MATTERS AND THINGS IN CHINA.

HAVE you ever been to China? I have started to go many times, but never reached there. When I was a boy, I understood that China was right under my feet, and of course could not help believing that Chinamen walked with their heads downward, like flies on the ceiling. The stupid round heads, which they all wore in the pictures then given of them, I supposed were owing to the blood all running down to the head. As China was right under my feet, I thought the best way to get there was to dig through the earth; and many a time I have begun my hole, hoping some time or another to get through. I think I once proceeded in that direction as much as two feet. Will any one of the Merrys tell me just how much of the distance I accomplished, and, as that was just fifty years ago, how long I should be, proceeding at the same rate, in getting to China.

China has been governed for many centuries by a race of kings from Tartary. The Tartars, or Moguls, were a bold, warlike race, inhabiting a vast and wild region of country on the north. They were a wandering people, like the Arabs, who had no settled place of abode, but formed their cities of tents, which they set up where they pleased, and carried away with them when they chose to remove. Every tribe had its own chief, but there was one superior to the rest, who was called the Great Khan, to whom they all paid homage. About the beginning of the thirteenth century, a very powerful and talented chief arose, whose original name was Temudgin, but whose name is known, and very conspicuous in history, as Zinghis Khan, which means "Most Great Emperor." He was, perhaps, the most remarkable man of his day, in all the world—as distinguished, and as justly so, as Alexander or Cæsar in their days. His conquests extended in every direction; but his greatest triumph was in China, where, after a very destructive war,

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ARCHER.

he established his throne. His successors held the dominion for a considerable time, but were finally conquered by the Mantchou Tartars, who still hold possession of the empire.

The Chinese have always had great ideas of their own military power and skill. Some of the arts of war they have cultivated with great diligence and success, particularly that of making terrific noises, and awful threats of what they intend to do. They are famous on drums, and deep-sounding gongs, which have a wonderful faculty of preventing their enemies from falling asleep, and showing that they themselves are among the "wide awakes."

They are also well skilled in the use of the bow and arrow, or rather they were so in the times of which we have been speaking, for since the use of gunpowder, it is not probable they pay much attention to archery. A good archer was formerly a very important part of the military array, for he could reach and annoy the enemy at a distance. Did you ever think o it that the bow and arrow was the weapon of old times that came nearest, in usefulness, to the musket or rifle in our times. Except the sling, they had no other means of doing execution upon an enemy at much more than arm's length distance. The fight was almost always hand to hand. This is the reason why we hear so much about the bow and arrow in the ancient wars.

But brave and terrible as the Chinese are, they are not always in war. They cultivate the arts of peace, too, and cultivate them very successfully. They have an immense country, which is immensely fertile. They cultivate some of the rarest and most valuable products of the earth. All the tea of the world comes from China; and they raise six times as much cotton now as

CHINESE MUSICIAN.

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CHINESE PLOW.

we do in America. They do not use the best agricultural implements. If they did, they could make their soil yield much more abundantly. Their plowing is often little more than scratching the ground. But the soil is so rich, that even with this treatment, it yields a large increase.

We make a great deal of fun of the Chinese, because they are not just like ourselves. But they are a very sagacious sort of people after all. If they had had all our advantages, I am not sure they would not have had good occasion to turn the laugh upon us. At all events, whatever else may be said of them, there is a good deal of "music" in them.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

With March comes in the pleasant spring,
When little birds begin to sing;
To build their nests, to hatch their brood,
With tender care provide them food.

SUMMER.

And summer comes with verdant June—
The flowers then are in full bloom,
All nature smiles, the fields look gay,
The weather's fine to make the hay.

AUTUMN.

September comes—the golden corn
By many busy hands is shorn;
Autumn's ripe fruits, an ample store,
Are gathered in for rich and poor.

WINTER.

Winter's cold frost and northern blast,
This is the season that comes last;
The snow has come, the sleigh-bells ring,
And merry boys rejoice and sing.

C. H. Nearpass.

Port Jervis, *Jan.* 1, 1861.

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AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

PHILOSOPHY.—The captain of a whale-ship told one of the wretched native inhabitants of Spitzbergen that he sincerely pitied the miserable life to which he was condemned. "Miserable!" exclaimed the philosophic savage; "I have always had a fish-bone through my nose and plenty of train-oil to drink; what more could I possibly desire?"

AN IRISH ARGUMENT.—As the late Mr. G., a farmer at Duddingstone, once stood at his gate, an Irish lad came up to him and requested to be employed. Mr. G.—"Go away, sir: I will never employ any of your country again." Irishman.—"Why, your honor? Sure we are good workers. God bless you! do give me a job!" Mr. G.—"No, sir, I won't; for the last Irishman I employed died on my hands, and I was forced to bury him at my own charge." Irishman.—"Ah, your honor! you need not fear that of me; for I can get a certificate that I never died in the employment of any master I ever served!" There was no resisting this. Poor Patrick got employment, and without the certificate.

REPARTEE.—A gentleman had been in the habit of making very frequent calls on a very agreeable lady of his acquaintance, and on entering her parlor one evening he said, "Well, Miss S——, here I am again, you see, as regularly as the fever and ague." "Oh, no," said she, very demurely, "that comes only every *other* day." He declares he will not call again for —a whole week.

A LESSON. — Patience wanted a nightingale. Patience waited, and the egg sang.—*Jerrold.*

POWERFUL MAGNET. — A lecturer was dilating upon the powers of the magnet, defying any one to show or name anything surpassing its powers, when a man mounted the stand and told him that woman was the magnet of magnets—"For," said he, "if the loadstone could attract a piece of iron a foot or two, there was a young woman who, when he was a young man, used to attract him *thirteen miles every Sunday to have a chat with her!*"

PRIVILEGES OF POVERTY.—Johnson says it is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied—to be healthy without physic — secure without a guard—and obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of art.

OUT West, upon a sign-board, swings the following equivocal advertisement: "Smith and Hugg's Select School. Smith teaches the boys, and *huggs* the girls." The Huggs was in small letters, and created the laughter of the traveler, who on entering the school found Smith very quietly teaching the boys, and *not* hugging the girls, as the sign indicated.

REMARKABLE ICE STRATUM.—A correspondent gives the following account of a remarkable ice stratum at Brandon, Vt.:

"The latter part of last November, Mr. Andrew Twombly, of Brandon, Vt., commenced to dig a well near his house, situated about a mile from the center of the village of Brandon, on a tolerably level plain. Having excavated to the depth of fifteen feet, through sand and gravel, the workmen came to ground frozen solid, through which they continued to ex-

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cavate the farther distance of fifteen or sixteen feet before getting through the frozen ground.

"At the depth of forty feet, sufficient water having been obtained, the well was stoned in the usual manner. The character of the ground was the same throughout the whole distance, viz., coarse gravel and sand — the frozen portion interspersed with lumps of clear ice. At the time the well was dug, the surface of the ground was not frozen. Ever since the well was dug, up to the present time, ice forms in the well and incrusts the stone at from fifteen to thirty feet from the surface, and the surface of water, which is thirty-five feet below the surface of the ground, freezes over every night. On several occasions, when the bucket has been left in the well under the water over-night, it has been found necessary to descend the well, and, with a hatchet, cut the ice in order to extricate it.

SINGULAR EPITAPH.—The following is a literal copy of an epitaph on a deceased "sausage-maker" in Paris, dedicated by his "inconsolable" better half. Ye who have tears prepare to shed them now:

"Here lies buried the body of Jean Pierre Cortlet, who died June 21, 1762. His *inconsolable* widow continues the sausage business in all its varieties, at the old stand, No. 175 Rue St. Honoré, where she will be happy to serve the customers of her late and lamented husband.

"N. B. Orders for sausages must be accompanied by the cash."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

THE place to bring your appetite to an edge—the Hone House.

BIG-GER-TRY.—A writer in the New Orleans *True Delta* exhibits a bigoted admiration of his own country by cataloguing some of the big doings of nature within the boundaries of the United States, thus:

The largest cataract in the world is Niagara Falls, where, in a stream three quarters of a mile wide, the waters of the great lakes plunge a hundred and sixty feet.

The largest cave — the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where you can make a voyage on a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes—the nose "having it" entirely.

The largest river—the Mississippi—4,100 miles in length.

The largest valley—that of the Mississippi—containing half a million of square miles, and one of the most fertile regions of the globe.

The largest lake—Lake Superior—430 miles long.

The largest natural bridge—that of Cedar Creek, in Virginia, of 80 feet span, and over a gap 250 feet deep.

The largest mass of iron—the Pilot Knob Iron Mountain, in Missouri, 350 feet high and two miles around.

The longest railroad—the Illinois Central — 781 miles in length, and costing $15,000,000.

The greatest number of miles of railroad in proportion to surface, is in Massachusetts, where there is more than a mile of road to every square mile of territory.

The longest aqueduct—the Croton, of New York—40½ miles long.

This last has been beaten by the aqueduct of Madrid, Spain, just finished. It is 50 miles long.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE between a bare head and a hair bed? One flees for shelter, and the other is a shelter for fleas.

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Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

YOU are all on tip-toe, I doubt not, to know just what Miss(ter) Bess will say to Aunt Sue's very frank showing up of his disguises. Well, he shall speak for himself and open the meeting with his apologies. He is covered with blushes and very much disconcerted, as you see; you must therefore excuse him if he is rather rambling and expansive. Even the hatchet feels a sense of pity, and lets him pass with only a few scars or stars, whichever you please. You will not be less forgiving just for "this one little time."

BROOKLYN, *New Year's Eve*, 1860–61.

DEAR CHATTERBOXES:—Dear Aunts and Uncles all, gather round me, for I have something particularly special to say. First, to those who have recently addressed me personally, and first among these to cousin Sybil Grey, who at last comes trooping back again from sunny Italy. Right glad am I, oh, mystic cousin, to greet you once more as one of us. * * * You need not have taken back that "cousinly kiss" for the reason assigned. I quite agree with your views on the subject of girls kissing each other; it always "riles" me when I witness the performance, it's such a waste! I hope we shall always *remain* as good friends as we are now.

Thank you for the first; no, thank you for the second, Cornelius M. Gibbs. (*Vide* your January letter.) Do you ask why? Read on. Saucy Nell, much obliged; will keep it till called for. Carrie, from "Oaklands," I would leave "hatching up" to the hatchet, if I were you. It makes me happy indeed, Stella, to hear that you *love* me. I am sure I love *you*. Rather an intoxicating mixture that of your spirits and mine; it must be better than champagne. * * *

Nellie S. Whiting, I think I know you and your sister Gertie, and your respected pa. I hope you find Providence a pleasant place to live in, though I don't believe it can come up to Brooklyn. What think you?

May I make friends with you, Venerable San? Any relation to Uncle Sam? The names are not dissimilar. * * *

That reminds me!—W. H. C., when you get your bloodroot, just send me a little.

And now, cousins, the time has arrove. I can refrain myself no longer. Cause every girl to go out from me. Are they gone? Ain't they listening at the keyhole? Now, look at me carefully; d'ye see? that's a mask, this is false hair, this is cotton. This dress, you see, covers a coat; this circular expansive arrangement only impedes the free action of my nether limbs, encased in cassimere continuations. To sum up, I have been an impostor, a gay deceiver, a cheat, a great big "*humbug*," as Aunt Sue will persist in calling me. I've confessed to her, and she has (thus far) let me off pretty easy; so don't you be too hard on me. Come in, girls; I meant to have called you before. Don't look so shy at me; I am Bess that *was*, and now *am* Will. Yes, yes! I expected all *that. Merci, Mesdemoiselles!* * * * Don't look at me with ill-concealed contempt, kind cousins. Don't curl the lip, don't elevate the nose, don't perk up the chin. You don't look well that way, and besides, I only did it for fun, and haven't we *had* some good fun, and shan't we have yet? Did not the great Achilles, * * * did not Pelopidas? * * * I think they did. And if they did all this in earnest, why may not I do a little of it in fun?

* * * * * * *

With regard to all the "love and kisses," and other like commodities which I may have come unfairly by, I could not, if I would, give back the first, "bein' as it's" intangible; but the second I shall keep on hand in bulk, and engage to deliver up when called for. None but original owners need apply.

And so I commit the matter to your keeping, hoping for a fair hearing, an impartial trial, a just verdict, a lenient sentence. The jury not to be packed (with crinoline).

And I am, with hope, with fear, confidently, yet with trepidation as to the result, with a calm assurance that I shall come out all right, nevertheless with confusion of face and a general conflict of feelings, Your cousin,

WILFORLEY,
Late, and successor to, BESS.

There, now, it is all out. Where there

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is a Will there is a way, and Bess having had her way, of course had her Will. Willful she always was, and Will-fully he still intends to keep up the character. Whether the hatchet will be as lenient to *him* as it was to *her*—we shall see.

Jan. 15, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT SUE, AND COUSINS:—May I come in again and "ease my mind," while you are all chatting so pleasantly? You said your parlor was enlarged, and there was room for all, so I will step in without further ceremony. I think the Chat was never so agreeable as now. Do you? I like the MUSEUM and the plan on which it is conducted. "Long live Uncle Merry and Aunt Sue," to bless us "Museumites."

Sybil Grey, I am so glad Uncle Hiram allowed the whole of your sweet letter to go. I indorse all your sentiments, especially those in reference to kissing *girls*. I like your proposition, and I think all the cousins will agree to it.

Black-Eyes, I am glad you wrote, *ma cousine;* hope by means of your appreciation of "the staff of life," you will continue in excellent health. Is it possible you do not know how to make it? If you'll come "out West," I'll give you some lessons in that useful art. I know you as well, dear, as if we were personally acquainted. Here's your "picture in little," black eyes, black hair, mischievous, bewitching; what they style "a sparkling little brunette." Am I right?

Dew-Drop, if you have a partiality for "out West," why don't you come and see me? *I* have a partiality for the North; are you a Northerner?

Hawthorne, shall we style you our "lost Pleiad?" Have you thoughts of seceding? Ah, don't! Let us Museumites continue united. May the band of cousins never secede! Uncle Merry, I will endeavor to swell the band this year.

W. H. C., you may count me as one of your "suitors," though I do not fancy stepping over "broken ice." Willie, dear, we all intend "popping the question" to you; we do not believe in your doing all the "courting," *tout au contraire.*

Say, Oliver Onley, why we say that we do not consider "Don't go to see the girls often" any credential. Am glad your entertainments are *à l'opposite* to those of Roland. I answer for all my cousins.

Coz. Cornelius, you are decidedly reprobate. Uncle Hiram, is there no punishment for unruly members? Just think, Uncle, he's been and called "Pertine" "imPertinent." Too bad. If you are *only* "five feet ten inches," you are old and tall enough to know better, and to set a better example to your younger and shorter cousins. But we will be friends—I won't scold. Pertine, he likes you best now. C. M. G., do you take me for a Yankee, or why do you ask me to *guess* at your height? Please try and grow a *little taller*, "Neli" dear, for my sake. John Quiz, welcome to our band. I like you well enough, but I'm afraid you'll "quiz" me. Thanks for information concerning C. M. G. But pray how old is Social Circle, if he is "one of the first young men" of that place? I should think he was a little older than I supposed. Cornelius M. Gibbs, I would like you to *guess* how I look. See if you can. Love and kisses to the sterner sex; a shake of the hand to the others. Commend me, Sybil! *Au revoir.*

"Fare-thee-well, and if forever,
Still forever fare-thee-well."

GOLDEN-HAIRED EFFIE.

If you were not one of the "shorter" cousins, we should have cut you short this time. We shall soon have to get our parlor enlarged to accommodate our taller and older cousins, for we intend to make room for all.

VICKSBURG, MISS.

I am not a Yankee but a Mississippian, Uncles both, but I do ask "lots" of questions sometimes. Uncle M., I think Miss Lizzie G. writes her name Miss Lizzie G——n, of C——n, Miss.; and furthermore, did I not hear her sing and play at a concert, at the "aforementioned" town, "not a hundred years agone?" I think so.

On the part of my Mississippi cousins (if they won't speak for themselves), I am extremely happy to greet John Quiz, Esq., and henceforth address him as "Cousin John," as he is a Southerner and a Georgian. I went Mr. O. Onley's ticket with a "vim," Uncle H.,

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and worked my hardest, giving you—one vote. I fancied that ticket sure. Uncle H., as you are surely the god of mysteries, I address you now. I am "exercised" about —— Hawthorne, Esq. Do you know I don't know what to think of him and that mistake he spoke of. Will he explain, or is that out of "his line of business?" I like Mr. C. M. Gibbs' spirit. Five feet ten inches, and doesn't think he's too tall to attend school. Good for him. He's "one of 'em," he is; and if he continues of the same "notion," the "Bobbin boy" can't "bob" around where he is some years to come. I haven't said enough yet, Uncle M., but you see I don't know what Uncle H. might "say." Uncles both, "Smile of the Great Spirit" has smiled her "good-bye," and in her place please receive ETHEL R.

MARIETTA, *Feb.* 9, 1861.

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Charlie F. W. wishes to know if we Southerners are going to secede from the Chat because our States have seceded from the Union. No, indeed! I for one will not, and I do not think my Southern cousin, C. M. G., will either. I have explored the labyrinth and arrived in safety at the center, but I have not time now to find answers to the other puzzles. But here comes Uncle Hiram, hatchet in hand, and I must stop. Inclosed please find my dollar for this year.

Your affectionate niece,
LOUISE E. FLETCHER.

LE ROY, ILL.

DEAR MUSEUM:—"There's a time for all things," we are told, and here I am with that long-threatened letter, at last. Taking it for granted that you have kept a place for me all this time, I shall "pitch in" without further preface or apology for my intrusion.

Uncle Merry, I am one of the independent sort; can't bear to be trammeled by rules in any way, and I hereby avow my determination to break any and every rule of the Chat I please. And first, I declare my intention to break the treaty of peace proclaimed by Aunt Sue at the conclusion of the great "Algebra War." The Chat is altogether too tame, and, although I do not expect to do much to enliven it, perhaps I can arouse some of the greater lights of the Chat into activity. So, Fleta, Bess, Alice, Fritz, Nippinifidget, and the rest, wake up and let us have the good old times again. Valiant heroes, truly, are ye! sinking back into obscurity after striking a few lusty blows, and when you do creep forth into the arena of the Chat, obeying every nod of the knight of the hatchet, and bowing and smirking in the august presence of W. H. C., as the "bright, particular star" of the Chat. For shame! I have taken my position, and now—

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

So, I warn you all to lay in a good stock of old jokes, puns, and witticisms. I do wish, however, you would leave my unfortunate name out of the list of jokeable (!?) subjects.

The Chat has consisted too long of unmeaning compliments and commonplace sentimentalities. Bravo, Fleta! I see you have been "pitching into" Hawthorne, and have routed him, horse, foot, and dragoons. By-the-by, Hawthorne, I am sorry that, by neglecting the opportunity, I lost such a capital chance of picking a quarrel with you as that afforded by your charge of "extreme ignorance" against me. Not that I am, naturally, of a fighting nature, but I think we need something of the kind to stir up the Chatterers.

Uncle Hi, I suppose you think I will follow the usual fashion and make an apology for behaving in such an outrageous manner in your august presence, but I shan't.

Yours, defiantly, ADELBERT OLDER.

GROTTO OF JASON, *Jan.* 6, 1861.

UNCLE HIRAM:—Allow me to speak to the Merry cousins. O! O! O!! if you only had got a sight at Miss Anna D., daughter of Judge D., of Chicago, it would have made you jump out of your skin. No offense, I hope, cousin Anna. If so, please forgive. I have often watched her in silence. Cousin Anna, do you know Miss Starr? You see I know something of your history. Now please do not try to find me out; Miss Starr might know. I am acquainted with most of the gallant Zouaves. I have thoughts of joining them. I, of course, should go South — meet Hawthorne and— Oh! I know I was not going to say any good thing, that you should hit

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me for. Oh! Oho! you nearly exterminated me that time; but, for the second time in my letter, I ask forgiveness. Hawthorne, forgive me for what I would have said. I am afraid to go on, so I will stop. Adieu to all.

SON OF THE EASTERN STAR.

OUT-OF-WAY-PLACE (*some time*).

ROBERT MERRY:—Not having anything special to do, I thought I would write a few lines—the Chat, the right honorable Hatchet, permitting. We are having a touch of cold weather, which is altogether agreable. Our fine weather is all gone, and but one of the Merrys has been to see me—which one called himself Pahnon, derived from the Indian language. I should think some of you might come and see a *feller*. I am going a-visiting some of these days, and I shall not miss one of you.

Uncle Robert, I would like you to change my signature for a better one. Tell me soon and I will write my next above that name. I see I shall have to "dry up;" so bidding a hasty by-by, I resign myself to my fate.

YOUNG JOE.

WENTWORTH, N. H., *Dec.* 24, 1860.

MY DEAR UNCLES:—I have taken the MUSEUM two years and have never written to you but once, but have been quietly listening to the merry chat of the cousins; but now I wish to join my voice with the rest in wishing you a "merry Christmas" and "happy New Year," and to ask an introduction to Bess, and also to Roland, as I wish to become acquainted with a gentleman with so good a "character."

Stella, I quite agree with you on the bee question. Love to all the cousins.

FLORA.

VIRGINIA, CAL., *Jan.* 10, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—A happy new year to you and all the Merry family; please introduce me to all. I have had the MUSEUM sent to me two years by an uncle, and like it very much. Don't use that hatchet this time. I send one new subscriber for this year. Good-bye.

HENRY.

AUBURN, KANSAS, *Jan.* 5, 1861.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—Thinking that you might like to hear from some of your nieces, in this far-off land, I take the liberty to write you a letter. I have read the MUSEUM for nearly two years, and like it very much.

We live in a beautiful prairie country, seventy miles from Leavenworth City; and about the same distance from Atchison. The people of Kansas have been very unfortunate. There was nothing raised here last summer, on account of the great drouth. There is an academy here, and I attend regularly. I am ten years old. You must come and see us when you have time.

VIOLA DRINKWATER.

VICKSBURG, MISS., *Jan.* 16, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Is there room enough for another cousin? If there is, I should like very much to be one of them. My brother has taken the MUSEUM a long time. I take it now, and like it very much. Ever since I have taken it, I always wanted to write, but my courage failed when it came to that. I have written you a great many letters, but I was always too bashful to send them. I see it is no use, as I never expect to meet you, and I think there must be some that are like me in that respect. It is my delight to read some pretty book, or go to school; and if I can not do that, it makes me miserable. When I go to school a whole session, it seems to me but one month; and when vacation comes, it seems then like a number of years. When it is time to go to school again, it is a time of rejoicing. I enjoy that better than some little evening entertainment, though I like that very much. Are there any of the Merrys who feel that way? If there are, I want to sit by them.

Tell Aunt Sue that she and I ought to be great friends because we have the same name. You must excuse this letter, as it is the first of a bashful girl.

Yours truly, SUE D. W.

You shall not *sue* in vain, so come right in and take a seat between Viola, our Kansas blossom, and the "Lone Star" of Texas. You are all welcome, for we always love to see new faces at our parlor doors.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, *Jan.* 15, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—My father has been subscribing for the MUSEUM for me

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ever since it was joined with the CABINET, and the CABINET and SCHOOLFELLOW before. I have been wanting to write to the Chat for a long time, but I have never written, because I thought that I could not write well enough. I think that I am acquainted with "Texas Boy," and I should like to have a seat by him as he is the nearest to me. Introduce me to all the "Merry cousins." I move that we adopt "Thomas Hood" as Uncle Tom. But I must stop now, for here comes that hatchet. Love to all the Merry family, Aunt Sue especially. Yours affectionately,

LONE STAR.

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 11, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have taken the MUSEUM for a long time, but never had the courage to write; but seeing so many of the cousins so cordially received, I have ventured to write a few lines. Give my love to Aunt Sue, and all the others connected with the Chat. Fleta, I am glad you have come back again. Give my love to Anna W. N., Mary A. E., and Carrie T. Warner. Hoping you will not hatchet me, nor exclude me from the Chat, I remain,

Your affectionate niece, CINDERELLA.

"WAY OFF," *Dec.* 16, 1860.

DEAR UNCLES AND AUNT:—It is with fear and trembling I present myself at the door to ask for admission into the Merry circle, at which I have so often looked from afar, but never dared speak before; I may as well tell you at first I'm wonderfully scared; I've been standing at the door for, lo! these many days, longing and wishing to get in. I've taken the CABINET ever since, well—ever since I was so high, and I do love all my "kin," uncles, aunt, cousins, and all; Aunt Sue, won't you take care of me till I feel at home? May I say what I please? If so, I think you are all about to spoil Willie Coleman; I don't wonder at his falling in love with Sybil Grey, bless her heart!

Yours in fear, NEMO.

TEXAS BOY comes laden with messages for the cousins, and still claims to live "in Texas."

HOOSIER BOY, of Columbus, Ind., likes Oliver, and agrees with him on the "girl question."

BLUE-EYED MARY leaves her "Sunny Bank" to introduce two new cousins, but fears the "merciless hatchet."

H. H. B.—We shall certainly call if in your vicinity.

LILAC, of Olean, will please send us the real name, that the dollar may be properly credited. We shall be glad to see you at any time.

And now, as we have sat quietly, and let you do most of the chatting, attentive and pleased listeners to your social mirth, permit us to put in a word—an earnest word—and to ask your patient and considerate attention to what we say.

We send a bill in the March number to all who have not paid for the MUSEUM. Our "word" is especially addressed to such. Those who have paid will please not hear what we say.

WE NEED THE MONEY AT ONCE—*every dollar of it.* Though the "dollar a year" is not much to each of you, it amounts to a large sum to us, when many forget or neglect to pay.

Instead of giving a steel engraving in the January number, as we have sometimes done, to those who pay promptly, we have thought it best to employ some of the most valued and popular writers in the land, to make our new volume better than any other before it. A continued story from Jacob Abbott, secured at a great expense, is one part of our plan. We are also at much expense for other writers, and for illustrations. In fact, we have spent a little fortune in our efforts to make the MUSEUM what it ought to be. It has been our pet for many years, and we have come to love it as a child, and to love all who take any interest in it, as children of our own family. It is our delight to labor for its improvement, and our constant study to increase its attractiveness, as well as its usefulness. BUT—to carry forward these improvements, and, indeed, to sustain the work at all, *we must be able to rely on our subscriptions.* Promptness on your

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part now will greatly relieve us from the burden of our work, and save us from anxiety and embarrassment.

Now, may we not confidently ask and expect each one who is owing us anything, to see that the money is forwarded immediately? Do not wait for another call, or for a collector, but send at once to our address. Eastern money or gold preferred, if convenient.

Direct all letters PLAINLY to

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Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

SAM SLICK wins the prize for January, having answered all the questions, except No. 26 and one item in No. 14.

Tommy comes next nearest, being short only one item in 14, one in 23, 26, and 32.

Gracie Ainwell and *Ned W.* have done bravely; in fact, I think I have 20,000 of the smartest nieces and nephews in America! Competition for prizes as usual.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

58. My first is a title; my second contains the elements of growth; my third is a quadruped; my fourth is a preposition; my whole is a principal town in the region where it is situated. *C. T. Warner.*

59. My first is an animal, my second is a preposition, my third is a pronoun, and my whole is a herbivorous animal. *H. A. Danker.*

60. My first is a kitchen utensil, my second—in sound—is sound indeed; my whole is very useful to housekeepers. *Lillie Harrison.*

61. What two letters will make a philosopher? *Sam Slick.*

62. My first, second, and fourth are interjections; my third is an adverb (*sometimes* used as an interjection); my whole is a book which should be studied by all. *Forget-me-not.*

63. I am composed of 19 letters:
My 19, 15, 13, 1, 5 was a titled English writer and traveler.
My 7, 8, 13, 8, 12 was a learned foreigner.
My 11, 8, 4, 3, 6 was a traveler.
My 4, 18, 17 is a fur garment.
My 10, 17, 14, 3, 7 is a small animal.
My 9, 12, 16, 1 is part of a building.
My 2, 18, 11, 14, 16 is the least valued part of a vegetable.
My whole was taken in war by one nation from another. *Kruna.*

ANAGRAMS.

64. A thin leggin.

65. A red belt. *Stranger.*

66. Large stem.

67. Sup the honey. *H. A. Danker.*

68. Never sit mated.

69. See cousin's tan. *C. T. Warner.*

70. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 1, 9, 5 is a Scripture proper name.
My 7, 2, 10 is a stick.
My 3, 6, 8 is an Oriental measure.
My 1, 4, 11 is an iota.
My whole is the name of an author. *John Quiz.*

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71. I am composed of 7 letters:
My 7, 4, 5 is a propeller.
My 3, 4, 5, 6, 1 is a vessel.
My 3, 7, 7, 2 is part of a ship.
My whole is an edict affecting ships.
Wm. Campbell.

72. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 10, 9, 4, 7 often benefits the world, although originated in a single individual.
My 6, 11, 3, 2, 5, 1 is a river in Europe.
My 9, 4, 8 is a person of authority in Oriental countries.
My whole is an encouraging motto.
H. A. Danker.

73. I am composed of 21 letters:
My 1, 5, 12, 7, 3, 19 is a notary.
My 6, 2, 18, 14 is to go impetuously.
My 21, 11, 13, 9 is a spot.
My 8, 15 is an irregular verb.
My 10, 2, 16, 9 is an invisible elastic fluid.
My 20, 4, 17, 12, 15, 6 is a character generally despised.
My whole is what all young folks should do. *Fred.*

74. I am composed of 12 letters:
My 1, 7, 12, 9, 6, 11, 8 is a carpenter's tool.
My 2, 3, 4 is a man's name.
My 10, 7, 5 is relished by many.
My whole is a friend to many.
Milton Goodenow.

75. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 12, 2, 4, 7, 10, 11 may be found in a ship.
My 14, 13, 9, 6 is an animal.
My 8, 5, 3 is a snare.
My 1, 13, 4 is a girl's nickname.
My whole is the name of a reader of the MUSEUM. *C. M. Gibbs.*

76. What writer for the MUSEUM seems in a very lofty mood?
C. T. Warner.

77. A tempest, a celebrated Roman, a river in North America, a nation in Asia, and a part of the body. The initial and final letters of these will respectively express the names of two celebrated poets.
Adelbert Older.

78. I mount a horse, and my first you see,
My second when one is defending me;
The school-boy, "with satchel and shining face,"
Portrays my whole by his loitering pace. *X. T. C.*

79. What letter added to the name of an animal will make that animal's worst enemy? *Ellian.*

80. Transpose a bird into a breach.

81. Transpose an attack into a weight.

82. Transpose a spice into a summit.
Oliver Onley

83. If 101 plows be rightly arranged, they will tell the name of a flower.
C. M. Gibbs.

84. Entire, I am useful to the sailor; behead me, and I am an animal; behead and transpose, and I am another animal. *Tommy.*

85. Why is a pan of milk like a very large shoe?

86. Take a letter from a surname, and leave a sweet singer.
A. H. C. Arr.

87. I am prepared to either scold or lie,
According to the end you take me by.
Texas Boy.

88. My first is an abbreviation, my second is found in the scale, my third is a dear relation, and my fourth (in sound) we should do to evil; my whole is a school-boy's dreaded task. *Bowles.*

Answers to Questions in Jan. No.

1. Oliver Cromwell.
2. Reason.
3. Shoreling.
4. Apocryphal.
5. Hydrolite.
6. Preponderance.
7. Uninitiated.
8. Stromeyerite.
9. Argumentative.
10. Allegorically.
11. Sunday.
12. Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
13. Pigs of lead.
14. 1. Deer. 2. Bear. 3. Lion. 4. Bat. 5. Mole. 6. Badger.
15. Harvest Queen.
16. Din.
17. Train up a child in the way he should go.
18. Capron—apron.
19. Wisdom is happiness.
20. Pail—ail—il(l).
21. Nosegay.
22. Manufactories.

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23. 1. Pike. 2. Laurel. 3. Ohio. 4. Logan. 5. Jefferson, Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison. 6. Christian.

24. Wholesome.

25. Oporto.

26. Auctioneers, for they can knock down a house at a single blow. (Several have answered "Muscle-men; *Busy Bee* says "Sam's sons;" *C. T. Warner* says "Men of war."

27. Magpie.

28. Sector—Cortes.

29. Deer—reed.

30. Garden—danger.

31. Angel—angle.

32. Seraph—phrase

33. Trail—net.

34. Private watch men wa cab bow tall knight two guard-houses.
Private watchmen walk about all night to guard houses.

SAM SLICK answers 1 to 13, 14—1, 15 to 25, 27 to 34.

Tommy.—1 to 13, 14—1, 15 to 22, 23—1, 24, 25, 27 to 31, 33, 34.

Gracie Aimwell.—1 to 13, 14—1, 15 to 22, 23—2, 24, 25, 27 to 31, 33, 34.

Bertha.—1 to 13, 14—1, 15 to 22, 23—2, 24, 27 to 34.

Ned W.—1 to 13, 14—2, 15 to 22, 23—2, 24, 25, 27, 29 to 34.

C. T. Warner.—1 to 13, 14—1, 16 to 19, 21 to 27, 29 to 32.

A. Older.—1 to 7, 9 to 13, 14—2, 15 to 22, 23—1, 24, 28 to 32.

Tattler.—1 to 13, 14—2, 15 to 22, 23—1, 24, 27, 29, 30, 34.

Mary A. E.—1 to 22, 23—1, 24, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32, 34.

H. A. Danker.—1, 2, 4 to 13, 14—1, 15, 16, 19 to 22, 23—1, 24, 28 to 32.

Anna W. N.—1 to 24, 27, 29, 31, 34.

Cornelia.—11 to 13, 14—2, 16, 19, 20, 21, 23—4, 24, 27, 31.

Olivia and Ethel R.—1, 2, 11, 13, 14—3, 16, 17, 19, 21, 23—1, 24, 27.

Ellian and Annette.—1, 4, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 21, 23—2, 24, 27, 31, 32.

Busy Bee.—1, 2, 11, 12, 13, 14—1, 16, 17, 19, 21, 23—1, 24, 27, 34.

Serena.—1, 2, 11, 13, 14—3, 16, 18, 19, 23—1, 24, 29, 31.

Lillie Harrison.—1, 4, 11, 13, 14—2, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 23—1, 24, 27, 29, 30.

T. E. S.—2, 4, 5, 6, 11, 13, 14, 16, 17 to 21, 23—1, 24, 27, 34.

J. F. C.—13, 24.

C. D. W.—1 to 13, 14—2, 16 to 21, 23—2, 24, 27, 28, 29, 31.

Dick and Sancho.—1, 2, 11, 12, 13, 14—2, 16, 17, 19, 21, 23—1, 24, 30, 34.

Sam.—1, 4, 11, 12, 13, 14—2, 17, 19, 23—1, 24, 27, 33.

Eddie.—1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14—2, 16, 17, 19, 21, 23—1, 24, 27, 29.

Jim.—14—2, 23—1, 24, 27.

M. D.—11, 12, 14—2, 15, 18, 20, 21, 23—2, 24, 34.

Myrtle.—1, 2, 3, 11, 13, 14—1, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 23—1, 24, 27.

Venus.—1 to 5, 7, 10, 11, 13, 14—2, 15 to 21, 23, 24, 27, 31.

A. H. C. Arr.—2, 10, 11, 13, 14—1, 16, 17, 19, 21, 23—1, 24, 27, 34.

Harry H.—1, 11, 14—5, 18, 19, 23—2, 24.

Sr (or *Sx*).—Precisely the same as Sam.

Nellie O. Watson.—11, 12, 13, 14—2, 19, 21, 23—1, 24.

D. P. and W. W. W.—1, 2, 11, 14—3, 19, 20, 21, 23—3, 24.

Lucy Augur.—1, 2, 3, 11, 13, 14—2, 23—1, 24, 27.

Will.—11, 13, 24.

Texas Boy.—1, 11, 24.

Lola.—1, 11, 17, 19.

Blue-Eyes.—23—1, 13.

G. B. Higbee.—17, 24.

DEFINITIONS.

Love.

The essence of life.
The outflowing of a heavenly nature.
Celestial magnetism. *W. A. F.*
Cupid's arrow. *Sr* (or *Sx*).
The mainspring of happiness. *Anna W. N.*
That which distinguishes a child of Heaven from one of earth. *A. H. C. Arr.*
What I send to Fleta Forrester. *Ned. W.*
The perfection of self-denial.
The highest phase of selfishness. *Will.*

Agitation.

Stirring the waters.
Keep the ball rolling.
The politician's safety-valve. *Will.*
Connubial disputes. *Sr* (or *Sx*).
Internal fermentation. *W. A. F.*
Experience with a first cigar. *Alpha.*

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What I felt when Charley popped the question. *Mary A. E.*

The sensation Sis experienced when her hoops came off in Broadway. *Ned. W.*

Prejudice.

Leaping before looking. *Ned W.*

A snake in the grass. *Mary A. E.*

An *ex-parte* judge. *Alpha.*

Smelling one's own breath. *W. A. F.*

QUESTIONS OPEN FOR DEBATE.

1. When a man pursues the path of duty, does the path run away from him?
2. Of what thickness is a line of conduct?
3. Would a man *divert* the course of the North River if he should be *a-musing* near it?
4. Wilforley desires to know what bird that is, from whose name, if you take two letters, you reduce to no bird at all.

C. D. W. sends two old but very good anagrams, which I give here for the benefit of whom they may amuse:

1. BEST IN PRAYER. 2. NINE THUMPS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Texas Boy.—I do *not* "know who they really are," with perhaps half a dozen exceptions. Thanks for puzzles; the "charade" is capital. Is it original with you? We will "look out."

Eddie sends love to all the cousins.

Myrtle wants to see you all at her house, but you are not all to go at once. Come again, Myrtle.

Arthur makes a confession of love to me, and says if I won't accept him, I'm to "speak a good word for a fellow to Sybil Grey or Miss Annie Drummond." But I *do* "accept," so, Sybil and Annie, I needn't give you his description, which, according to his statement, stands thus: "Six feet five, dark-brown figure, slender eyes, blue hair, nineteen years old, and very much at your service." Something seems wrong, either in his stops or my spectacles. Come again, Arthur, very frequently.

Sam.—I am inclined to think that *X. T. C.* selected the initials on *account* of their significance.

Tommy.—Mayn't I *tell* yet? Both letters received.

Eddie.—You were just a little too late again for the printer; send your answers by the 8th of the month following the issue of the questions to be solved, if you want to see them credited in print.

Lola welcomes Sybil Grey home again, and sends love to all.

Henry.—Where am I to find "255?" Any matter connected with the Puzzle Drawer may be written on both sides of the sheet, as I re-write everything (sometimes taking the liberty to alter the text); for the Chat, you must write on *only one side of your paper*. You may write on fourteen sheets if you like, but you need never hope to see any part of it in print. The shorter the letter, the better the chance of the printer's getting it. The more sheets to the Puzzle Drawer, the better.

Lucy Augur.—"To find out anagrams," print the anagram on a piece of paper or card—for instance, No. 40 in the February number, "NEEDATRIFLE;" then cut the letters separate, and move them about, transposing them continually until you find out the original word. If you have a box of dissected letters, it will assist you. Will you send me your post-office address?

Ellian.—Where are you?

C. T. Warner.—Your answer to 34 was a perfect miracle of ingenuity.

Cornelia.—I consider you an old friend already, and hope I shall see your pretty writing every month.

Gracie Aimwell.—It *is* perfectly "fair." Thank you for the *original* puzzles.

H. H. B.—*Aunt Sue* is very glad to be introduced to you.

Mary A. E.—Did you make "Charley" happy?

Kruna.—Many thanks. Please do it more frequently.

Olivia and Ethel R.—I am much obliged for the kind wishes, and in return hope you may "live forever, and die happy."

Ned W.—Shake hands. I like your sentiments.

C. D. W.—What do you think of 22 now? Wasn't it too bad to scratch out seven of your clever answers?

Dick and Sancho.—Admitted as "members," *nem. con.*

Frank.—Have you deserted us?

Thanks for puzzles, etc., to *Aunt Martha, Bradford Darrach, Tommy, Blue-Eyes, Hal Bowles* (with variations), *S. T. K., Sam, Hoosier Boy, Cornelia, C. D. W., Milly, Venus, Harry H., Parvus, H. H. B.*, and *J. F. C.*

Answers too late to be credited last month from *Eddie* and *Ned W.*

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PISTOLS AND BRAVERY.*

BY JACOB ABBOTT

CHAPTER IV.—THE ARRIVAL.

THE railway station where August stopped, was nearly two miles from the village where Euphrazia lived; and August traversed that distance in a sort of hackney coach, or stage, which went to and fro between the village and the station, to accommodate the trains.

Euphrazia, who knew at what time August was to be expected, sat watching at a window, when the hour drew nigh for the arrival of the stage. There was a certain window in the house, from which the road was in sight at some distance from the village, and where the stage could be seen as soon as it came into view at a certain turn. Euphrazia sat watching for the coach with an opera-glass. Her mother was seated at another window in the same room.

"I can see whether he is coming," said Euphrazia, "the moment I get sight of the coach."

"You may see the *coach*, perhaps, with your opera-glass," said her mother; "but how are you going to see who is inside?"

"He will not be inside, mother," replied Euphrazia. "He will be on

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"Let us go and ask him this very minute," said Euphrazia; "he is always in his office at this time in the morning—come!"

Euphrazia had read a story in some book about some children having referred a question similar to this to a military man for decision, and she thought it would be a good plan for her and August to repeat the experiment.

August seemed at first somewhat indisposed to accede to this suggestion. He held back, saying:

"But, Cousin Frazie, it will not do for us to go and interrupt him in his business with our foolish questions."

"Yes," said Euphrazia, "it will do perfectly well; he always likes to have me come to his office, and if he is busy, he sends me away. I go in by a little back gate through the garden."

"And how will you ask him the question?" said August.

"I will ask him," replied Euphrazia, "whether it is not true that a good general does not care anything at all about risks and danger."

"No," rejoined August, "that would not be a fair way of putting the question; that would be letting him know what *your* opinion is, and only asking him to confirm it. It would be putting the answer into his mouth beforehand."

"How shall we put the question, then?" asked Euphrazia.

"I will write it down as it ought to be," replied August.

So saying, August took a wallet out of his pocket, and on a blank leaf of a small book that there was in it, he wrote the question, as follows:

What is the practice of a good general in respect to risks and danger?

"There!" said August, "that is the way to state the question fairly; now he will not know what either of us thinks, and so he will answer impartially."

"Very well," said Euphrazia; "let us go and ask him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THERE USED TO BE.

THERE used to be a small foot climbing on our stair;
There used to be a blithe step running here and there;
The memory of a sweet voice lingers on my ear;
It mocks the lonely silence ever reigning here!

We had a little plaything in our garden bowers;
We loved a little white hand plucking garden flowers;
Then tree, and shrub, and blossom well-known friends became,
And welcome were the spring birds coupled with his name.

I used to feel a soft hand patting on my cheek:
I used to kiss two soft lips—loved to hear them speak;
Then merry was the playing on our parlor floor;
Now, naught is left but silence—silence evermore.

WHAT are another's faults to me?
Have I a vulture's bill
To peck at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still?
It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
While on my heart true care bestow,
And let my friends alone.

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DOGS.

"THE race of dogs is distinguished by their soft tongues; their well-formed projecting muzzles; their fore feet having five toes, and the hind ones, four." Naturalists say that there are seventy varieties of dogs, varying so much from each other as almost to seem of another race. The bark of the wild dog is as different from that of the domestic dog as is the cry of a jackal. We are so much accustomed to dogs, that we do not often think of their peculiarities — for instance, that the dog is the only carnivorous animal which attaches himself to man; and what an attachment it is—with what real affection he serves his master, never under any circumstances forsaking him. Every one knows of affecting instances of this fidelity.

The dog is affected by climate, food, etc. Dogs reared in Europe, when taken to tropical regions, lose their vigor and soon die. It is in the temperate climates that he appears in his own true character. "In China, he feeds only on fresh and sweet fruits, and his flesh is used for food;" so says Martin's "Natural History," and we are glad to know it, for when we hear of stews and soups made of *puppies*, in the Celestial Empire, we shall not be so much shocked, as formerly.

By the training of man, the dog has gained superiority over other animals; each variety seems also to have its own *calling*, or business, for which it is most apt. The shepherd's dog protects the flock and drives it at the command of the shepherd to pasture, or to the fold. The butcher's dog cares nothing for one who does not slaughter animals, but after witnessing such an operation once, he can not be induced to leave the master who deals in blood. A fine spaniel will leave a master who does not bring down game by his shots; and will stick by the one in a company of hunters

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who kills the greatest number of birds. (The *hunting dogs* have not precisely the same clinging to the master as the *domestic dogs.*)

The terrier is very apt, not only at catching rats (his peculiar calling), but also at learning amusing tricks. I know of one of the little tawny coats that will smoke a pipe, fire off a tiny gun, though quite against his liking, for he will shrink, and squint, and start, as he draws the trigger; and ride upon a sheep's back, bringing his saddle in his teeth, and taking it off when he has taken his ride.

The prettiest little parlor pet that I have ever seen was an Italian greyhound, less than a foot in height, and as exquisitely formed as statuary. Its hair was like silk, nearly all white, and its skin was delicate as a child's. It was named "Ladie," and well named; every movement was grace, and its voice was more than half human.

The most remarkable of the dog race are the dogs of St. Bernard, which are ever traveling through the perpetual snow of that mountain, to find and rescue any travelers who may have lost their way. They often find such, when these wonderful dogs begin to lick the hands and face of the half-frozen wanderer; while one dog goes back to the cloister from whence they came, to bring the monks to their aid. Twelve years is the usual length of the life of the dog—some live to twenty years.

If you are attacked by a dog, never attempt to run; try throwing a stone at him, for curs have a mortal dread of a thrown stone—or present your hat in your hand, and when he has seized it, hit him with a stick across the *nose or fore leg;* these are the most vulnerable points in a dog; a blow on any part of the head but the nose don't hurt him a bit. If a dog comes to you and growls, and will not be friendly, don't withdraw from him, but put on a brave face, and stretch your hand toward him, keeping it quite still; if you withdraw it after stretching it out, he will bite you; the dog will

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come up and smell your hand; having once done this, he will be your friend for life.

An anecdote is given in Martin's "Natural History," which, although it is not new, some of my young readers have not seen; and I will copy it for their pleasure. "Gelert, the favorite dog of Lewellyn, Prince of Wales, the grandson of King John of England, who reigned in the beginning of the thirteenth century, has been celebrated both on account of his fidelity and his tragical end. The Prince one day went from home, leaving his dog behind. On his return, Gelert met him with many demonstrations of joy, but Lewellyn observed that his muzzle was stained with blood, which had run down also upon his breast. Bloody tracks led also to the chamber of his son, whom he called upon, most anxiously, by name, but received no answer. Seeking him everywhere without effect, a most horrible suspicion took possession of his mind; the dog must have killed the child; and with the words, 'Accursed beast, thou hast killed my son,' he plunged his hunting-knife into the heart of the poor animal, which with entreating look and supplicating moan thus met his death from the hand of the master he loved.

"A further search discovered the boy safely hidden behind the tapestry. He had fallen asleep, and only now awakened by the bustle, came forward unhurt. Near to him lay the dead body of a large wolf, with which the faithful guardian had had a severe battle before he killed him. Filled with sorrow for his rash deed, the Prince placed a splendid monument over the grave of the faithful Gelert, upon which he hung his bugle and hunting-spear." LAURA ELMER.

DO SOMETHING.

THE idler is a sponge on society and a curse to his own existence. He is content to vegetate merely—he springs up like a toad-stool, and is about as useless. He never troubles himself to produce a single thought, and his hands are never concerned in the fashioning of a single article of use or ornament. The most important principle in life is a pursuit. Without a pursuit, an innocent and honorable pursuit, no one can be really happy and hold a proper rank in society. The humble wood-sawyer is a better member of society than the fop without brains and employment. Yet many young men of our great cities strive only for the distinction awarded to fools. They are content to exist on the produce of other hands, and are, in truth, little better than barefaced rogues. They live on ill-gotten spoils—go on "tick"—lie and cheat, and consider it a grand achievement to swindle successfully—and pursue this criminal course rather than follow a pursuit which would render them useful to themselves and mankind generally. None can be happy or useful without employment—something upon which to use the mental or physical faculties.

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.—How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offense toward God and man! There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like this. To feel that we have omitted no task, and left no obligation unfulfilled, this fills the heart with satisfaction and the soul with strength.

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ON THE WATCH.

SO, Mr. Reynard, you are on the look-out for a breakfast, slily crouching behind the old wall, waiting for an unsuspecting rabbit to come within springing distance. But you may wait a long time, for they, too, have sharp eyes and quick ears; and should they spy but the tip of your nose, or hear the rustle of a leaf, they will dive into their burrows, their legs twinkling merrily in the air for your diversion. Everybody loves the rabbit better than the fox, and not a girl, nor a boy, but will hope that Reynard may go hungry, and poor "pussy" get off safe. Yet, notwithstanding the fox is no favorite, he is not without commendable qualities. He is patient, persevering, vigilant, skillful, and a good provider for his family; and not a little sympathy is his due; for between the farmer and the huntsman and his dogs, he is about the best abused animal existing. True, he taxes the shepherd for a lamb now and then; and when opportunity offers, will appropriate a fat chicken from the poultry yard, by way of an extra relish for his scanty larder; but he carries his conscience in his stomach (no worse place than the pocket), and takes what he can find, solely to satisfy its demands. He is no miser, 'aying up what he can not enjoy, but seeks only to supply present wants.

He may be tamed when taken young, and can be made a very entertaining pet. The nobility and gentry of England would not easily consent to his banishment from their island; for fox-hunting is a national and time-honored sport, which almost every rural gentleman aspires to as ardently as the men of this country do to politics; and much of the robust constitution enjoyed in England is due to the stirring influence of the chase.

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So, take him all in all, the fox is not to be counted an entire outcast.

He is considered more despicable because of his cunning. Why is this? Undoubtedly because *cunning is first cousin to lying*, and no one can respect untruthfulness or any of its relations. Mark that, young "Merry" men and women, and count it a disparagement, and not a compliment, to be called "foxy."

"GOD BLESS YOU, LITTLE FELLOW."

A CRIPPLED beggar in —— was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown to him from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his helplessness and rags. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and pushing through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man to pick up his gifts, and placed them in a bundle. Then slipping a piece of silver into his hands he was running away, when a voice far above him said, "Little boy with a straw hat, look up." He did so, and a lady, leaning from an upper window, said, earnestly, "God bless you, my little fellow—God will bless you for that."

The lady was the wife of a man so distinguished among the great men of the world, that every one of these boys would have been proud to gain her approbation; and when she wrote down his name as one she wished to remember, he felt more than paid for what he had done. As he walked along, he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; then of the lady's smile, and her words of approval; and last, and better than all, he could almost hear his Heavenly Father whispering, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Little reader, when you have an opportunity to do good, and feel tempted to neglect it, remember the "little boy with a straw hat."

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up,
How many a weary traveler
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the listening dew-drops
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away;"
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to
The traveler on his way; [cool
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they make a great mistake
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too!
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by his love.

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THE RIVER NILE.

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THE RIVER NILE.

COME, children, lay aside your toys for a few minutes, and listen to what I may tell you about the River Nile and its surroundings. Look a few moments at this picture, and see the curious objects presented to view. You see the inhabitants of that wonderful and distant country, with their camels and dromedaries, looking as indolent as the waters, that seem to have hardly life enough to find the bosom of the sea.

The camels have their huge burdens, and the men wear a strange costume. The tall palm-trees show their long proportions and their beauteous foliage. The silvery moon reflects its borrowed light over the wide waters. Now, if we were suddenly transported to those shores, we should think it a strange country to be in, and wonder how any could be happy there, or be willing to stay there.

There are many things that I must omit telling you about this remarkable river and the countries through which it flows, while I relate some things of interest. Homer, Xenophon, and Diodorus testify that the ancient name of this river was Egyptus, and the latter historian says it took the name of Nile from Nilus, the king of Egypt. The Egyptians used to pay divine honors to this river, and call it Jupiter Nilus.

But little rain ever falls to fertilize the soil; however, to prevent perpetual sterility, this benevolent river spreads itself over the land, and by means of embankments and watercourses it is frequently made to answer as good a purpose as the showers of rain from the skies, sent to moisten and fertilize the soil. It is called, by way of eminence, The River of Egypt. It is, indeed, The River of that country, and the promoter of its abundance.

But I must tell you children about the great deliverer of the Hebrews. You have heard his name very often. Moses was once a little babe; and his mother, fearing the king's decree to destroy all the infants of the Hebrews, prepared a little ark of bulrushes to place him in, near the shores of the river, so that he might escape the general destruction of the little innocents. Do you ask what happened to him then? Why, the daughter of the king, with her maidens, came near, and saw him lifting up his imploring arms for help; and the princess compassionated the case of the little weeper.

Have you not read the story, all of you, how she was moved with pity, and sent her maids down the brink to get it for her? But what should she do with it? Why, put it out to nurse; and without knowing who the mother was, at the suggestion of his sister Miriam, she requested its very mother to take it and nurse it, and receive good pay for doing what she was most glad to do. For this circumstance, this river will always be remembered. On its banks were built ancient Thebes and Alexandria, known so widely to fame. And all through this valley are scattered many monuments of ancient splendor and greatness, erected by a people who once proudly trod their native soil.

The whole country abounds in grains of all kinds, and formerly it supplied Rome with its wants in this respect, and more lately the granaries of Constantinople.

Egypt is not, perhaps, the mother of sciences, but she has greatly cherished them. It was the principal

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source from which the Greeks derived their information, and we may trace many of the streams of our knowledge to the banks of the Nile. The invention of alphabetical letters and the art of writing are generally attributed by the ancients to the Egyptians. There were four colleges in Egypt where science was studied and taught: Thebes, where Pythagoras taught; Memphis, where Thales and Democritus consulted the ancient priests; Heliopolis, where Plato studied; and Sais, where Solon was instructed in the principles of legislation and government. The first important discoveries in astronomy were made by the Egyptians. They struck out many models on which others improved, and philosophy owes them that respect which an empire pays to its founders.

But amid the traces of a degenerate race you behold marks of the remains of a mighty nation. The traveler almost forgets the present in passing among the pyramids and other ruins of antiquity.

Not having a revelation—not knowing the true God—they looked up to the luminaries of heaven for objects of worship. The sun and the moon, under the names of Isis and Osiris, were the chief objects of their adoration. We can not, then, wonder at their persecuting the children of Israel in their ignorance and folly. They were haughty and idolatrous, and would not fear till conquered.

We, young friends, may read the story of their destruction in the Red Sea, and learn the importance of submission to the will of God, and reverence and love to His holy name. Remember, now, that Christ, the second Moses, is our only deliverer and only hope—that to *trust in Him* is deliverance from the sea of eternal wrath.

HOW TO GET RICH.

SUCH is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing everything else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings, by toil, and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense and profit. But you must give up the pleasure of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free, unsuspicious temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools, must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things; and for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain, household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right hand or to the left. "But I can not submit to drudgery like this—I feel a spirit above it." 'Tis well: be above it, then; only do not repine that you are not rich.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

A FELLOW charged in an indictment with stealing a hoe, was discharged upon trial, it being proved that the article taken was an ax. The matter was a regular *ho-ax*.

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MIRTH—A POEM.

THEME.

Beautiful spirit, joyous as light,
Priestess o'er all things lovely and bright,
A pearly cloud doth thy form enfold,
Exquisitely 'broidered with sunset gold;
Flowers for insignia dost thou employ;
Each fold of thy robe is a blossoming joy;
With Hope and with Love thou cheerest the heart—
Oh, we love thee! we love the fair maid that thou art.

* * * * * * *

PICTURE FIRST.

There's joy in the castle—'tis a banqueting night;
From the uppermost turret 'tis blazing with light.
Rich tapestry hangs on the oaken wall,
Sweet laughter rings through the brilliant hall.
Gathered here are the noble, fair, and young,
Gay music is heard, and songs are sung,
And high-born ladies, both young and fair,
In their silken robes and their jeweled hair,
Glide through the dance with the belted knight,
With his waving plumes and his armor bright,
While the silvery bursts of careless glee
Make the castle ring with their melody;
And the joyous hearts are free from care,
For the gay, bright "Spirit of Mirth" is there.

* * * * * * *

PICTURE SECOND.

In the woodland's shade stands a rustic cot;
A gurgling brook flows past the spot;
Its music, joined with the liquid notes
That flow from a hundred songsters' throats,
With the droning hum of the honey bee,
Fill the grand old woods with harmony.
A sun-browned boy and two gleesome girls,
With garments patched and with tangled curls,
Are happy there in their innocent play,
For the "Spirit of Mirth" reigns there to-day.
She gives to the leaves their glorious hue
Of liquid gold where the sun shines through,
And the children laugh with a deeper glee,
Inspired by the presence they can not see.
Though the tiny feet never wore a shoe,
And the face and hands bear a russet hue,
And their garments coarse, yet they do not care,
For the "Spirit of Mirth" dwells always there.

* * * * * * *

THEME.

Were the heavens draped in a mantle gray,
The wavelets no more to glisten and play,
Should the joyous birds no longer sing,
And the colors flee from each restless wing,

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Were there no sunlight, flowers, or trees,
No freshness in the evening breeze,
Had we no joys, naught but sorrow and strife,
We might sigh and weep o'er the troubles of life;
But while clouds are pure white, the sky blue and gold,
And the stars of the earth their leaflets unfold,
While the rose is red, the hyacinth blue,
While the forest wears an emerald hue,
While all things are bright, will the "children of earth"
Bend low at thy shrine, fair "Spirit of Mirth." ELLIAN.

DON'T FRET.

IT is unamiable. A fretting person is one of the most unlovely objects in the world. A wasp is a comfortable house-mate in comparison. It only stings when disturbed—but an habitual fretter buzzes, if he don't sting, with or without provocation. It is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top, than with a brawling person and in a wide house. It is useless. It sets no broken bones—stops no leaks—cements no smashed pitchers, and changes no east wind. It affects nobody but the fretter himself. One ceases to respect the authority or obey the commands of a complaining, worrisome, exacting person. They know that a "barking dog don't bite," and fretters don't strike—and they conduct themselves accordingly.

CLEANLINESS.—A preacher, whose text led him to speak of the prophet Jonah, among other things said: "I am of the opinion that Jonah was a cleanly old man, neither smoking nor chewing, from the fact that the fish retained him so long in his stomach. If the fish had swallowed the house where we are worshiping, he would no doubt have vomited himself to death."

WHAT HENRY SAID TO HIS CANARY BIRD.

THANKS, pretty canary,
Your sweet little song
Makes my heart light and cheery,
And earnest and strong.

To be wise I'm determined,
And good I will be—
Sing on, dear canary,
That sweet song for me.

LAURA ELMER.

IT is very well to "know thyself," but supposing you never find yourself at home, how are you to get an introduction.

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ANNA HATHAWAY'S TALES.—No. 5.

EVENING came; the children were in Miss Hathaway's room—Dell in her old seat on Anna's lap, Susy on a stool at her feet, and John on the lounge; for you may be sure they were punctual in accepting Anna's invitation to listen to the remainder of

A WEEK WITH ELLEN AND HER FRIENDS.

After dinner—commenced Anna—Ellen noticed that there were unusual preparations going on. The chambers—where *she* could not detect a speck of dirt—were swept and dusted. Fresh flowers were put in the vases. Milly, Barbara's assistant in the kitchen, was hulling a large dishful of the very finest strawberries, pitting cherries, and stoning raisins. Barbara was busy with the fruit-cake, and Aunt Mary was superintending the freezing of some ice-cream. Ellen saw all this while searching for Clara. She found her on the back porch, arranging bouquets for the parlor vases.

"Let me help," said Ellen. "There, the green against the white rose, and the red here. There, that's lovely! Now this bit of flame—this coreopsis."

"Oh, I wish I had your taste, Nelly!" said Clara.

"My taste!" said Nelly, gayly; "why, you make splendid bouquets, *ma cousine*. Those buds there, and that blue and white—elegant!"

They worked in silence a few minutes. Suddenly Clara laughed a little. "I guess you've wondered what was in the wind, Nell," said she.

"I thought you seemed very mysterious," replied Ellen.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Clara. "I'd intended to invite some friends from H—— while you were here. The thunder shower yesterday made it nice and cool; so I wrote to Bel Hall—her name is Mabel—last night, and she wrote back in the mail this morning that they'd come—Bel Hall and Bertha and Charley, Augusta Harper, their cousin—they say she's handsome as a picture—and Fred Hammond, another cousin—I saw him once in H——; then I shall ask Kit for Lou," she added, laughing. "And we'll have quadrilles," Clara went on—"won't it be nice? The red columbine here by the lily, Nell—there—so. Well, these are done. They're coming in the six-o'clock train," said Clara, as they went in, "and going back to-morrow."

About five o'clock the girls went to dress. "Now which shall it be?" said Clara, after curls and braids were arranged. "Which shall it be, rose-colored or white?" holding up a tarletan and a muslin dress.

"I've got a blue and a white," said Ellen.

"Let's wear colors; they're the most becoming," said Clara; and Ellen acquiesced—indeed, the blue was rather a favorite. Ellen's toilet was finished first.

"You can go down," said Clara, "and get a rose for your hair. I'm nearly ready. There's the car whistle! You are to go to mother, and she'll introduce you when they come to the parlor. I shall have to wait on

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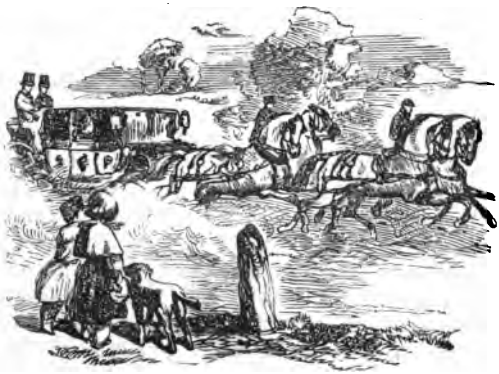
them to their dressing-rooms. They'll be here in a few minutes."

Ellen found Aunt Mary, and soon the omnibus rolled up to the door.



Uncle Henry, who had met them at the dépôt, accompanied them into the hall, and Clara showed them to their appropriate dressing-rooms. She soon after left the room for another lamp.

"You didn't tell me how very pretty this Clara Fairfield was," said Augusta Harper to Mabel, as she stood smoothing her curls before the glass. Augusta was certainly very pretty, but not at all intellectual.

"Clara *is* looking uncommonly well to-night," said Bel.

"You haven't seen either of the young gentlemen, I suppose?" said Bertha, rather sarcastically. "I should suppose they would be of more interest to you."

"Oh, yes," responded Augusta, "I saw one in the hall, and he's *splendid!*" Splendid was rather a *stretch*, but that was Miss Harper's style.

"Splendid, indeed!" cried Bertha, "and Fred is only *lovely*."

"I suppose, then, you have changed your intention of dancing the first quadrille with him?"

"No, ma'am!" said Augusta, shortly. "You look very scornful, Miss Bel," she added, crossly, to Mabel.

"Oh, well, Gus, you know, I think the age of fourteen rather juvenile to talk about beaux," said Bel; "but are you not afraid Miss Clara will prove a powerful rival?"

"You'll see," said Augusta, conceitedly.

Clara had just returned with the lamp, and, as the door was partly open, she could not help hearing and smiling at this last remark. They soon came down stairs, and Ellen was duly introduced. She was sure she should like the Hall girls better than Miss Augusta, with all her finery. Jenny Anderson had promised to come over and play for them; but as she had not yet arrived, Aunt Mary kindly volunteered to take her place.

Augusta Harper, as you have no doubt discovered, was a very superficial sort of a girl—very pretty, indeed; but she spent so much of her time talking about *beaux*, and dresses, and dancing, that the Hall girls were disposed to make a little fun of her sometimes, as being rather juvenile for such topics. Ellen did not wish to dance the first time, so she slipped out of the room. George and Louis took Bel and Bertha Hall, Fred Hammond immediately asked Clara, leaving only Master Hall for Augusta. Augusta was vexed; indeed, she was cross half the evening at not receiving more particular attention from either of the objects of her admiration. George was entirely unconscious of giving any offense; but Fred had heard something of Miss Augusta's plans. She was still more deeply chagrined when the next

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time Ellen was honored instead of herself. She *knew* Bel and Bertha would laugh at her. Jenny now arrived, to relieve Aunt Mary.

"I know of no prettier sight than this," said Aunt Mary to Uncle Henry, as the children commenced another quadrille. Clara looked as fresh and sweet as the roses in her hair; our Aunt Mary's invitation to stay the next day.

The first thing after breakfast in the morning was a ride on the lake, which they all enjoyed. Augusta was really happy, thinking of the admiration her pretty pink brilliant dress and white apron must be exciting. The rest of the day was spent very pleasantly in

Ellen, very fair and pretty, with her golden ringlets and blue dress; Bertha Hall, with brown curls and white robe flying; and Augusta, too, only she looked a little cross and dissatisfied; but she eventually recovered her good humor. It was a pleasant evening to all concerned. They retired at a seasonable hour, first having accepted the orchard and garden, and at the swings. Augusta was rendered completely happy by an invitation from George to take a horseback ride on Clara's pony. In the evening train they returned to H——.

The next evening Ellen was to return home. Barbara, Milly, and even Jacob, had become very fond of our

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dear Nelly, and were sorry to part with her. Her cousins were quite sad at the idea of her going. They all tried to make her last day there as pleasant as possible. But the time came to go; the children thought they had never spent so short a week. The dépôt was but a short distance from the house, so they all accompanied her there. Uncle Henry secured her a nice seat.

"Now, Nelly, remember we are to go to Grandma Ellis' next summer," was Clara's last remark.

"All aboard!" cried the conductor. Puff, puff went the engine, and Ellen was on her way home. It was quite a journey for Nelly to make alone; but papa was waiting for her at the dépôt. Mamma, grandma, and Eddy were delighted to see their Nelly again, and now, while she is sitting by the warm fire, telling them all about her pleasant visit, we must say good-night to Ellen and her friends.

"And you must say good-night to us, too," said Susy—"it's our bed-time." So, after thanking Miss Hathaway for the story, they went down stairs.

ELLIAN.

A TIME TO DANCE.

CALLING at the house of an old friend a few days since, we fell into conversation about his little daughter, when the following dialogue, "for substance of doctrine," took place:

"Have you any little girl?"

"Yes, one nine years old."

"Does she dance?"

"Yes, certainly. From my window I see her dancing every day, up and down the yard, and out into the street."

"Does she take the step?"

"I guess you would think so, if you saw her. She steps up and down, and round and across. All sorts of steps—more in one hour than you can count."

"Does she have a teacher?"

"Oh, yes, her mother teaches her in this way: she gives her a lesson on some sewing, and when her task is finished, the little girl feels all over as if it was time to dance, and so, putting on her sack and boots, she sallies forth. There is a flock of kind and happy children at the next door, and

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they come out and join her, and the dance begins. It's a beautiful sight."

"What do they dance?"

"Country dances, that is, dances made in the country. Now and then, Cato, the dog, from over the way, springs in among them, and proposes a polka. Dogs always like polkas. They are not to blame, 'for God has made them so.'"

"Do they have any music?"

"Certainly they do, and the best I ever heard. It comes right up from their glad hearts. In cold weather they furnish it all. But in a few weeks, when the maple is casting its blossoms, and the green grass is coming up out of the ground, and the south wind is waking the earth from its sleep, their orchestra will be greatly enlarged. They will be joined by the oriole, with his silver trumpet, and the thrush, and the robin, and the blue-bird, who, making their nests in the elms above, will pour down their music upon the performers below. With such music, and a ball-room so beautiful, what little girl could keep from dancing? Oughtn't we to pity poor children who have to dance in the cellars and alleys of the town, and those—big and little—who are crowded into great hot and dusty rooms, without any grass, flowers, and trees, and who are obliged to hop round at the music of fiddles and horns, instead of the sweet melody of the birds?"

"Does it make your girl sick to dance?"

"Not by a great deal. When, just at evening, she goes out to dance for an hour, she returns with a face flushed with health, she is hungry for the supper; and when she lies down for the night, she falls quickly asleep, to dream of music and dancing, and all that is beautiful in sight or sound."

And so we came triumphantly to the conclusion, in the face of all the narrow-minded people, that there is a place and a way, as well as "a time to dance."

PROFANITY.

ONE of the greatest evils of this age is the use of profane language. With some it has become such a set habit, that it is as natural for them to take the name of the Almighty in vain as it is to speak, and whose lips take delight in uttering curses upon their fellow-men. What a degrading vice! 'Tis no respecter of ages; 'tis heard rolling from the lips of the young as well as the old. The school-boy, just emerging upon life, learns, in some unguarded moment, to utter words which, were he to ponder a moment, would cause him to draw back with horror from the sin he was about to commit. Again the temptation comes; but this time he yields more easily. He reasons with his conscience, and says that is not swearing; just using this little word, I don't intend to swear. Thus he reasons with his conscience, till he becomes familiar with still more dangerous words, and still he reasons the same. Thus he goes, step by step, till he does not falter to use words that would so have shocked him before. Little does he think of the misery in store for him, if he still persists in using them. If you are ever tempted to use profane language, check the words before they are uttered, and think of your mother at home, and of the misery you will heap upon her. Think of your future happiness in this world and in the next; think of the wretchedness of a swearer's life, and overcome the temptation before it is too late.

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AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

TALL SNAKE FIGHT.—We have hitherto supposed the day long since passed for chronicling a big snake fight in the vicinity of the Central City; but such it appears is not the case, from a scene which recently transpired within a short drive from the court-house. Some of the older residents will remember a building which formerly stood on Prospect Hill, about six miles distant from Peoria, and which was destroyed some seven or eight years since. During the past season another house was erected near the same location, and all that has remained as relics of the old hotel was a partially filled excavation for a cellar, and two well-preserved brick cisterns, which had been kept covered up. Last week the proprietor of the place, while busy with his wife in preparing their summer flower-garden, found himself in the want of a few bricks for the edge of the walks. Remembering the cisterns, he uncovered one of them, and finding it dry at the bottom, and only about six feet in depth, he jumped in, and commenced throwing out some of the best bricks he could pick from the walls. It seems there was a piece of plank with one end partly imbedded in the earth, that somewhat incommoded him; so seizing it, with some exertion, he pulled it out and threw it to the top. What was his horror and surprise, at the next moment, to find that he had unearthed an enormous rattlesnake, and himself without a weapon in his hand! As the cistern was round, and only about five feet in diameter, he could not jump out, and the snake bristling with anger and rattling defiance, was ready for battle. His screams brought his wife to the scene, but she was so overcome with fright that she became powerless to render any assistance. The snake, in the mean time, had commenced the fight, making repeated springs at him, but fortunately he managed, on each occasion, to hit him upon the head with his boot, without receiving a bite, the snake all the time becoming more defiant and enraged. During the whole scene, which lasted several minutes, the man did not lose his presence of mind, but watching his chance, made several frantic efforts to jump bodily from this seeming pit of destruction. At the last trial, he fortunately grasped a brick which gave way with him, and remained in his hand as he again stood fronting his hissing enemy. After a few more kicks, and watching his opportunity, he fired it, making probably one of the best shots on record, for it struck the snake on the head, and between the one sent and the wall, he became a "pretty well used-up sarpint." Weak and exhausted, our hero, by the assistance of his wife, was enabled to climb from the pit; but when once more upon the earth, he fainted away, and it was some time before he could be recovered. The snake was afterward taken from the cistern, when it was found to measure seven feet in length, and contained thirteen rattles! The latter have been preserved, and are placed in Shoaff's Museum for exhibition.—*Peoria (Ill.) Transcript.*

TIME.—Our measures of time are all false and absurd together; we might find a thousand better clocks than any that have ever been carried up into the sky by a church steeple. Thoughts, feelings, passions, events—these are the real moral time-keepers. What is

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it to me the ticking of a pendulum? There is many a five minutes, as they are called when measured by that false scale, that form two thirds of a lifetime. One fortnight of existence has withered more than twenty years, cast down the barrier between youth and age, and dried up the fountains of the heart like the simoon.

MR. EVERETT computes that the use of alcoholic beverages costs the United States directly, in ten years, $120,000,000; has burned or otherwise destroyed, $5,000,000 more of property; has destroyed 3,000,000; sent 252,000 to our prisons, and 100,000 children to the poor-house; caused 1,500 murders, 5,000 suicides, and has bequeathed to the country 100,000 orphan children.

ALIENATION.—Mental alienation, according to the best authorities, appears to occur more frequently in Great Britain than in any other country except Norway—the proportion in England being one insane person to every 783 inhabitants, and in Scotland one in 573, while in Norway the ratio is one maniac in 551 of the population. Mania seems to increase as man recedes from the warm or southern countries bordering the Mediterranean, and approaches the colder regions of the north. In Italy the scale descends so low as to give no more than one insane person to every 3,785 inhabitants.

NEW DICTIONARY. — Dog stealing "in the second degree" — hooking sausages.

THERE are truths which some men despise because they have not examined, and which they will not examine because they despise.

A TRIP to Bath—a stumble into the river.

FREDERICK THE GREAT was always fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed for an argument. He asked one of his suit why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question. "It is impossible, your majesty," was the reply, "to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such strong convictions, and wears such *very thick boots!*"

THE French excel all nations in studied equivoque, but give us a Yankee for the unintentional kind. A Western New York farmer writes as follows to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine:

"*Respected Sir*—I went, yesterday, to the fair at M——; I found several pigs of your species. There was a great variety of beasts, and I was astonished at not seeing you there!"

FERTILITY.—It is said that Siberia affords two crops a year—one of moss, and the other of icicles.

WHY do chickens have no future state? Because they have their necks twirled (next world) in this.

HORSE-LIKE.—A man was suspected of stealing a horse, and was arrested. "What am I taken for?" he inquired of the sheriff. "I take you for a horse," was the reply; whereupon he immediately kicked the sheriff over, and ran off.

A GOOD BOY.—"John, are you a good boy?" "Yes, I 'spose I is one of the kind o' goods. Mother used to say there was two kinds—the goods for something, and the goods for nothing. I guess I belong to the goods for nothing."

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THE WHITE SPARROW.

A GOOD STORY, WITH A VALUABLE MOTTO.

"Sleep is the worst of thieves;
He steals half our lives."

NO more common complaint is to be heard nowadays from the lips of housewives than the laziness and unthrifty habits of domestic servants. Mothers and grandmothers are often wont to tell the young housekeeper that matters were otherwise in their day; and it has sometimes occurred to us whether the fault may not lie as much in the degenerated habits of the masters and mistresses of the present generation as from any fault peculiar to their dependents. Were the lady of the house more frequently to rise at five or six in the morning, as in the "good old days of lang syne," perchance she would not have to complain that rooms were carelessly swept, that work was left undone, or fires lighted too late.

In most parts of Germany there passes current among the people this proverb:

"He that would thrive
Must the white sparrow see."

The meaning of the proverb is not at first sight so apparent as that of some others that circulate among us, such as "Early habits make the man," and "Honesty is the best policy," etc.; but the moral signification it is intended to convey is not the less true and important. I will therefore here relate the story connected with its origin, even as I received it myself from the lips of an old and valued friend.

There was an old farmer with whom everything appeared to grow worse from year to year. His cattle died one by one, and the produce of his land was not the half that it ought to be; in fact, all his property was, to use a very familiar expression, "going to the dogs!" In short, scarcely a week passed by that either the tax-gatherer or the pawnbroker did not come to his window, and, addressing him with a courteous bow, said, "I am really very sorry, Herr Ruckwart, to be compelled to put you to inconvenience, but I am obliged to do my duty." The old friends of Herr Ruckwart also tried to do their duty to him. They advised, they entreated, and they helped him, but all in vain; and so one after another gave him up in despair, declaring, with a sign, that as for poor Ruckwart, there was no use in trying to help him—he was past being helped.

He had one friend, however, whose heart was in the right place, and who was not only a good man, but a very prudent and clear-sighted one. This friend thought he would not give Herr Ruckwart up altogether without making one more attempt to save him. So, one day, he led the conversation, as though accidentally, to the subject of sparrows, relating many anecdotes of these birds, and observing how greatly they had multiplied of late, and how very cunning and voracious they had become.

Herr Ruckwart shook his head gravely in answer to this observation, and said:

"They are, indeed, most destructive creatures. For my part, I have not the slightest doubt that it is mainly owing to their depredation that my

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harvest has of late years been so unproductive."

To this conjecture his good old friend made no rejoinder; but after a moment's pause he continued the conversation by another interrogatory.

"Neighbor, have you ever seen a white sparrow?"

"No," replied Ruckwart; "the sparrows which alight in my fields are all the common gray sort."

"That is very probable, too," rejoined his friend. "The habits of the white sparrow are peculiar to itself. Only one comes into the world every year; and, being so different from its fellows, the other sparrows take a dislike to it, and peck at it when it appears among them. For this reason it seeks its food early in the morning, before the rest of the feathered tribe are astir, and then goes back to its nest, where it remains for the rest of the day."

"That is very strange!" exclaimed Ruckwart. "I must really try and get a sight at that sparrow; and, if possible, I will catch it, too."

On the morning following this conversation the farmer rose with the sun, and sallied forth into his field. He walked around his farm, searched his farm-yard in every corner, examined the roofs of his garners and the trees of his orchards, to see whether he could discover any traces of the wonderful white sparrow! But the white sparrow, to the great disappointment of the farmer, would not show itself or stir from its imaginary nest! What vexed the farmer, however, still more, was that, although the sun stood high in the heavens by the time he had completed his round, not one of the farm laborers were astir—they, too, seemed resolved not to leave their nests. Meanwhile the cattle were bellowing in their stalls with hunger, and not a soul was near to feed them.

Herr Ruckwart was reflecting on the disadvantages of this state of things, when suddenly he perceived a lad coming out of the house, carrying a sack of wheat on his shoulders. He seemed to be in great haste to get out of the precincts of the farm, and Herr Ruckwart soon perceived that his steps were not bent toward the mill, but toward a public house, where Caspar had unhappily a long score to pay. He hastened after the astonished youth, who believed his master to be still in the enjoyment of his morning nap, and quickly relieved him of his burden.

The farmer next bent his steps to the cow-house, and peeping to see whether the white sparrow had perchance taken refuge there, he discovered, to his dismay, that the milkmaid was handing a liberal portion of milk through the window to her neighbor, to mix with her morning cup of coffee.

"A pretty sort of housekeeping this is," thought the farmer to himself, as he hastened to his wife's apartment, and roused her from her slumbers. "As sure as my name is Ruckwart," he exclaimed in a somewhat angry tone, "there must be an end to these lazy habits. Everything is going wrong for the want of somebody to look after them. So far as I am concerned," thought the good farmer to himself, "I will rise every day at the same hour I rose this morning, and then I shall get my farm cleared of those who do not intend to do their duty properly. Besides, who knows but some fine morning or other I may succeed in catching the white sparrow!"

Days and weeks passed on. The

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farmer adhered to his resolution, but he soon forgot the white sparrow, and only looked after the cattle and his corn-fields. Soon everything around him wore a flourishing aspect, and men began to observe that Herr Ruckwart (Backward) now well deserved to be called Herr Vowart (Forward). In due course of time his old friend again came to spend the day with him, and inquired, in a humorous tone, "Well, my fine fellow, how are you getting on now? have you yet succeeded in catching a glimpse of the white sparrow?"

The farmer only replied to this question by a smile, and then, holding out his hand to his old friend, he said, "God bless you, Herder! you have saved me and my family from ruin."

Often, in after years, when Herr Ruckwart was a prosperous man, respected by neighbors, and beloved by his well-ordered household, he was wont to relate this history of his early life; and thus, by degrees, the saying passed into a proverb — "He who would thrive must the white sparrow see."

PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth;
Go when the noon is bright;
Go when the eve declineth;
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Send earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all that love thee—
All who are loved by thee;
And pray for those that hate thee,
If any such there be.
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And join with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

A WANT of confidence has kept many a man silent. A want of sense has made many persons talkative.

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Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

APRIL 1.—How strange that on "All Fools' day" all the wise thousands of the land should be gathered together for a frolic! But so it is; wise and merry—merry and wise. No fools but those who stay away. Now speak, one at a time. Give S. T. K., the timid new comer, out in the corner there, the first chance, by way of encouraging her to speak out again whenever she has anything to say.

SPENCER, *Feb.* 9.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I feel rather bashful in writing to you, but I like the MUSEUM so much, and the Chat, too, that I can hardly help it. I see that all the contributors to the MUSEUM call you *Uncle* Merry, but I do not feel quite well enough acquainted to do so yet, as I have never taken the MUSEUM before this year. Yet I would like to take a seat by your fireside, and be introduced to some of the cousins, uncles, and aunts, if you admit new comers. I have been all over this village trying to find some subscribers for the MUSEUM, but I did not succeed in finding any. (By the way, I do not think the people here are very merry.) But I hear you have a terrible hatchet, which vents its wrath upon long letters; so I must close. With many good wishes to you all, I am yours,

S. T. K.

Now let D. B. S. come forward. She stands in the door yonder. D. B. S., don't be silent.

WORCESTER, MASS., *March* 12, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—I have long wished to take my seat in the Merry circle, but have lacked confidence to apply till now. My father has taken the MUSEUM for his boys more than fifteen years, and we all hail its monthly appearance with pleasure, and take a "*chat*" with the cousins, and pull over the "*puzzle drawer*" the first thing. Hoping for a kind reception from you and Aunt Sue, here I am at the door. D. B. S.

ST. C——, *March*, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES, ETC.:—I feel ashamed of myself, indeed. I never did such a thing before, did I? My motto is, "pay as you go," and know, all ye Merrys, it is a wondrously good motto, for it exempts one from all these everlastingly recurring duns. Try it, all of you; but in trying, don't allow carelessness to make you remiss in one instance, and especially in paying for the MUSEUM. I have but one excuse to offer, and that is carelessness, and accompanying that excuse, I send my dollar, "solitary and alone," too, although I had fully intended preaching up the unparalleled excellences of the MUSEUM to more than one "indulgent parent;" but oh, carelessness, carelessness, thou, at least, art not a virtue!

Mr. Hogan, J. V., happy to make your acquaintance.

Poor Willie C.! He seems kind of "riled" about "bumble-bees."

Annie E. D., suppose you "run around" and send up your card. Don't you suppose we would be glad to see you? *I* would, I know.

Thanks, Blue-Eyed Laura, for that kiss. Call, and you will not regret having sent it.

Bess! Bess!! Bess!!! Who'd have thought it! Don't, auntie, say anything about *busses* in connection with such a rogue. Let's—let's—let's—well, what shall I propose to do with him? Oh, yes, let's "coerce" him.

Daisy W., if you were here in St. C., you should soon be convinced that faith, according to your definition, was not a very hard thing to exercise.

My! how much I have said! Please, I didn't go to. Love, one and all.

BLACK-EYES.

Didn't go to, hey? Then how did you get there? Now, Mrs. Black-Eyes, we have a hatchet what knows how to "coerce," and Hatchet owes you a grudge because you didn't build your house on a railroad, so that he could catch a glimpse of those eyes in passing.

Allow us to introduce you to Sam Slick.

BROOKLYN, *March* 5, '61.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS:—Supposing that I have as much right to write as "any other man" (?), I will take this opportunity to let you know that I am

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alive, well, etc. Stella L., do you think as much of "Wilforley" as you did of Bess? Busy Bee, what do you think of O. O.'s phiz? Don't you think he will catch cold in his head for want of a covering, do you?

Love to Gasella and *all* the Southern cousins in general. To the others the same, *of course*. How is it I can never get a glimpse of Uncle Hiram, when I visit "116?" I haven't seen him yet, and I have been around a score of times (or less).

What has become of Josiah Joker and Uncle Joe? or has J. J.'s Stone Mountain tumbled down, and he "vanished?" But I suppose if I want any one to hear of me, I will have to be short; so I will stop. No more at present from

Your nephew,

SAM SLICK.

Uncle Hiram is oftener felt than seen. He is so sharp, you can't look at him with both eyes. He cuts right in between, if you do. He is nothing but edge. Some say (don't let him hear this) that he would make a very respectable *'edge'og*. He certainly has the quills for it; but, for a hatchet, he is too lamblike.

LIMA, *Feb.* 19.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I can hardly find words to express my indignation and astonishment at the conduct of that arch deceiver, Bess. To think that she —no, *he*—is a man!!

What a troubled conscience he must have! How those kisses obtained "under false pretenses" must weigh down his guilty soul! What punishment shall we award, cousins? And we, most of us, imagined that W. H. C. *could* "go proposing." When such "doings" are found among the "bright particular stars," what can you expect of us lesser luminaries?

Annette, dear, you must pardon me for not seconding your motion. Will you accept a kiss? you need fear no treachery, for I am, always have been, and always will be HOMELY FACE.

There, Willful Bess, you must take the whole of that, and make the most of it. No, no; I don't mean the kiss, but the scolding, or *scalding*, perhaps I should say.

Feb. 12, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I suppose I may call you uncle, though I don't know you much. I have just begun taking the MUSEUM, and like it very much. I am especially interested in the Chat.

I should like to be introduced to all the cousins. Please reserve a seat for me close by Homely Face. I have great sympathy for her.

Give my love to Milly, Busy Bee, and all the rest.

As you have in your family Black-Eyes and Blue-Eyes, I will subscribe myself GRAY-EYES.

Just as "*much*" as you please, Gray-Eyes, and as often.

PENNSYLVANIA, *March* 8.

DEAR UNCLE HATCHET:—Well, I declare! I feel kind of bashful. If it did not happen that I came all the way from the Keystone State to get a look at the Merry family, I would not come in.

And these are the cousins, are they? How cheerful they all look! Please introduce me to W. H. C., and let me shake hands with the *rara avis*, Sybil Grey. I want to get acquainted with you, for I desire to become one of your number. I think the puzzles were very hard last month. Your new nephew,

PENNSYLVANIA DICK.

Dick, you are welcome—doubly welcome. Indeed, you will not know how welcome till I tell you all that "Dick" means to me. Perhaps I will tell you some day. H. H.

WEST BLOOMFIELD, *March*.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS:—Knowing my own insignificance, yet trusting to that kindness of heart which Uncle Hiram has always exhibited, notwithstanding he has hacked our letters so unmercifully, I will venture to write to you once more. Wilforley (as I suppose we must call you now), I think you must be mistaken about knowing me, for I have no sister Gertie, and reside many miles from Providence, in the pleasant village of Bloomfield, N. Y. I am willing, for one, to forgive you your deceit if you will promise to do better in future. Adelbert, I think you are almost *too* defiant, although I second your motion of doing "something to stir up the Chatterers" to action. Come, Black-Eyes, W. H. C., etc., for we depend upon

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you to rescue us from this indomitable hero. Now, having had my say, I will close, for I see the hatchet "looming up" in the distance. Yours, niecely and cousinly, NELLIE S. WHITING.

There's a generous, forgiving spirit, and no doubt Wil. will feel a thousand per cent. better when this greets his eyes. The truth is, Nellie, that Wil. is in a fair way to—

Feb. 6, 1861.

DEAR MERRY:—Your humble servant having been duly acknowledged as "hatchet-sharpener," and furthermore provided with a most comfortable seat, feels quite at ease and at liberty to chat a moment.

Cruel, heartless *Mr.* Bess, to awaken in this heart such emotions, etc., and then—. Well, never mind! we are all old CABINET friends; so let's shake hands and *make up*, and you shall be *assistant* hatchet-sharpener.

But, W. H. C., why *didn't* you *tell* sooner? Alas, *alas!* the disappointed hopes, the blasted affections, etc. My feelings are too deep for utterance; and with a sincere hope that you may be brought to see the error of your ways, I deliver you over to the tender mercies of Aunt Sue. Deal gently but *firmly* with him, auntie.

Uncle Hi, if your hatchet is dull, just allow me to sharpen it while you are disposing of this scribble.

VENERABLE SAN.

You will do well not to try your *hand* on our hatchet. It has a cunning way of leaving scars and scratches behind.

ZEBRAVILLE, OHIO, *Feb.* 14, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Valentine's day! I come too late to wish you *all* a happy New Year. Yes, *slightly*, but not too late, I trust, to congratulate Mr. MUSEUM on reaching his twenty-first birthday without mishap. I was born in the same year MUSEUM was. Now, girls, don't think I am telling *you* my age. I am only talking with MUSEUM. I have been acquainted with him many years, and hope *we* shall always remain, as we *ever* have been, *friends;* at least, for *my* part, I am sure we will. Is Bess executed yet? If not, I appeal to Uncles Hiram and Merry to grant the prisoner at *least* a reprieve, and try the case more fully. Bess evidently believes in the transmigration of "hims" to "hers," and since that is a "lovelier" state of existence, if her theory proves true, it must bring about the happiest results. Not wrong, uncles, am I? I could "perorate" on the State of the Union, in the Chat, but the rules won't admit. So, heartily, I bid you all adieu. HAL.

Exactly right, Hal. But what a *striped* place that must be which you hail from. Do you have politics of all stripes there? Do you hold to the stars as well as the *stripes?*

But here comes a "Rowland for our Oliver." He is welcome, and we are waiting to hear what he has to say.

SHERAMOOR, FLA., *Feb.* 27, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Again I am patiently awaiting admittance at the threshold of the Chat; and though I may be too late for a seat, yet I will be perfectly satisfied if you will give me a *stand* in the circle. In fact, a stand would be preferable, if in the vicinage of Jennie's chair, as I have a particular partiality for that name; certainly, Jennie, you couldn't be so cruel as to object?

Well, Neil! John Quiz has *gone and done it;* actually "let the cat out of the bag." "Misery loves company," you know, and as I was fearful I was too large to enter the Chat—of course Johnny's letter pleased me wonderfully.

No, Charlie F. W., I was too young to vote; but if you knew how ardently I "plied the stick and rule" in behalf of the claims of Massachusetts' noblest son to the Vice-Presidency, you would not have propounded me the question. We may be severed, politically, but *never*, I trust, socially.

Uncle Merry, can't you get some one to sympathize with me? for after having confessed my admiration for a certain fair one in the Chat, I received a hint about "two little olive branches." Such characters ought to "show their hands" (I'm not a card-player), for it don't pay to take on so about married folks. Good-bye. (Uncle Hatchet's coming!)

ROWLAND.

Amen! Rowland. Never socially, and not long politically.

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BATAVIA, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I crave permission to say a few words. First of all I must welcome Sybil; how glad I am to know that you are at last safe home! C. M. Gibbs, are you for secession? I hope not, as I am for the Union. Saucy Nell, my love to you, for you are of my sort. Adrian, the MUSEUM election is in prospective; probably at the next Presidential election we will have the pleasure of escorting Uncles Hiram and Merry into the White House. Carrie, I am glad you have concluded to return to the Chat. Loui T. Burnham, glad to make your acquaintance. Roland, so you have been peeping at my eyes, have you? well, you are welcome to look at them as long as you wish. Oliver Onley, I do not see why the girls are making such a fuss about the feminine head that looked over your shoulder. I know you mentioned it in your letter to excite our jealousy, and you have succeeded pretty well with a few. Well, I believe I have noticed almost every one who has graced the January Chat, and as my paper is giving out I must say adieu, with love to all. Affectionately yours,

BLUE-EYES.

PROVIDENCE, *March* 9, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Being a prisoner to the storm without, and having tested the good-nature of each of my sisters, I took up the MUSEUM, and was just wishing I might obtain an introduction to the "Merry family," where there are so many "cousins" I might tease, when the thought occurred, I would *sue* for one without delay.

I think I should like a seat by "Cousin Sue," as she is so bashful I should take great delight in teasing her, but I see you have assigned her a seat between "Viola" and the "Lone Star" of Texas, so I shall have to find another cousin to sit by. Will you please tell me, Uncle Merry, which cousin you think would endure, most patiently, my persecutions? And hoping I may gain an entrance into the dear "circle," I bid you good-bye.

CHARLEY.

Take a seat, Charley, right side of Uncle Robert. I must have an eye on you, for I see by the twinkle of your eye that you are something of a rogue. You will find our *Merry* family as good-natured as your sisters.

LONGMEADOW, *March* 9, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Kit and I are sitting here at the window, I watching the rain and listening to the wind, and Kit washing herself. Now Kit's name is Gipsey, but I call her a variety of names. She loves me very much, I really believe; and sometimes when she has not seen me for a long time, kisses me on the tip of my nose—nowhere else. I asked her if she would like to send you a kiss; she stared into vacancy a moment, then continued washing herself.

I think Wilforley (late Bess) is a very wicked fellow, but he tells everything so openly, that we should all forgive him.

I think, though I have been to the Chat a number of times, that I am growing bashful; so give me a seat far away from all the "dignitaries," and I will accept your kind invitation to "call again." Well, Kit is settling herself to sleep, and as she will not send you a kiss, I will, and one to Aunt Sue, and to "Golden-Haired Effie," for I like her.

Mr. Merry (oh! Uncle Merry, I mean), I am going to send you a "para;" will you accept it? It is worth about a mill. Papa brought it from Constantinople, with ever so many other coins. Whew! what a long letter! I guess I shall be "clipped" this time. So good-bye. Your affectionate niece, JENNIE D.

Thanks, Jennie, for the "para;" we will deposit it among our Chinese curiosities, which near and dear friends have sent us from Fuh Chau.

Feb. 16, 1861.

Aunt Sue, in her last Scrap-Bag, says she should like to see "a man who was ever 'refused' by a lady." Surely, Aunt Sue, they must be few and far between. I have often heard the vanity of men exclaimed against, but until now I have been rather skeptical on the subject. But I can no longer doubt. I suppose our "bright particular" has received so much adulation, that he can not conceive it possible that any girl in her right mind should decline the honor of becoming Mrs. W. H. C., and therefore considers in the light of an acceptance my last message, so carefully worded, to prevent hurting his *amour propre*, and giving as my reason for refusing him, the inconstancy of all mankind. Acceptance! Alas! poor human nature! Ah, Willie, you must have been frightened

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indeed, when you were compelled to drop the disguise you have so long worn, and come out in your true colors. A married man, indeed! Well, take your seat in the corner there by Black-Eyes, and mind you henceforth behave with the propriety befitting your responsibilities. Please give my love and a kiss to "your little girl," and tell her I hope her papa will bring her to see me some day, and we will have a grand romp over the lawn together.

Daisy Wildwood, why do you not make your appearance more frequently? However, the spring is at hand, and I trust you will come with the other flowers.

Serena, welcome to my corner. I have a comfortable sofa here, and you shall have part of it.

Tell me, Uncle Hi, haven't we a single Chatterer from Albany? I have been there these last three or four weeks, and have had such a gay old time on the N. R. Skating Park, that I could embrace any one who hails from that quarter.

Addio. Yours, in a hurry,

SYBIL GREY.

We have quite a number of Chatterers in Albany, and would be happy to hear from them. Uncle Merry was there one cold day looking at the skaters, till his teeth began to chatter. By the way, you must have mistaken the age of W. H. C.'s "little girl." How is it, Willie?

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 21, 1860.

MR. ROBERT MERRY:—I am a stranger to you, never having entered your doors before, although knowing all that was going on, through the medium of your magazine. I am here as an applicant for your favor, to be allowed to enter the circle of cousins, where shines so much wit and beauty. I have taken it (the magazine) for some time, and like it better the oftener I read it. Please give my love to all the cousins, and tell them I think a bee is a kind of second cousin to a grasshopper, and that they are both beasteses.

Dear Uncle Hi, you New Yorkers have your Central Park, but we have the magnificent Schuylkill to skate on. Ain't it nice fun, though? Ask your nieces and nephews if it ain't.

TREMENJUS APPLAUS, *alias*

ALLIE CHAUCER.

There are many more eager to speak, but we must close up just here, only saying that

NELL VAN shall have a chance, and a good one, by-and-by. We would like to tell her where Nip is, but can't. Please don't hurt Osc—, and don't break the chairs.

MAGNOLIA.—We will come most gladly, and give you a call. Aunt Sue would like nothing better. Let us introduce you to "Carrie," and hand over your cordial greeting to "Texas Boy."

JESSIE LINWOOD.—I wish you had come earlier. But you must come again, for we must all hear of your travels in good old Scotland and Ireland. You must have a thousand-and-one things to tell us, and—(PRIVATE!! *we will hide the hatchet when you come*).

LILY G. PARLEY, from the far sunny South, is so full of sunshine and cheery good-will, that we should like right well to give her a whole Chat to herself. But just now, we can only say that when one is not only *good* but *rich*, she must be happy indeed.

Jim, of Summer Hill—Leo—Milly—Anemone—Eddie Wilson—Cousin A.—Carrie—Juniper—Prink—and a whole regiment more (we don't speak in a military sense), will please accept our hearty greetings, and come again, and come always.

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON, AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD.—This great national route, between New York and the West, combines speed, safety, and comfort, with attractive scenery and careful attention to passengers, and by its connection with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, forms one of the most important routes in the country. Passengers for Wheeling, Columbus, Cincinnati, etc., will find this a very desirable route. A complete guide of this route, including historical sketches, legends, etc., illustrated with a large number of engravings and maps, published in Philadelphia, will be found a very valuable companion in the cars.

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Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

I PROPOSE this month to offer a gold pen (to *subscribers*) for the greatest number of words made out of any word of one syllable; the words must be found in Webster's or Worcester's dictionary (they must *not* be *obsolete*); the letters must not be doubled, if there be but one of a kind—for instance, if the word selected be *starch*, you can not make *tract* out of it, because there is but one *t* in *starch*. To be decided in the July magazine. The other prizes offered as usual.

NED W. wins the prize for February, having answered all the puzzles.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

89. When filled with food, or tired of toy,
And appetite or play should cloy,
You then my first behold;
My second is a shady walk,
Where lovers often meet to talk—
My whole, a game of old.
X. T. C.

90. I am composed of 27 letters:
My 9, 2, 23, 18, 11, 20, 24 is part of a house.
My 16, 22, 7, 26, 17, 3, 27, 13 is a town in Denmark.
My 8, 21, 23, 25, 12, 4 was a king of France.
My 1, 14, 19, 5, 6, 10 is to fortify.
My 15, 2 is a pronoun.
My whole is a popular Latin quotation. *Sam Slick.*

91. I am composed of 5 letters:
My 1, 2, 4, 5 is what monkeys often do.
My 1, 3, 4, 5 is what we all strive after.
My 2, 3, 1 is a fragment.
My whole is a vegetable. *Bob.*

92. I am composed of 31 letters:
My 25, 20, 13 is an Indian island.
My 5, 9, 10, 17, 22 is a desert.
My 11, 7, 6, 12, 15 is an aromatic herb.
My 26, 23, 24, 31, 30, 1, 10 will make wrinkles on your face.
My 18, 3, 16, 14, 8, 11 is a useful household article.
My 28, 21, 19, 8 is the name of a fish.
My 2, 29, 10, 4 is a musical instrument.
My 30, 27, 24 is a trap.
My whole is a proverb.
Forget-me-Not

93. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 15, 6, 5 is a bird of mythical origin.
My 7, 2, 1, 14, 11 are sometimes engendered by passion.
My 9, 2, 3, 13 is an exclamation.
My 15, 10, 17, 12, 4, 8, 16 is a source of wonder to some, joy to most, and indifference to very few condemned criminals.
My whole is a poetical imagery that had its origin among the ancients.
Pinck.

A SCRIPTURE NAME.

94. A A A A A H H H P P N N E T Z
Sallie of Elizabeth.

95. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 15, 12, 13 is a cover.
My 3, 9, 17 is an animal.
My 10, 1, 4, 5 is a useful animal.
My 8, 9, 7, 2 is a blessing, sometimes unappreciated by many.
My 11, 12, 17, 14, 6, 16 13 is a tool generally used in shingling a house.
My whole is a name familiar to us all. *Harry H.*

96. I am composed of 25 letters:
My 6, 8, 22, 15 is an animal.
My 2, 17, 25, 13 are often broken.
My 16, 14, 20, 10, 1, 4 is a relative.
My 18, 11, 21 is a pronoun.
My 3, 12, 23 is part of the body.
My 5, 7 is a pronoun.
My 19, 24, 9 is a conjunction.
My whole is a saying oftentimes forgotten by many. *Dew-Drop.*

PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

97. A codfish.

98. An axe.

99 An animal's nose. *Oliver Onley*

100. Entire, I am a useful article of 6 letters; in me may be found (1) an amusement, (2) an assistant, (3) a person in authority, (4) a useful substance, (5) a number, (6) an extremity, (7) (8) (9) three nicknames, (10) a vessel, (11) a pleasant spot, (12) an adjective,

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(13) a fish, (14) an English villain, (15) a weapon, (16) a shore, (17) a common act, (18) a state of the body, (19) a European, (20) a valuable gift generally.
H. A. Danker.

101. 11001150E. *Tommy.*

ENIGMATICAL WORDS.

102. Certain falsehood.

103. Augment mud.

104. Advance Garrison

105. Leap little.

106. Goblin roam. *Lillie Harrison.*

107. My first is a tool; my next is a very important ingredient of my whole, which is an article of food.
C. T. Warner.

108. Why is history like a kitchen?
Sam Slick.

109. Entire, I am an animal; behead me, and I am a kind of frame; behead again and transpose me, and I am another animal, valued for its fur. *Ike.*

110. Behead a cask or dish containing six letters, and leave but two.
G. B. Higbee.

111. Behold! through boundless space
I glide, and leave no trace:
Transposed, you see me now
Guiding the sturdy plow;
Again, the city's wall
Before our strength must fall.
Fleta Forrester.

(FOR LISPERS.)

112. What road ith like a prethiouth thtone? *Wilforley.*

113. Which of the letters of the alphabet once saw? *Aunt Martha.*

114. Why is your minister the comparative of yesterday? *Howard.*

ANAGRAMS.

115. S N quilt it over. *Sam.*

116. A nice stump. *H. A. Danker.*

117. O! Cupid snort! *Timothy T.*

118. Lonely I rove. *Stranger.*

119. I cut, to gain less. *Blue-Bell.*

120. A cruel son. *Adelbert Older.*
(Nothing personal!—A. S.)

121. What riddle can not be solved?
J. F. C.

122. What kitchen utensil beheaded will leave a puzzle? *Aunt Sue.*

123. Transpose a spirit into a town in England. *Cornelia.*

124. Make a sentence of four words to read backward and forward the same. *Cornelia.*

Answers to Questions in Feb. No.

35. Who will find out this cipher?
Quite easy the task,
If with zeal you exert
All the judgment I ask.

36. Rach—roach.

37. Horsemanship.

38. Sir William Wallace.

39. Semper inops quicunque cupit.

40. Deferential.

41. Opalescent.

42. Paraphrases.

43. Interstratified.

44. Trisyllabical.

45. Preantipenultimate.

46. Care, Amen, Read, Ends. (Those were Alpha's original words, besides which have been sent, *Stop, Time, Omen, Pens; Slip, Lade, Idol, Pelt; Delf, Evil, Life, Fled; Spar, Pole, Alas, Rest; Idea, Dear, East, Arts*, and several others. All genuine words, properly combined, have been credited.)

47. CLOOM.

48. Politeness. 1, Listen; 2, nest; 3, in; 4, sin; 5, pole; 6, ten; 7, tile; 8, tine; 9, to; 10, lo! 11, see; 12, son; 13, lot; 14, line; 15, Nile; 16, ton; 17, loss; 18, pen; 19, net; 20, top; 21, Eli; 22, stone; 23, snipe; 24, Sol; 25, pit; 26, pile; 27, pine; 28, spine; 29, lips; 30, pin.

49. Ead, tead, bead.

50. Charade.

51. Catchpenny.

52. Mephibosheth.

53. Tupelo.

54. Magnolia.

55. Matrimony.

56. So, sod, sold, solid, stolid. (Other combinations have been sent, but the parts of speech were not quite correct.) *C. T. W.* gives "At, ant, cant, scant, scanty."

57. Thomas Babington Macaulay

NED W. answers all.

Mary A. E., all but 35 and 46.

Bertha, all but 39, 44, 56.

Oliver Onley, all but 39, 46.

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H. A. Danker, all but 36, 39, 48.
Tommy, all but 39, 46, 49.
Sam Slick, all but 39, 46, 49.
Venus, all but 36, 39, 46, 53, 56.
Adelbert Older, all but 35, 36, 39, 47, 48, 49, 53, 55.
C. T. Warner, all but 35, 39, 41, 43, 44, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53.
Lillie Harrison answers 37, 38, 48, 50, 51, 52, 54, 55, 57.
Busy Bee.—35, 37, 40, 50, 51, 52, 54, 55, 57.
T. E. S.—37, 38, 42, 44, 45, 47, 50, 52, 57.
D. P. and W. W. W., Jr.—38, 47, 51, 52, 54, 57.
Lizzie Livingston.—35.
Wilforley.—35.
Milton W. R.—57.
Jim.—51, 52, 54, 57.
Ella P.—57.
Alpha.—39!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sam Slick.—I am very glad the "heart" proved such a "puzzle." I will attend to the photograph.

Milton W. R.—Don't "give it up so;" glad you have concluded to write at last.

Tommy.—You can't write "too often," as far as *I* am concerned.

Jeannie Parker.—Kiss your "mamma" for me, and thank her. I hope she doesn't think the Puzzle Drawer is "all nonsense." Indeed, I think that puzzling over these little matters makes one more *au fait* at solving the every-day puzzles of life. ° ° It was well your thermometer was *not* longer; how cold it *would* have been!

Lillie Harrison says she can not *master* my puzzle, so she must *miss* it. Ha! ha!

Oliver Onley.—Your "40 cents" was subjected to a ruinous discount before it reached me (20 per cent. off). "*Temin*" is 40 cents, and you only sent "*Temi*;" I suppose I shall find the missing *n* on the outskirts of Boston. Oliver desires *Hal* to answer the question he (Hal) propounded in March, 1859, "Was Joshua a Protestant or a Catholic?" (He had a miter placed on his head.—Zec. iii. 5.)

Adelbert Older.—I am glad your "habit" of writing to the MUSEUM has become a fixed fact.

H. A. Danker.—I hope I will be at home.

Tattler.—Your answer to 25 ("Ohio") was pretty good, but not *quite* right.

D. P. and W. W. W., Jr.—I am glad you have broken the ice. I think the person you inquire about is one of the fair sex. She is very capricious in her communications.

Frank.—There are loud calls for you. Where are you?

Theta.—Wake up!

C. T. Warner answers No. 26 "Shop-lifters." Ha! ha! that's pretty good, Carrie.

Busy Bee.—Did you receive my love *via* Sam?

Alpha.—What *do* you mean by sending only one answer?

C. M. Gibbs has received several compliments for the ingenuity of his puzzle, No. 83.

Mary A. E. modestly wonders what she has done to merit Cinderella's love, but offers her own in exchange.

Blue-Bell.—Do you think you have treated our gold pen well, by never using it in our behalf?

Howard.—I sent your gold pen in January, and have never seen your handwriting since. What is the matter?

Sue D. W.—I was going to say "we should *suit* each other to a T;" but to be as tremendously funny as I intended, I should have had to spell it "*suet*," and that would have been "cutting it a little too fat;" so there's nothing funny, and no joke anywhere. Isn't it too bad?

Cinderella.—Did I frighten you?

Ned W.—I congratulate you; please send your address.

Olive.—Shake hands; I am delighted to see you; I am sure I can promise you a friendly greeting from "Bertha, Jeannie P., and Lillie H."

Cornelia.—Your answer to 46 will do for a new puzzle.

Venus.—I admire your "determination," and congratulate you on the result.

Uncle Joe.—You are as welcome as the flowers in May. Many thanks for your budget of enigmas, etc.

Lodavic.—We are glad to see you also.

H.—I referred to the book of puzzles, but do not know the author. *X. T. C.* was the one "hinted at."

Thanks for puzzles, etc., to *Tommy, Jeannie Parker, Ella P., Melnotte, Busy Bee, Olive, T. E. S., Cornelia, Lodavic, B.*, and *Venus*.

Answers too late to be credited last month from *Jeannie Parker* and *Alpha*.

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WILLIE'S THOUGHTS ABOUT BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

MAY.

I WONDER what makes them come
To their cold northern haunts again,
From spicy groves and flowery home,
In tropical forests and plains.

From winter's first frown they fled
To where summer holds ceaseless sway.
So gorgeously petted and fed,
I wonder why don't they stay.

From groves of orange and lime,
From gardens and fragrant savannahs,
They return to gladden our clime
With jubilant grateful hosannahs.

They come, they come! I can hear them now!
What a joyous greeting they bring!
See, the robin is out on the maple bough,
And the blue-bird down by the spring.

I am glad we are here to meet them,
And welcome them back to their nests;
With hearty good-will we'll greet them,
And never their labors molest.

In advance of the opening flowers,
Ere the fruit-buds have broken their urns,
They gladden our gardens and bowers,
And assure us of spring's return.

Oh, beautiful, beautiful birds,
Sweet angels of forest and air,
No marvel ye travel unhurt,
Our heavenly Father's care.

For music, and beauty, and love,
And all the sweet instincts of home,
Find ready responses above,
To protect you wherever you roam.

Oh! welcome, most welcome ye are
To forest, and gardens, and bowers,
Our fields and our garners to share,
And to revel in fruits and flowers.

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NELLY AND HER BOAT.

SHAKSPEARE said, that when a thing is done, it should be well done; by which he meant it should be done *brown*. And Brown & Taggard, of Boston, have done it just so. Their "Nelly" series of stories for young folks is one of the best and most attractive of the many attempts of our American press to supply the growing demand for juvenile reading. "Nelly's Boat," the last issue of this series, is fully up to the standand, and will meet with a cordial welcome, not only among the young readers, but among the mothers and sisters, ay, and the grandfathers, too, who love, in the genial kindness of a ripe old age, to go back to the nursery and the school-room, and recall the scenes and lessons of childhood and youth.

Nelly is very good natured, but rather a petted adopted child, who is

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learning her first lesson in self-discipline, and who gets along famously with it, under the tuition of Martin, the young boat builder. Martin is a philosopher of the "Jonas" school, a boy with a man's head on his shoulders. His heart is in the right place, however, and he acts his part well; as judicious and practical in all he says and does as Solomon would have been in the same circumstances. He exerts a wonderful power over Nelly, without seeming to aim to do so at all. The lesson that runs through the story is one of self-discipline of the gentlest kind; and our young friends would do well not only to read the book, but to put its lesson to the test in their own daily lives. We hope there may be many more to come in the same series, and that all of them will be liberally distributed all over the land. The book is beautifully printed and illustrated, as the following specimen, selected from its pages, will show:

THE TWO QUEENS.

It was a lovely close to a pleasant day. Sunset clouds were beginning to crimson the sky, and make bright reflections on the windows of the cottages in the village. A soft evening breeze was rising. Weary laborers were seen walking on the roads, swinging their dinner-kettles in their hands as they went. In some of the fields through which the children passed, the cows were standing by the rails, waiting, in patient groups, to be driven home; and in others, yokes of mild-eyed oxen were just being turned loose to rest after their day's work.

Soon, the children came to where the wild flowers grew, and each set about forming a collection. They were not nearly as plentiful as they had been, but what remained were very beautiful. There were still a few violets and columbines, while, fortunately, the buds of the wild-brier roses were just beginning to open, in the hedges along the stone fences.

Nancy showed the children how to make the half-blown roses into wreaths, by twisting the stems with some fine wire which happened to be in her pocket.

"Nancy," said Martin, when she produced the wire, "I do think that is a wonderful pocket of yours. Just at the very moment an article is wanted, you are sure to put your hand in, and pull it out all ready. It must be pretty large."

"Well," replied Nancy, "it *is* middlin' good sized. I make a p'int of carryin' a little of every sort of thing I can. It is so handy. Now, you see, that wire came just in the nick of time. Maybe I have something else that may be wanted."

She sat down on the soft green grass, and emptied the contents of her pocket into her lap. It was truly, as she had said, of a middling good size.

"Why, I declare," said Melinda, "if that isn't as big as my school-satchel!"

"Big!" echoed Nancy; "of course it's big. I'd like to know how I could carry such a lot of things if it wasn't. There's that tape I bought of the peddler yesterday; well, now, if I didn't conclude I'd lost it! Sure as I'm alive, there's the baby's rattle! I couldn't find it all day Saturday. I *thought* I heerd a jingling-like when I ran down to the well, at a pretty smart pace, just before I left home. How strange I disremember putting it there!"

Accompanying the tape and the rattle were odds and ends of almost every description. There were two fragments of wax-candles, plenty of

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twine, a small piece of cheese—that Nancy said was *so* handy when she wanted to set the mouse-trap, bits of cotton lace, a stocking just set up on the needles, with a ball of gray yarn, a stump of a pencil, an apple, an old comb, and Nancy's best handkerchief, clean, and unfolded from its original creases.

Having examined and put everything back again into the pocket, Nancy told the children, if they would gather the roses, she would make a wreath for a sample.

"And then," said she, "you can choose one of the girls for a queen, and put her on a rock for a throne, and have a dance around her." This proposition was received with much applause; and while some of the children collected the roses, the rest set about selecting the throne, and strewing over it handfuls of anemones and branches of hemlock. Nancy was so funny in her ways that the children liked her very much; and they were glad they had persuaded her to accompany them in their walk. She seemed, quite naturally, to take the lead in everything, and to suggest everything, and to show them how to carry her suggestions out.

"Who do you think ought to be queen?" asked Martin, as, after pouring into Nancy's lap a fresh supply of the most perfect of the brier-rose buds, he stood a moment to watch her nimble fingers twist them together with the aid of the wire.

"Well," said Nancy, solemnly, "I have been speculatin' on that. Don't you think *I'd* make a good queen? I'm big enough, I hope, to be one—and handsome enough, I dare say."

"But," said Martin, "if one of the *little* girls—"

"There!" interrupted Nancy, "I knew it! I did not expect that of *you*, Martin. I am not big enough, eh, to be your queen?"

"Plenty *big* enough," said Martin, smiling, "but not *little* enough, Nancy."

"Oh, yes," said Nancy, tossing her head, "little enough, indeed! You speak as if I was a giantess. Well, then, if you will not vote for *me*, who is next best?"

"I think," said Melinda, "that Bessie ought to be queen, because it's her tea-party."

"And her birthday, too," cried Nelly, pulling little Bessie from behind the tree where she had rushed to hide herself at the mention of her proposed dignity. "Won't you be our queen, Bessie? We'll put a crown on your head; and when you sit on your throne, Nancy says we must dance around you."

Bessie told them she'd rather not be queen. "I don't know how," she added, shyly. "I'd a great deal rather you would take Nancy."

"Why, it's very easy, Bessie," cried Nelly—"no trouble at all!"

"Bessie must be the queen!" cried out the children.

"Yes, Bessie must be queen!" rang forth on all sides. Bessie, who seemed to be in a bashful mood to-day, looked around at the faces of her would-be subjects in such a bewildered manner, that Martin thought perhaps it would prove a real trial to her if the children insisted. He was puzzled. He hardly knew what to do. Presently, Bessie's mother said:

"I am afraid Bessie is frightened at the mere thought. Why do you not choose some one else—Nelly, for instance?"

"But it's Bessie's birthday," said Nelly, simply.

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"Well," said Bessie's mother, "can you not have *two* queens, then?"

This idea met with great approbation; and preparations were at once set on foot to make two crowns instead of one. Nancy had almost finished the first, and it really was very beautiful. She had made it a little higher, or peaked, where it would rest on the center of the forehead, so that it gave the wearer quite a queen-like aspect. A larger throne was chosen, and the boys rolled up a second stone for a seat; and in a short time this was decorated, like the other, with boughs of green hemlock and little bunches of field-flowers. On the whole, Nelly did not appear very sorry that she was going to be crowned, too. At least, if she were, she had a queer way of showing it, for she frisked and capered around, "for all the world," as Nancy said, "like a two-year-old colt." Bessie seemed relieved, and no longer looked upon the preparations with consterna-

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tion. She helped to break down the hemlock branches with the other children, and arranged a little cluster of violets for her mother to wear in the belt of her dress in honor of the festive occasion.

The near approach of evening warned the little party to hasten the coronation. In the west, a soft, hazy group of golden clouds told that the sun would soon be down, and the chirp of the birds in the woods grew fainter and fainter, as they sought, one by one, their haunts for the night.

At last the two little girls stood on the rock, and surrounded by their subjects, were made the Queens of the Woods. Then they all joined hands, and danced around the throne, Bessie's mother and Nancy standing off at a little distance to view the effect.

THE EARLY DEAD.

GOING in the morning—a glorious morning—when the sky is all beauty, and the world is all bliss; ere the dews have gone to heaven, or the stars have gone to God; when the birds are singing, and the cool winds are blowing, and the flowers are out that will shut at noon, and the clouds that are never rent in rain, and the shadows inlaid with crimson lie away to the west.

We have sometimes seen a little coffin, like a casket for jewels, all alone by itself in a huge hearse, melancholy with plumes, and gloomy as a frown, and we have thought, not so should we accompany those a little way who go in the morning. We have wondered why they did not take the little coffin into the carriage with them and lay it gently upon their laps—the sleeper there lulled to slumber without a bosom or a cradle. We have wondered what there was for tears in such a going—in the early morning, from home to home—like fair white doves with downy wings, emerging from the night and fluttering for entrance at the windows of heaven. Never yet has there been a hand wanting to take the wanderer in, and shut out the darkness and the storm.

Upon those little faces it never seemed to us that Death could place his great seal; there is no thought of the charnel house in those young listeners to that invitation, whose acceptance we are bound not to forbid; there should be morning songs, and not sighs, fresh flowers, and not badges of mourning; no tears or clouds, but bright dews and bright dawnings together.

Fold up the white robe; lay aside the forgotten toy; smooth the little unpressed pillow, and gently smile as you think of the garment, of the harp of gold, and of the fair brow within its diadem of light; smile as you think that no years can make that memory old. An eternal, guiltless child, waiting about the threshold of Paradise for the coming of a friend home.

Here the glad lips would quiver with anguish—the bright curls grow grizzled and gray; the young heart weary and old, but there, changeless as the stars, and young as the last new morning.

The poet tells us of a green bough, rent by the tempest from the tree, and swept rudely along the breast of an angry river, and a mother bird with cries of fluttering beside it, for her nest and nestlings were there. Oh! better to be wafted away from earth, than that they should thus drift around the world in storm.

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HETTIE VINCENT'S FAVORITES.

HENRIETTA VINCENT was a pleasant, smiling girl of twelve years of age. Having enjoyed the unbounded kindness of her parents from her childhood, she grew up an obedient, graceful, and kind child. The mansion in which she lived with her parents was a most charming one. It was situated near a clear and placid lake, which gave an excellent opportunity for riding and fishing. The yard was surrounded with tall, stately maples, which threw a luxuriant shade over the yard and house in the warm weather.

Hettie, as we will now call her, was an only child, and on that account was much doted upon by her father and mother. They provided her with a great many sports and amusements. Among the rest was a pair of sweet mocking-birds, which her father had brought to her from the South; and she had several canary-birds. To her mocking-birds she gave the names of "Bill" and "Kate." At the instigation of Grace Atwood, of whom we will presently speak, she called her canary-birds "Tenny," "Bob," "Willy," "Pearl," and "Ruby." "Poll," her parrot, was a very interesting bird: he could say: "Hettie, I want some water," and if it was not immediately brought, he would cry out, "Polly is going to die," and several other things, which amused Hettie for many an hour. And the rabbits, two sweet, gentle little things, with long ears and soft glossy fur, she called them "Bunnie" and "Snow." When her brother presented them to her, she made a pretty little house for them, which had small doors and glass windows, also upper and lower stories, and little troughs and mangers to put parsley and other food in for them. Hettie fed her rabbits and birds every morning and evening. Now we will notice some other pets that Hettie delighted in. She had a dear little Canadian pony, about four feet high; a cunning little fellow he was, with a bowed neck and a long mane, and he looked proud of his load when Hettie was riding him through the woods and fields.

She had a fancy side-saddle and bridle for little "Charlie," and as he was curried and brushed every morning, he looked smooth and bright.

Once, when Charlie was out pasturing near the lake, he thought that he would refresh himself with a cool drink of water; when going too near the lake, he fell in over head and heels. He soon rose up, though, and swimming to the shore, he seemed to like his bath very much. Hettie saw

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him fall in, and ran screaming down the bank to where the accident had taken place, for she thought that he would certainly be drowned. She was much rejoiced to see him land safely on the grass that bordered the lake.

Now we will notice some of the rest of Hettie's pets. She had a little white lap-dog, which she called "Carlo." Carlo would follow her everywhere she went, unless she went to a distance; then she was attended by a tall, slender, black-and-white greyhound, called "Sounder." Sounder frequently started a rabbit or a fox in her riding excursions. Her father kept a large, surly-looking watch-dog, named "Sancho." She was always afraid to go near him, because he looked so savage and cross. She got over that when, one winter's day, he brought home a little sleigh and harness from the city as a present to her. John, the hired boy, would put the harness on him and lead him around at first to get him used to it, and then he would go alone over the fields with her. Now comes Hettie's favorite playmates. In a snug, neat, retired little cottage, seated in the midst of a cool, shady little valley, about a mile and a half from her house, lived Grace and Willie Atwood; the former a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed little girl of eleven years of age; the latter a blooming, manly boy of thirteen years old.

When Hettie would go to see them they would go to Grace's bower, which stood down on the lawn. It was covered with grapevines, honeysuckles, and white and red roses, which gave to it a sweet scent in summer. While Hettie and Grace would go to the bower, Willie would leave them eating fruits and reading books, and set out for the stable to saddle the ponies, "Ben" and "Ned," for a ride through the woods.

Then he would bring them around to the front gate, while he went into the house to get a basket of provisions, and to fix himself up for the ride. They always took "Towser," Willie's dog, along, and when they sat down under some wide-spreading tree by the side of the brook to eat, Towser would come in for his share too.

Hettie would stay for tea if it was a moonlight night when they returned

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home, and Willie would be her escort home; and if it was not a moonlight night, she returned earlier. * * * One fine autumn evening, when Willie was returning home from his usual ride, Hettie saw him come up the road, a little below the church, alight from his pony Ben, and walk briskly up the lawn to where she stood. She ran down to meet him, and invited him in, but he said he had not time, as he and his mother and Grace were fixing up for Grace's birth-day party, which was to take place the evening after, and handing her a neat little note, she read as follows:

"*My dear Hettie*—It is with pleasure that I send you an invitation to my birth-day party, and I would be very sorry not to receive you on that occasion. Mary Jones and her brother Charles are to be here; also Fanny Leerman, and Jennie Williams, and many others. Your affectionate friend,

"GRACE ATWOOD."

Hettie folded the note, and thanking Willie for his trouble, wrote on the back of the note that she would be there. * * * The evening came, but it seemed a long time to Hettie for the hour to come. At length she saw Willie galloping down the road, and as she was prepared, she started for Grace's at six o'clock. When they got there, Grace ran out to meet her and to tell her that several of the boys and girls had come already.

Charley Jones came with Fanny Leerman, and Alfred Hyatt with Mary Jones, and Arthur Melroy with Jennie Williams and Sarah Fleetwood, and Louis Monteith with a whole buggy full. Grace led the way into the parlor, and introduced Hettie to her company, while Willie put up the horses and ponies of the various persons who rode them there. After a while, Grace invited them out to tea; and such a supper! The table fairly groaned with cakes, preserves, and dainties of all kinds, sorts, tastes, and forms. There was the birth-day cake; the girls said that it was the nicest cake of the kind they had ever seen before. In the mean time, the boys discussed the merits of the citron and peach preserves and jelly cake while talking about where to go after they had finished eating. Willie thought they had better take a stroll through the woods; but most of the rest of the boys agreed in thinking that they had better go down to "the cave." This cave was a large indentation in the sides of a rocky bank of the creek. As the water ran into it a good piece, a skiff could be rowed into it with ease. Well, after tea they embarked in the boat, which they called Amazon, for "Washington's Cave;" and as the boys were good rowers, they soon found themselves at their place of destination, "the cave." The girls were perfectly delighted with it. Here they selected some of the nicest shells and prettiest stones which were to be found, for their cabinets. They rowed back to Grace's house, having been delighted with their ride; and then, on arriving at the mansion, they took a few refreshments, and returned home with bright faces and happy hearts.

MELNOTTE.

OH! how great this spring of life resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And, by-and-by, a cloud takes all away!

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GARDEN PLEASURES.

AMONG the purest and sweetest delights of childhood is the ownership and care of a little plot of ground, planted with all sorts of seeds, and in due time covered with any quantity of the most beautiful and fragrant blossoms imaginable. We advise all our young friends who can obtain the superintendence of such a plot, to enter upon this business straightway. Let them be up early in the morning, so as to prevent the birds from doing mischief, to pull up weeds, and in dry weather to water the thirsty young stalks and tender leaves; let them provide strings or a trellis work for the creepers to cling to, and carefully pick off bugs and worms, and they will prepare for themselves a fund of the most delightful pleasure. Delightful, because it will teach them to observe and admire the works of God. And very instructive, too, since none can fail to observe that the childhood of plants is very similar to the childhood of human beings, and has to be guarded with similar care and defended against many and deadly evils, with patient watchfulness and untiring assiduity.

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PISTOLS AND BRAVERY.*

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

EUPHRAZIA led the way, and August followed, along the road toward the village. At length they entered a little gate which led into a garden.

"This is a pretty garden," said August.

"Yes," replied Euphrazia; "but you must not touch any of the flowers."

"No," said August, "I will not."

"You see, Uncle Edward is very particular," said Euphrazia; "he will give me as many as I want if I ask him beforehand, but he never lets me touch them unless I ask him first."

"I think that is a very good rule," said August.

"Yes," said Euphrazia, "and Uncle Edward is in earnest about it—real earnest. I thought I would try him once, and so I gathered a white rose one day without asking him. I thought he would not mind it much, for there were ever so many roses on the bush. But he locked the garden gate, and would not let me go in again for a week, and then he made me work an hour raking some beds, for punishment."

By this time Euphrazia and August had passed through the garden, and they now entered a yard, where there were one or two pretty little paths, one of which led to the back door of an office which stood near the house. The front of the office, and also that of the house, was on the other side, toward a street.

"We will go right in," said Euphrazia, "and if he is busy he will tell us."

So, Euphrazia holding the paper in her hand, led the way up the steps into a small back room, and thence forward into the office. She opened the door, but she then seemed at once inclined to turn back, or at least not to proceed, for she saw that her uncle was busy. He was seated with another gentleman, who, as it afterward proved, was the Governor of the State, looking over the plans of a new State arsenal, which was about to be built.

"Ah, uncle!" said Euphrazia, "you are busy, I see."

"Yes," said her uncle, "I am busy just now. Who is this that you have brought with you?"

"It is my cousin August," said Euphrazia; "he is from New York. We came to ask you a question, but we will come another time."

"Ah! this is August, then," said her uncle. "I have heard of you, August, a good many times, and I am very glad to see you. You can play in the garden a little while, and then I shall be at leisure. But perhaps I can answer your question now, if it is not too hard a one."

"This is it," said Euphrazia; and so saying she advanced toward the place where her uncle was sitting, and gave him the paper.

"That's right," said her uncle, as he took the paper. "When you have important questions to ask, it is always best to put them in writing."

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by JACOB ABBOTT, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

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So he read the question, and then, after musing a moment, he said he would give his answer in writing too.

So he wrote a few lines upon the same paper under the question, and then handed the paper to the Governor.

"Governor," said he, "you are commander-in-chief of the State forces; tell me if I have answered that question properly."

The Governor read the question and the answer, and then said, very promptly:

"Yes; I think that is right. Any officer who should love danger for its own sake, and should run into it unnecessarily, would not be fit to be trusted even with blank cartridges."

Euphrazia's uncle took the paper from the Governor and gave it back to Euphrazia, and then she and August went away.

As soon as they got back to the garden, they sat down upon a seat under a bower and read the paper, both question and answer, as follows:

QUESTION.

What is the practice of a good general in respect to risks and danger?

ANSWER.

A good general never exposes himself or his troops to any danger that he can possibly avoid; but when he finds it is necessary to encounter danger, in order to accomplish some important end, he goes forward in a brave and determined manner.

"There!" said Euphrazia, as soon as August had finished reading the answer; "I told you so."

"You told me what?" asked August.

"I told you that a good general did not care anything about danger."

August was so much astonished to find that Euphrazia was disposed to claim the decision as in her favor, that for a moment he did not know what to say, as he was altogether too polite and too well bred to enter into a dispute with a young lady on such a point.

"The answer says," continued Euphrazia, looking again at the paper and reading from it—"that he goes into it in a brave and determined manner."

"So it does," said August, with a lurking smile upon his countenance.

"And now," said Euphrazia, who had reasons of her own for not wishing to hear anything more said on the subject, "now it is time for us to go home."

So saying she led the way, and August followed her out through the little gate at the foot of the garden, back toward home.

WILLING TO BE USELESS.

Who is willing to be useless? Surely no one should be. No man, no woman, no boy, no girl should be idle. Everything we know—the beasts, the birds, the fishes, the insects, and even the insensible earth, water, and air—all answer the purposes for which they were made. But God has made us with thinking, deathless souls, which are far more valuable than all other things in this world, and has so made us that we may be far more useful. But if we would be truly useful, we must strive to be truly good, and then try to be active in doing well. All can be good and useful. Every little child can do something. I wish all who read these words would determine to be active. Now begin something useful. Do not be satisfied to be idle and useless. Do not delay.

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INDIANS COOKING VENISON.

DID you never wonder, my dear young friends, as you studied the names and outlines of the lakes of British America, and described the course of the long rivers, whose waters flow northward, into the gulfs and bays of the Arctic Ocean, who lived in those wild regions? Most of you would not expect, as did little Henry Morse, to find towns or even villages that resembled those in New England. Henry's parents were both dead, and he was now to reside with his Uncle Walter, who was one of the agents of the Hudson Bay Fur Company. Henry was soon very fond of his kind uncle. One day they started, just as the sun rose, to go to "the creek," for his uncle expected some people there with furs.

"There was no one at the creek last evening at nine o'clock," said Mr. Morse's servant; "I was there."

"We shall find the Peché there, if he's living," replied Mr. Morse.

So they went on. Uncle Walter was not in a talkative mood, and Henry had the sense to remain silent at those times, a habit which other boys might well imitate. Henry could not but notice how different everything looked from New England. The forest trees, and even the birds, were unlike those of his former home. After a brisk walk of an hour they came to "the creek," which seemed to Henry like a very large river; as they passed along on the sandy shore, Henry observed several pits or holes in the sand. "Can you guess," said his uncle, stopping, "what these are?"

Henry looked into one. It was a foot and a half in diameter, and three feet deep, and perfectly cylindrical; they were cut or hollowed out so smooth, that one would think both skill and tools were necessary to form them so exactly; he now noticed they were all of the same form and size, but he could not *guess*, although a Yankee boy, what they were designed for, unless as traps to catch wild animals. "No," said his uncle, but walked on. In a few moments they saw a smoke beyond a clump of cedars, and going there, found the hut of the Peché Indian Mr. Morse was expecting. The hut was formed of a few poles covered with skins. They entered, but Mr. Morse could not stand upright; the Indian stood by the fire, the smoke of which but partially escaped through the opening —he was sharpening a long stick—his squaw and papoose were upon some bear skins, for there was but a small space inside. A small animal was roasting before the fire, whole, only the fur having been singed and scraped off. Henry's uncle told him the fur of animals was not valuable in July, as they were then shedding their coats. They could not make out what animal it was, so as Henry felt curious to know, his uncle asked. The Peché uttered a guttural sound, which was not understood. Henry noticed a quarter of venison hanging in the smoke, and a skin newly taken off lying near the Indian. They now went back to the creek, and Mr. Morse began bargaining for the furs which

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were stored in a canoe; there were bear skins, and small furs, and fox skins in abundance. The Peché said little until Mr. Morse presented him with a large package of tobacco, when he became animated. While they were arranging the skins, Henry observed the Indian woman carrying some blazing brands to one of the pits, and then pick up the dead limbs near and throw in; he went there and saw another quarter of the venison ready to be cooked, when the oven was heated. His uncle told him, when returning, that they covered the meat well over with the embers in the pit, then placed some limbs over the top, and over all generally placed a skin; he said that when properly done, the meat was excellent cooked so. Henry was glad to reach home, where a good breakfast awaited them, prepared in a more civilized manner.

COUSIN ZAYDEE.

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

WHAT does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger."
So she rests a little longer—
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger;
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away."

A THOUGHT FOR YOUTH.

THE heart of youth is a wide prairie—over it hang the clouds of heaven to water it; the sun throws its broad sheets of light upon it, to wake its life; out of its bosom spring, the long season through, flowers of a hundred names and hues, twining together their lovely hues, twining together their lovely forms, wafting to each other a grateful odor, and nodding to each in the summer breeze. Such would man be, would he hold that purity of heart which God gives him. Therefore, O youth, guard your *heart-purity*. Never lose it. If it be gone, you have lost from the casket the most precious gift of God. The first purity of thought, imagination, of feeling, if soiled, can be cleaned by no fuller's soap; if lost, can not be found, though sought carefully with tears. If a harp be broken, art may remedy it; if a light be quenched, the flame enkindle it; but if a flower be crushed, what art can repair it? if an odor be wafted away, who can collect or bring it back?

WHAT requires more philosophy than taking things as they come? Parting with things as they go.

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TO THE HUMMING-BIRD.

WHAT! back again, you little thief,
Stealing from the flowers
Every drop of treasured sweet,
The gift of sunny hours;
Taking from the toilsome bee,
What he should have gathered me!

I've a mind to take thee now,
Little pilfering thing;
But thy rich embroidered brow,
And thy many-colored wing,
Bid all thoughts of vengeance flee
From an object fair as thee!

The sunbeams fall upon thy breast,
And linger there to play;
While on thy little tufted crest
The rainbow deigns to stay;
Offering to the raptured eye
Every tint of earth and sky.

The soft, low voice of breezes stay
Within thy fluttering wing,
When through the forest old and gray,
They had forgot to sing [weaves
Their song which bursteth forth and
A language in the quivering leaves.

Ever restless thou art seen,
Like the suffering heart;
Or like visions in a dream,
Thou flitting ever art
'Mong the guests of Flora's train,
Scattered over hill and plain.

But thou 'rt welcome; come and fly
'Mong the flowerets bright;
They were sent for you and I—
Both have equal right,
Though thy lofty fellow-worm,
Thy unforced petitions spurn.

BEYOND the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone,
And faith beholds the dying here
Transported to that glorious sphere.

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THE DOMESTIC CAT.

WHAT do you know about the cat? Who is she? Where did she come from? What did the ancients know about her? She is your daily companion, and you ought to know something of her history.

The word cat is probably derived from the Latin term *catus*, which means subtle, or sly. This well describes the character of the animal, and leads to the supposition that she once enjoyed a classical reputation, though her *mews* appear not to have been celebrated by the Muses. Some persons claim to find puss's ancestors in Egypt, and assert that the Egpytian cat is the parent stock of the domesticated species. There was a time within the period of our common histories, when cats were very rare in England, and this affords another reason for supposing that the species is not native to that country. They probably originated in the torrid zone, and may not improbably be considered a dwarf species of tiger, dwarfed perhaps by domestication, and the consequent change of food, and other habits of living. So rare was this animal at one time, in England, that a regular price was set upon her, as upon sheep, oxen, or horses, and she was a marketable commodity. The qualities deemed essential to a good mouser were minutely laid down in the laws. Would it not seem very strange to find among our law reports, an action brought for damages or fraud, in consequence of the defects in a cat purchased and warranted sound? Yet, if we could now find the complete records of those olden times, we might find fully reported with all the minuteness of law matters, and all the nice distinctions of points, such cases as these. The fact that such laws were made shows that the cat must have been a *valuable* animal, and the inference is plain that the family was not by any means as numerous as now.

The laws of Howel the Good show the market-price of a kitten, previous to her first success in mouse-catching, was *one penny*, and *two pence* after her character was established by one mouse caught. This penny was a

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much larger sum than now, that is to say, it would buy much more food or any other good thing then than now. At that time the price of a sheep was four pence; so that a good mouser cost half as much as a sheep.

The cat seems not to have been intended for social life, like the dog. She has few, if any, lovable qualities, and is valuable only as a protection against rats and mice. She rarely shows anything like true attachment to persons, though she becomes strongly attached to places. Sometimes, though in rare instances, the cat shows strong affection for other animals. One that I knew was remarkably fond of a dog; they would play together like two pups or kittens, and eat from the same dish, and share the same bed at night. Another that I have read of, formed a singular attachment for a goose, and would follow it round the yard, and lie down with it in the coop by the side of the nest, never disturbing the eggs. Her affection for this goose was sometimes quite ludicrous in its manifestations. The cat would mount on the back of the goose, and ride about the yard without the least discomposure, or seeming to think that she was doing anything extraordinary. And this cat and goose were not brought up in Barnum's Happy Family; but got up this singular alliance alone, and carried it out in their own original way.

There is something very remarkable in the eye of a cat. If you look at it when sitting in the full light of day, you will see that the pupil, which in your own eye is always round, is almost closed, and appears as a narrow line across the eye. As darkness comes on, this pupil expands, so as to admit more light; it is thus admirably adapted to the cat's mode of life, who seeks her prey mostly in the night. Her paw, too, is wonderfully fitted for prowling about in the still hours of the night, when the least sound must be heard by the timid and suspicious mouse. See now how noiselessly and stealthily she approaches that thievish little rogue, just about to nibble your mother's best cheese, or thrust his nose into that nice new loaf of bread! Then, what a tiger-like spring, and what a sudden breaking up of that stolen feast, to say nothing of the breaking of bones! Poor unfortunate mouse! you should use your eyes, as well as your ears, if you would keep out of puss's way.

This noiseless movement of the cat is owing to the soft, elastic velvety pads in the bottom of her feet, and to that peculiar flexibility which enables her to move with a waving easy glide, and seldom to disturb anything that she touches. If you examine the foot of the cat, you will notice this cushioned base, with pads in the center of the paw, and smaller ones under each toe, and it will no longer surprise you that her movements should escape even the notice of the ever-watchful mouse. It is owing to this form of the foot also, and to the wonderful elasticity of the whole frame of the cat, that she receives so little injury by falling from heights which would be sure to maim, if not to kill, a man or almost any other animal.

Down East there resides a certain M.D. One very cold night he was aroused from his slumbers by a very loud knocking at the door. After some hesitation he went to the window, and asked, "Who's there?" "A friend." "What do you want?" "To stay here all night." "Stay there, then," was the benevolent reply.

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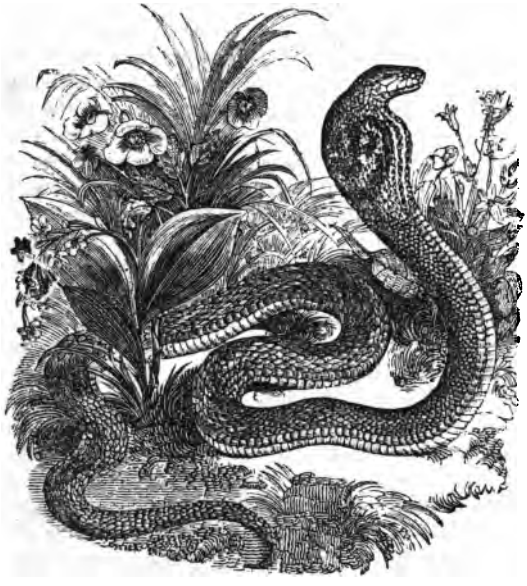
THE COBRA DE CAPELLO.



"ORANGES, pineapples, bananas, monkeys and parrots!" exclaimed Johnny Sands, as he looked up from reading a book of travels in the East Indies. "How I should like to live there!" All very nice, Master John, but how would you enjoy the company of the scaly fellow in the picture, whose home is under the shade of the trees which yield those fine fruits, and give shelter to the parrots and monkeys? Ugh! to see his cold form gliding out from under a bunch of fruit which you were just about to take up—*wouldn't* you scream and run. The native boys, who are accustomed to the sight, would quickly dispatch the reptile with a bamboo; but you might well dread him, for he is very poisonous.

He takes his name, Cobra de Capello, or hooded snake, from his way of swelling out his neck until it looks something like a hood drawn partly over the head. He has two spots with rings around them, on the back part of the neck, from which he is sometimes called the "spectacled" snake. Were not this snake so poisonous, we might, perhaps, conquer our prejudices enough to call him handsome; for his form is light and graceful and finely marked, his head small and rounded, and his scales smooth. Indeed, the East Indian jugglers make quite a pet of these reptiles. They carry them about in baskets, and exhibit them; not only handling them with safety, but making them dance to the sound of music. The jugglers have some means of preventing injury from their bites, either by extracting their poisonous fangs, or by using some antidote. Poisonous snakes have almost entirely disappeared from the thickly settled parts of the United States; though a straggling rattlesnake or copperhead sometimes ventures from his retreat in the mountainous districts to find a breakfast of frogs in the neighboring meadows. The common striped or garter snakes of this country are entirely harmless, and some think they even do much good, by destroying worms and insects on which they feed. They will, however, never become general favorites, for almost every one appears to dread them.

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AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

THE Paris papers speak of a new industry that has arisen in France from the exigencies of the times, and one which is destined to supply one of the necessities of that rage for destruction which is becoming so apparent. Government has ordained the systematic gathering of the sea-weed which is washed on the rocks of the coasts of Normandy and Brittany to serve as wadding for artillery—it being found to answer the purpose admirably—keeping the iron cool, and not liable to ignition, like the cotton wad hitherto in use. The material has already been distributed to the Ordnance Department at Vincennes.

A TRUTHFUL AND CHEAP BAROMETER.—Take a clean glass bottle and put in it a small quantity of finely pulverized alum. Then fill up the bottle with spirits of wine. The alum will be perfectly dissolved by the alcohol, and, in clear weather, the liquid will be as transparent as the purest water. On the approach of rain or cloudy weather, the alum will be visible in a flaky spiral cloud, in the center of the fluid, reaching from the bottom to the surface. This is a cheap, simple, and beautiful barometer, and is placed within the reach of all who wish to possess one. For simplicity of construction this is altogether superior to the frog barometer in general use in Germany.

WHEN we meet with better fare than was expected, the disappointment is overlooked even by the scrupulous. When we meet with worse than was expected, philosophers alone know how to make it better.

DUNS are always tired of calling, and call the oftener the more tired they get.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—One of our exchanges says, "The *wife* crop of Gasconade County, Mo., this year is estimated at 25,000 galls." The wine crop was referred to, but 25,000 galls will make a good crop of wives notwithstanding. The Hartford *Times*, noticing the death of an editor, says, "He was a high-*winded* gentleman, and a pungent writer." Perhaps he was a stump speaker of the high-winded school of oratory. A Locofoco editor says, "The Democracy are *licked* like a band of brothers," instead of linked; and another says, "We have *wet* the enemy, and we are theirs!" Types play sad pranks.

A HOUSE-MAID, who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a tooth-brush. "Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, as the servant returned. "Yes, ma'am, directly," was the reply; "he's just sharpening his teeth."

A MAN who don't believe the world is growing better, says the time may come when the lion and the lamb may lie down together, but if it does, the lamb will be inside of the lion.

PICTURESQUE BEAUTY OF MINES OF COAL.—The coal-mines of Bohemia are stated by Dr. Buckland to be the most beautiful he had ever visited. We will describe them in his own eloquent language: "The most elaborate imitations of living foliage on the painted ceilings of Italian palaces bear no comparison with the beauteous profusion of extinct vegetable forms with which the galleries of these instructive coal-mines are overhung. The roof is covered as with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage, flung in wild,

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irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The effect is heightened by the contrast of the coal-black color of these vegetables, with the light ground-work of the rock to which they are attached. The spectator feels transported, as if by enchantment, into the forest of another world; he beholds trees of form and character now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the beauty and vigor of their primeval life; their scaly stems and bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, are all spread forth before him, little impaired by the lapse of indefinite ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation, which began and terminated in times of which these relics are the infallible historians. Such are the grand natural herbaria wherein these most ancient remains of the vegetable kingdom are preserved in a state of integrity little short of their living perfection, under conditions of our planet which exist no more."

ETIQUETTE OF COURTSHIP.—If you wish to offer your hand to a lady, choose your opportunity. The best time to do it is when she is getting out of an omnibus.

LOVE, the toothache, smoke, a cough, and a tight boot, are things which can not be kept secret very long.

IN a country newspaper appears the following: "A number of deaths unavoidably postponed." Let us hope that the postponement will be a long one.

WISDOM.—True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do that which is best worth doing.

WHO has no friend and no enemy, is one of the vulgar; without talents, power, or energy.

THE more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint—the affectation of sanctity is a blot on the face of piety.

THE worst kind of men are those who do not care when men see them do wrong.

HOPE only takes wings for flight upon the last breath of man, and then it mounts to heaven.

IF the voter who would sell his vote for a bribe deserves to lose the freeman's right vested in him; according to the Rule of Three, how much should the punishment of the tampering candidate come to?

A BUSINESS man of our acquaintance is so scrupulously exact in all his doings, that whenever he pays a visit, he always will insist upon taking a receipt.

A YOUNG lady, a few evenings since, said to her cavalier: "Please clasp my cloak!" "Certainly," said he, clasping his arms around her, "and the contents, too."

A SHREWD observer once said that, in walking the streets of a slippery morning, one might see where the good-natured people lived, by the ashes thrown on the ice before the doors.

"Do you sing?" says the teapot to the kettle. "Yes," replies the kettle, "I can manage to get over a few bars." "Bah!" exclaimed the teapot.

A CONTEMPORARY inquires if the young ladies of the present day are fitted for wives. A much more important inquiry is, whether they are fitted for husbands.

A PRETTY woman is like a great truth, and has no more right to bundle herself under a green vail, or any other abomination, than the sun has to put on green spectacles.

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ABOUT EGGS.

"Cut, cut, cut, cut, cur-dasket—
I've laid a new egg for the basket,"

IS the translation, from time immemorial, of the hen-song, cackle, or shout, which never fails to accompany each egg, from first to last of her egg-laying. What a fuss! every acquaintance of the particular barn-yard is informed, and all cackle and crow in sympathy and acclaim, as though a diamond were deposited.

Frederic runs with his cousin Bob in pell-mell haste; they being informed of the event by the great racket in hendom. Bob has never before been in the country among the feathered gentry—Black Spanish, Bantams, Speckleds and Spotteds, and pure Whites; and of course he has never seen a new-laid egg in its own nest, that sight which delights everybody, I believe, child or adult. Often has Bob made his breakfast of them, and seen many baskets and barrels of them; but that was quite another thing to this. He throws off his hat with a shout equal to Dame Partlett's, and down he goes on his knees, among the hay, gazing at the egg; and keeps hands off as if it were a special wonder. Had he seen it in his mother's pantry, he would scarcely have noticed it, but now he agrees with the hen, that it is worth cackling about.

And so it is—when you think of it, not merely as nicely boiled for you

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table, but as containing that which, by a few days of *warmth*, will become an animal of life and blood, and flesh and bones, and eyes, all perfect; it is amazing.

The *albumen* or white nourishes the chick; and what a dear, downy, little lump it is, when it emerges from the shell. That is what I suppose the dame is thinking about when she sets up her everlasting cackling. She don't care about the boiled eggs for breakfast, or the beaten ones for poach, or sponge cake. If she could translate for us herself, it is probable she would declare it quite shocking for us to *boil* what should be the downy darling, to nestle under her wing, and delight her life.

And so, when the pretty birds have taken so much trouble to build their nests; and taken so much care to make them snug and smooth; and then to lay in them four little blue eggs, as those of the gentle robin; and blue and brown speckled as the chipping-bird's; and the pure white with the bright brown speckles, as the yellow-bird's; and the blue that is almost white, of the thrush, that charmer —this is the trouble with them all, when they flutter about and screech or make anxious twitterings, when boys or squirrels steal their eggs; they don't want to lose the pretty birdies— that's it.

I hope the fashion for *taking* eggs without leave of the bird-owners has passed by; but they are temptingly pretty to a boy who doesn't stop to think; and to a squirrel who is hungry, and hickory nuts not yet grown. You who live on those pleasant places called farms, have in your abundant supply of fresh eggs the *substratum* for a vast amount of luxuries, healthful as well as delicious.

Let me close by giving the MERRYS a receipt, which Bob took home to his mother, for making

BOILED CUSTARD.

First, have a quart of *real* milk, and *new* also, scalded carefully. Beat the yolks of seven eggs with as much powdered sugar as will suit your taste, say six spoonfuls to be quite rich, but less, if you prefer. Stir these gently into the milk, so as not to curdle by too hasty contact of the hot milk and cold egg; then place it upon the fire, and stir it till you perceive it thicken. As soon as it thickens, remove it from the fire, or it will become one part hard, and one part whey. When it is right, it will be smooth as cream. After it is nearly cool, stir in cautiously any flavoring that you choose— vanilla, lemon, etc. The whites may be whisked very thoroughly, and then slipped in a mass, on to a pan of boiling water. In a few minutes the steam will have cooked the whole, when you can, with a skimmer, place it on your dish of custard. Some put on the beaten whites without any cooking—but it is not as rich by any means.

Now this, accompanied by country sponge cake, made of eggs instead of *salts*, will be voted by partakers to be not one egg too many. Try it, and send us word, if not a *slice*.

One more bit of information. The fairies use the humming-bird's eggs for their boiled custards, and sweeten them with honey from the pink clover, and boil them in acorn cups. It isn't likely that we can try that, the best of us. It will do no harm to keep an eye out, however, among the beautiful clover tops, which are getting into bloom, and see the "little folk" empty the honey tubes, if we can.

LAURA ELMER

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RUBY—A TRUE STORY.

WE have lost Ruby! No more shall we be charmed by her sweet music, or cheered by the sparkle of her bright eyes. But before we can expect your sympathy, dear readers, you must hear the sad story. Early last spring, a pair of fine, large robins were busily engaged about our windows and doors, picking up bits of thread, feathers, and the like, and flying in and out of the door of a small building occupied by domestic fowls. They seemed quite tame, and although five noisy but pleasant children visited the spot many times a day, to watch the process of nest-building, their process did not interrupt the robins in the least. They had evidently decided upon *that spot*, which was just on the inside, over the door. The nest was completed in a few days, and the next day after the children were delighted by the discovery of a beautiful blue egg in it.

About this time I became interested in the wonderful robins, and visited them frequently. At first they seemed a little alarmed at my appearance, but soon received my visits with apparent *resignation*, sitting on the nearest tree, watching my movements with jealous eyes.

After four eggs had been deposited in the precious nest, then came the arduous duty of setting on them, of which the male would frequently relieve his mate, while she went in search of food, and at other times would try and cheer her by singing his sweetest songs. The children patiently waited with their new friends for the result, which was duly announced to me one fine morning by the hasty trampling of feet, slamming of doors, and several voices eagerly shouting, "Mother, there are four birds in the nest." Well, the birds grew finely, for they had good providers. Finally, when fully fledged, and all had left the nest but one, we took that into the house, and named her Ruby. She seemed sensible of the kindness of her many friends, and became very tame, and would follow the children, and pick up the worms they dug for her. Ruby finally became so dainty as to refuse worms entirely, and ate only bread and milk, or berries, which grew plentifully in the garden, and with which, as she enjoyed the glorious boon of liberty, she could easily supply herself. It was the greatest source of amusement to us all to watch her perform the great feat of killing and devouring the seventeen-year locusts, of which there were plenty about here. She seemed at first afraid of their fiery red eyes and strange noises. Finally, she firmly braced herself, and began to inflict desperate wounds on them with

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the point of her bill, at last decapitating them and dividing them into smaller and daintier portions, I can not tell you half about Ruby, but only a few things—how she would come to the house at our call, from the garden or tall maples near by; then would perch upon the back of my rocking-chair, quietly dress her feathers, and go to sleep with her head under her wing. Sometimes, when I was ironing, she would sit on the edge of my clothes-basket, watching the operations of the iron with seeming curiosity.

It was wonderful to see how quick she learned the uses of things; after seeing some of the family use a hand-basin for washing hands, a few times, she appropriated it to herself, washing all over in it daily, and making the water fly in every direction; then she would perch on some high place in the room, composedly dress her feathers till quite dry, making us all laugh at her comical phiz, "all dripping and drowned." Ruby was, after all, a little thief, and if the door of the pantry was left open a moment, her bright eyes watched the opportunity to perch on a pan of milk and sip cream, or help herself to other dainties. Our neighbors, across the road, had several large cherry-trees, which were loaded with the finest fruit, and of which Ruby supplied herself without asking liberty. They also owned two large cats, and one morning Ruby was gone, but we never knew what became of Ruby, of "blessed memory."

AUNT MARTHA.

THIS WORLD AND A BETTER HOPE.

BY JOHN M. STEARNS.

To talk of the treasures of earth,
And wreathe a garland of song,
For man, or his gold, or honors of birth,
His pleasures or luxuries, marking the worth
He claims with the servile throng,

Is folly and blindness extreme!
Though all be sinless and pure
In nature, so blooming; with skies serene,
And fields so smiling in beauteous green,
These but for a time endure.

If nature so fade and decay,
And spread the funereal pall
O'er visions of time so passing away,
Shall man, in his pride, survive more than they
The death appointed for all?

But *sin* hath polluted the air—
Man breathes at carnivals gay,
And vice, as the guest of the wantonly fair,
Invites man to rest and revelry, where
Death bears his victims away.

To man, the bright visions of time
Are phantom mirage on the wave,
Like visions in sleep so marked and sublime!
At sinking of day its colors decline,
So man to the night of the grave.

So fades from the sight of his eye,
His joys, and prospects, and fame—
His world and his pleasures pass by;
His songs in refrains to memory die,
And he as a shadow shall go as he came.

But nay, to the holy and true,
God's bow is set in the storm, [blue,
And stars looking out from the azure
Or gold-tinted skies of cerulean hue,
Proclaim the celestial morn.

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Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WE are turned out at last, as you see. No longer at home in the old place. Our "moving day" has come, as well as our "May day." Uncle Merry, who generally moves so slow, now, in his old age, has really had to "stir round lively." He has moved from 116 Nassau Street, or, rather, 116 has left him. Coming over the ferry from Brooklyn, one fine morning, we found it gone—seceded;-yes, after having had our sanctum there for so many years, we have been compelled to evacuate, and find another corner. A severe fire has totally destroyed all that was formerly our office, and for the present we may be found at 111 Fulton Street. We hope all the young folks will find us, in our new quarters, for we are sad, and want company.

Ah! how many losses we have met with since our last meeting. That snug little drawer, in which we kept all the "Chat" letters, is missing, with lots of good things, and funny things, and mischievous things, all ready for use. Wit, humor, wisdom, gayety, prattling mirth, and musical sentiment—all vanished into smoke, so that our May morning Chat is likely to come off slim. But, there is no loss without some gain. "Bess" may rejoice in a happy escape from some scorching letters from indignant cousins, who are now scorched themselves, beyond hope of recovery. Besides—don't laugh—don't crow over our calamity. The "BASKET" is gone, too—clean gone, forever—and—no, no—not the hatchet—Uncle Hiram was too wide awake for that—it is just as good as new—and—we have had to get a new basket.

Our loss has been severe, and can not easily be made up. Many of our treasures it would be impossible to replace, and years of hard, patient work will be required to make us whole again. We have no doubt we have the sympathy of all our numerous family. We want their aid, too. If each member of our family will now send us what they owe us, it will come just in the right time to do us the greatest possible good; and, if they can send us new subscriptions as well, it will be all the better. We know that these are troublous times, but our Merry family are all at peace, and, we hope, in prosperity, too, and that they will all remember us at this time.

Among our losses are some very valuable manuscripts. We can only give the remainder of the 5th chapter of Mr. Abbott's story. All after that is gone. But we hope to be able to get a copy of it for the next number.

And now, let us cheer up and be of good courage. Here comes Willie, with smiling face and ready hand, to condole with us in our troubles.

NEW YORK, *April* 9, 1861.

Merrys, I stood before a smoking heap of bricks and timber in Nassau Street, the other morning, and tried to realize that a part once formed the dear old sanctum, where for many years we have met together; but I could not feel that in that rubbish lay the desk, the arm-chair, the basket, and the hatchet—yet so it was. All, all, gone—turned to gas and dirty ashes! All, did I say? No, one thing survives. The *hatchet* (Mr. Merry tells me) "still lives." I *think* we should not have mourned *its* loss. In truth, we loved not that instrument of torture. Yet it alone has escaped unharmed to scarify us as before, and I secretly fear that it is "one of the few, the immortal" things "that were not born to die."

The exposure of Bess is doing good, for I have reason to believe that there are other "masked batteries" in the Chat who (to change the metaphor) are trembling in their shoes, lest sharp-eyed Aunt Sue should tear away their disguises. It is with the deepest reluctance that I bring forward a name so honored in the MUSEUM as that of Sybil Grey, to sustain my charge, but her last letter too sadly proves its truth. Conscious of

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duplicity, she imputes the same sin to the writer, and then, in an unguarded moment, lets fall an expression which no *cultivated* and *traveled* young lady, in fact, no woman at all, would ever use, but one common in the mouths of boys and young men—"*a gay old time.*" This was the fatal step! The ingenuity displayed in escaping from a tight place, and turning the laugh upon me, is so truly feminine that I should have suspected nothing wrong had not that unlucky expression been uttered. Sybil Grey, settle this question at once, if you please. Refute the charge, if unjust, or "drop the disguise you have so long worn, and come out in your true colors!"

A word for myself. I wear no disguise. I sail under the flag run up at my christening, and while the old hulk swims, no other shall float at the masthead. Neither do I yet rejoice in double-blessedness, and Sybil *is* mistaken in the age of the "little girl."

W. H. COLEMAN.

Willie, Willie—"*et tu Brute*"—if you feel the sharp edge of "that instrument of torture," on any future occasion, you will know what it means. Remember the ides of April—the ides of April remember. H. H.

MISSISSIPPI, *March* 25.

DEAR UNCLES:—After a long, long silence, please let me speak. Now, Uncle Hiram, don't begin to raise that "enlarged tomahawk." I'm not going to fill two pages, quite. Being five feet twelve, or thereabout, you know I can't be brief. Since I vacated my seat in the Chat, last summer, I have been across the Atlantic, and have just returned to take my place once more, and I hope I am as welcome as ever. I see my Older cousin, out West, is jumping up and clapping his hands with delight at something Fleta has perpetrated on me. I have been routed, "boots and spurs, horse, foot, and dragoons," by Fleta, so he says. Cousin, please tell me which number of the MUSEUM contained that "most unkindest cut." I wonder if Fleta has gone and taken advantage of my absence, to treat me in that manner—for shame! Then my Older cousin suddenly subsides into a lengthy *regret* that he did not avail himself of that *precious opportunity* to "pick a quarrel" with me! Well, cousin, you shan't complain. Here I am, ready to receive you at the point of—*my Thorn.* "Lay on, Macduff," etc. Son of the Evening Star, do come South, and bring the Zouaves. I have seen them. They are a fine-looking body of men, but I can show you a finer, in our Crescent City Zouaves. I'll forgive you, but will add, that should you come here, you may expect to get stuck—in the mud. Smile of the Great Spirit—now, Miss Ethel R——, I have forgotten the mistake alluded to; no matter. 'Tis decidedly in my line to explain, when required. Just think of me as a right good sort of a fellow, besides, a near neighbor. I only live a few miles from your charming village of the Seven Hills. I expect to be there very soon, to visit some friends. Won't you let me call on you? but how shall I find you? O! I have it—just drop your address in the post-office there, directed to Hawthorne, Esq., and I'll get it.

Golden-Haired Effie, although I belong to the Confederacy of the *Seven Stars*, I hope I am not yet lost. Many thanks for your kind solicitude. In answer to your other question—No, indeed. Although my State has withdrawn from the United States, I have not the slightest idea of seceding from the *Merry* Union. Why, truly, I see so many bright faces from the Sunny South around the Merry table, that I am inclined to think the MUSEUM is fast becoming a Southern institution—hey, Uncles? But I must bid you good-bye.

Your nephew,

HAWTHORNE.

"5 feet 12," hey! Hawthorne. A very respectable hedge. But Uncle Hiram is just in the mood for trimming hedges. The fire that consumed the sanctum, only tempered anew his edged tool, etc., etc., etc.—but you can pass this time. You are so good-humored and genial, that even the hatchet holds up.

April 1, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES AND AUNT:—May I come in, and be introduced to the hosts of cousins that figure so conspicuously in the Chat every month?

I have long wished to write to you, though I have never had the courage to do so before; but the temptation was so

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strong this time, that I could not resist it. Am I welcome?

And now, *if I may*, I would like to say a few words to some of the cousins. W. H. C., I shan't "pop the question" to you (as G.-H. Effie intends doing) until I know whether you are over thirty or forty years old, or not. Excuse me, Willie, of course I don't mean to insinuate that you *are* as old as that (it would be rather funny, if you were), but didn't you say, in one of your letters, that you had a "little girl" of your own?

I should like to ask you a few questions, Aunt Sue, if they are not *too impertinent*. Aren't you personally acquainted with "Susanne," who writes (or *did* write) for the Chat, in "Forrester's Playmate," and didn't Mr. Forrester visit you *in a dream*, once upon a time? But I must stop for fear of the hatchet. May I come again?

Yours affectionately,

LIZZIE H.

Come in, Lizzie? To be sure you may. What else do you suppose we would have you do? That is just what we want you all to do—come in and speak out.

FOREST DALE, *March* 30, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Many times have I thought of writing you before, but have not made the attempt, because I thought my letter would stand a poor chance among the cousins. But, as I now have a few leisure moments, I think I *will* improve them in writing to you.

I have taken the MUSEUM for seven or eight years, in fact, long before I could read. Since I have learned to read, I become more interested in it every month, for its beautiful stories and travels of great men, and a variety of things that I think are interesting and instructive to older heads than my own.

Good-bye. BUCK-EYE BOY.

There you are, Buck-Eye, as large as life. Come again. Always glad to see you, and hear from you.

MILTON, FLA., *March* 8, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I wish the MUSEUM would come oftener. It affords me so much pleasure to read it, I wish it would come every week, instead of every month. I am sorry to say that I can not get anybody to join me in sending for the MUSEUM, but I hope to have better success next time.

Dear Uncle, I want to get acquainted with Aunt Sue and all the cousins; especially Black-Eyes, Blue-Eyes, Dew-Drop, Golden-Haired Effie, and Saucy Nell. Uncles, aunts, and cousins, while you are chatting so merrily, you must remember your little friend in the low plains of Florida, in the little village of Milton, who is anxiously expecting the MUSEUM every day. As this is my first letter to the MUSEUM, I must close, for I am afraid that Uncle Hi will come around with his *hatchet*.

Aunt Sue, I will write to you the next time, so good-bye.

Your loving niece,

SUE LAIGH.

Aunt Sue will please take notice that cousin Sue is after her.

WILLIAMSBURGH, *March* 30, 1861.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The pressure of business had delayed my reading of the morning papers. I had heard of no fire in Nassau Street, or elsewhere, but as I was passing through that street I found the carriage-way and sidewalks filled up with a great crowd, and a steam fire-engine playing on the decaying fire that had finished the destruction of No. 116, in which building the publishing-office of this magazine was located. I did not think that this fountain of knowlege to the young was lost in the ruins till the well-known publisher seized my hand, in the crowd, and directed my attention to the front wall and the ruins within, as all that is left of the famous No. 116.

The hopes of years seemed to have there perished. The old sanctum in which ROBERT MERRY and HIRAM HATCHET had written up their travels, and with whose quaint old walls were associated the memories of olden times, and on which were hung the curiosities gathered from many lands, are gone. But will no spirit come up from the ruins to consecrate the incidents of life to history, wrought up in the true vein of juvenile thought and feeling, and the beauties of Nature, as they impressed our minds and hearts in our early years? I looked into the face of my distinguished friend, the publisher, who appeared as calm as a philosopher. He had lost some three thousand dollars by the fire; still there was energy, confidence, and

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prestige in his manner that could yet "call up spirits from the vasty deep," who would answer to the call, and certify their fresh and invigorated sympathies with youthful ideas and youthful life.

Three thousand dollars is a great loss, thought I; but suppose three thousand persons had their names on the subscription books of this magazine who now owe a dollar each, if each of these persons should send that dollar at once, the publisher would scarcely know that he had lost anything by the fire! It would be more than money to him. It would be a fitting expression of gratitude and confidence by his patrons that the publisher must appreciate, and that must give him new energy and zeal in this enterprise. J. M. S.

SHERAMOORE, FLA., *March* 11, 1861

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—What a "thing of might," and, withal, what a blessing, is the printing-press! For example: I, an uncouth and unworthy specimen of the *genus homo* (or, more appropriately, *puer*), on the Gulf of Mexico, have—through the instrumentality of the MUSEUM—made the acquaniance of a little flower 'way up in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Well, Flora, here is my—paw, most willingly, and shall expect your hand in return, "for better or for worse." Rather precipitate, I confess, but "marriage is but a lottery, at best," you know, and it behooves one to "grab" with as much speed and dexterity as he can command, while he has an opportunity. If I don't draw a "capital prize" this time, Flora, it shall be *your* fault.

Well, girls, what have you to say concerning that trick of Wilforley's? Going to take back your kisses? Were *I* in his shoes I'd return others in their stead; yes, and with interest from date besides. *Apropos* to this, Uncle Merry, Imogen Latham (of Memphis) thinks that "*Yankee* girls would not send kisses, unasked, to young gentlemen." Do *Southern* girls? If so, she has slighted me, and I shall expect one from her by the next MUSEUM——oh, horrors! here comes Uncle Hatchet! Good-night.

ROLAND.

Pray, what do you mean, Roland, by "genus homo?" Is that the same as *homogeneous?* If so, then here's my hand. We are still one people. May your shadow never be less, which, being interpreted, means, please don't get any nearer to the equator.

PEACH GROVE, TENN., *April* 4, 1861.

Why, Uncle Hiram! how *do* you do? I am *so* glad to meet you. I have not seen your pleasant face nor heard your kind voice this great while; have you been absent, Uncle? And where is your hatchet? you have buried it for a while, haven't you? I thought so. But I do wish you would use it (gently) on some who have been calling me "*names.*" You won't allow *that*, will you? Listen to me, Uncle Hi, it is a grave charge I have to make. What do you think? A. S. has gone and called me a "*duck*"—just think of it, an ugly, waddling duck! If she had said a "*duckling*," I might not have minded it half so much. And S. S., he has actually called me "*Busy Body!*" I declare *that* is *too* bad! But I can forgive him, for there is not much difference, after all, between "Busy Body" and "Busy Bee," is there? And there is Willie H. C.; he asked me the other day to "*hop!*" wasn't *that* insinuating? But worse yet, he asked me whether *I* was the *bee* that had given so much trouble in the Chat, and that, too, just after he had pronounced *that* bee a "*humbug.*" Why, Willie! how *could* you? Uncle Merry says I am a genuine "*honey-bee*," and you know he never says anything that is not exactly right. And now, dear Uncle, I wish you to inquire into this matter, and set all right. I feel that my grievances are *very great*, and I shall most certainly "secede" unless you give me proper "guarantees" of better treatment in future. And now let me go over the way and speak to Aunt Sue and some of my new cousins—I'll feel better for it, no doubt.

Yes, Aunt Sue, Sam gave me your "*love*," and I lived upon it for several days; but *good things* won't last always, so I hope you will soon send me another package. But, Aunt Sue, what do you think Sam did? He gave me the "*love*" but kept the "*kiss*" all to himself. Now wasn't that mean in him, to keep the sweetest part himself? Don't you trust *him* again with such a precious commodity. And now, Sam, what do you mean by speaking of O. O.'s head as you

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did? Fie, cousin, fie! Have you forgotten the story of the two she-bears and forty children. I have more respect for bald-pates, I assure you.

Viola, come and sit by me a little, and you too, Sue. I love you both very much, and I know we shall soon be the most loving of cousins. Isn't this the pleasantest place you were ever in? It is to me. I love dearly to come here; but yonder is Charley, the "tease." You want some fun, Charley, do you? Well, let's have a game of "tag." Uncle Merry won't mind our romping a little, will you, Uncle? There, I told you so. Now move those chairs and give me a little the start Take *that*, and catch me, if you can—a kiss if you can—ha! ha! I am "out and gone."

BUSY BEE.

We have received the following pieces of music from the publisher, Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston:

"The Orphan's Prayer;" "The Saviour Lives;" "She is Thine;" "My Childhood's Days;" "Cape Jessamine Polka;" "The Modern Juvenile Pianist." These are new and popular songs and music by this well-known publishing-house, and will be sent by mail on application to the publishers.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

ALPHA takes the prize for March.

Some of our old friends are this month "absent without leave," and must have "a bad mark." All parties guessing *one* riddle (or more) are requested to send in their answers.

Prizes as usual. A photograph likeness of Aunt Sue is modestly offered as an accompaniment to the prize, if the winner desires to have it. The "words" are coming in merrily! That's right; we want every one to join in.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

125. I know a lady of great age,
Greater by far than any sage,
And yet as much attached to earth
As if she were of later birth.
She neither walks, nor talks, nor sees,
Yet moves around with graceful ease.
Dear Merrys, please make out her name,
Say where she lives, and whence she came.

M. M. C.'s Mother.

126. My first is a body of water, my second is a pronoun, my third is round like a berry, and my whole is an Asiatic town.

C. T. Warner.

NAMES OF FLOWERS, ETC.

127. A body of water and a fruit.

128. A color, a fruit, and an emblem of purity.

129. A contradiction in terms.

130. Two articles of food. *Rosa R.*

131. I am a celebrated man, composed of 15 letters:
My 1, 2, 4, is his nickname, but I question if he was ever called by it.
My 6, 4, 8, 14; 4, 12, 9; 9, 15, 11; 13, 4, 7, 8; 13, 10, 5; 3, 2, 13, 4, are all parts of his body that have assisted in making him famous. *Olive.*

132. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 1, 10, 9, 11 is a tool.
My 8, 10, 4 is deplorable.
My 11, 6, 5 is an animal.
My 7, 8, 2 is part of the body.
My whole is a popular man in New York city. *Cornelia.*

133. Transpose a body of water into what sometimes floats upon it.

Mattie M. C.

134. I am composed of 6 letters:
My 1, 6, 2, 4 we have all experienced.
My 5, 6, 4 we have all been.
My whole is a common and useful article. *R. H. Loughridge.*

ANAGRAMS ON SHORT MOTTOES.

135. Why! Ten folks.

136. Ada Hoge.

137. Fishers toil. *Olive*

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138. I take a departure, and then am the first,
At the second I often quench my thirst;
When the good man doth on his sick-bed lie,
My whole will be present to see him die. *X. T. C.*

139. Entire, I am a promise; behead me, and I become a layer; behead me again, and I am a skirt; again behead, and transpose, and I am to sprinkle. *Venus.*

140. My first is a flag, and my second near by;
My third is a whole, and my fourth the vast fry
Whose business is barter or buying and selling;
My whole is quite handy, though seldom excelling. *X. T. C.*

141. My first is a small spot, my second is a kind of rigging, and my whole is a show. *G. B. Higbee.*

142. The reisare ape rwhos enam eisd eat
Hand withh is sick lekeen here
Apsth ebeard edgrain atabrea
Than dthef low erst hat growbe tween. *Sam Slick.*

143. My first is to praise, my second added to my first is the one who praises, my third is a valley, and my whole is a proper name. *Ellian.*

144. My first is a gay and dashing beau,
Who strolled with his "lady fair,"
And winced as he felt my second's sting,
While plucking a rose for her hair.
To the druggist's then hie, my whole to find,
And buy it if you are so inclined. *Oliver Onley.*

145. DO1UO d UU UPPR SOUP? *R. H. Loughridge.*

146. I am composed of 9 letters:
My 6, 2, 3, 9 is infirm.
My 5, 7, 1 is an animal.
My 8, 4, 1 is a fabric.
My whole was an ancient emperor. *Ike.*

147. I am composed of 9 letters:
My 4, 7, 6 is a boy's nickname.
My 9, 2, 4 we must all do.
My 1, 7, 2, 8 is an animal.
My 3, 5, 9 is hateful.
My whole is an American city. *Ella P.*

148. If a heathen god were thrown into the sea, what article of kitchen furniture would he come out?

149. If you were obliged to swallow a man, which would you choose? *Aunt R.*

150. Take a letter from part of a house and leave a sweet singer. *C. F. W.*

151. Behead a surname of two syllables, and leave a measure. *Busy Bee.*

152. Take a letter from a fish, and leave a boy's nickname; now prefix a letter and leave another nickname. *G. W. C.*

Answers to Questions in March No.

58. Baujermassin.
59. Manati.
60. Spit-toon.
61. Y. Z. (wise head.) (*H. B.*, *A. Older*, *Lilla Harrison*, have given C. R. (Seer), which must, I think, be credited.)
62. Philosophy.
63. The port of Brundisium.
64. Nightingale.
65. Adelbert.
66. Telegrams.
67. Hypothenuse.
68. Advertisement.
69. Tenaciousness.
70. Jacob Abbott.
71. Embargo.
72. Never say die.
73. Subscribe for the MUSEUM.
74. Hiram Hatchet.
75. Nannie C. Gresham.
76. X. T. C. (Ecstacy.) (*Lizzie* says "Hiram;" *higher-am.*)
77. SCOTT—MOORE. Storm, Cato, Ohio, Tartar, Toe.
78. Backward.
79. Mouse—mouser. (*C. T. W.* and *Cornelia* say *P* added to *rat* makes *trap.*)
80. Tern—rent.
81. Onset—stone.
82. Mace—acme.
83. CI (101) PLOWS transposed, form cowslip.
84. Chart—hart—rat

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85. Because you can put your foot in it. (C. T. Warner says "the foot doesn't fill it.")

86. Clark—lark.

87. Rail—liar.

88. Declamation.

ALPHA answers all but 60, 63, 75, 85.

Anna W. N., all but 58, 60, 63, 75, 85.

Frank, all but 59, 60, 63, 75, 85.

Bertha, all but 60, 63, 75, 79, 88.

Sam Slick, all but 58, 60, 63, 75, 79, 85.

Tommy, all but 58, 60, 62, 63, 75, 79, 85.

Ned W., all but 58, 59, 60, 63, 75, 85.

Lilla Harrison, all but 58, 62, 63, 69, 75, 85.

C. M. S., all but 58, 59, 60, 63, 69, 75, 85.

A. Older, all but 58, 59, 60, 62, 63, 75, 78, 85.

C. T. Warner, all but 59, 60, 63, 65, 75, 78, 79, 85.

Busy Bee, all but 58, 59, 60, 61, 63, 75, 79, 85.

H. A. Danker, all but 58, 60, 63, 75, 85.

Venus, all but 58, 60, 63, 75, 80, 85.

K. C., all but 58, 60, 63, 75, 85.

Annie E. Drummond answers all but 61, 65, 70, 71, 81, 83, 84, 86, 87, 88.

G.-H. Effie answers 70, 76.

Tom Thumb answers 70, 74.

Lizzie answers 65, 68, 70, 71, 73, 74, 83, 84, 88.

B. answers 61, 65, 71, 74, 83, 86, 88.

Cornelia answers 65, 70, 71, 72, 81, 83.

Jim answers 70, 71, 72, 74, 76, 86.

D. P. and W. W. W. answer 65, 70, 71, 73, 74, 83.

Lodavic answers 70, 71.

S. W. W. answers 64, 77.

Sam Slick should have been credited last month with the answer to 46.

QUESTIONS FOR DEBATE

5. Which is the longest English word in the dictionary? *Oliver Onley.*
6. Must *rail*lery necessarily create of*fence?*
7. *W. W. A.* desires me to publish the following, which has been in her scrap-book for 20 years, and still remains unsolved:

"To five and five and fifty-five
The first of letters add;
You'll see a thing to shame a king,
And make a wise man mad."

I am of opinion that the first line should be: "To five and five and fifty;" then we could get a satisfactory result. What do A. O., W. A. F., O. O., M. A. E., S. S., Alpha and others think about it?

REMARKS ON THE "QUESTIONS FOR DEBATE" IN THE MARCH NO.

1. *Ned W.* thinks it does, as he has never been able to come up with it yet.
2. And that his "line of conduct" will be "thick" enough to hang him, if he doesn't mend his ways.

C. M. S. says "over two feet."

3. *Wilforley* thinks that "rivers" *may* be "diverted," because when poets have been a-musing on their banks, they speak of them as "laughing waters."
4. *Sam Slick* and *Mary A. E.* give OWL — WL = O.

Fannie says snow-bird — SW = no bird.

Wilforley says canary-bird — CA = *nary bird.*

ANSWER TO ANAGRAMS.

1. Presbyterian.
2. Punishment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G.-H. Effie.—The letter was forwarded as desired. I wish I *could* "help" you. Can you not glean ideas from studying the answers? You sent no solutions with your enigmas; I happened to guess them, but the answers should always accompany puzzles.

Adelbert Older.—Answers are "credited on the prize account" until the magazine is issued, *containing the answers.* *A. O.* wishes to know where Uncle Joe is, and "wishes we could have a re-union of all the old contributors to the Chat and Puzzle-Drawer, in some number." So do I, most heartily.

Sucker desires to be introduced to the 20,000.

Busy Bee.—Your little note was as sweet as honey. Indeed, you *are* "improving!"

Sam Slick.—I congratulate you upon having found such an interesting correspondent. "He" is an *E. D.* "Brooklynite." Thank you for the "scrap," though I'm afraid it is a little too long for the "bag."

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Myrtle P.—You sent no answers with your enigmas.

Lilla Harrison.—You have done bravely.

C. T. Warner thinks she shall "not be able to gain a prize so long as *Kruna* contributes to the puzzles." It is as easy for you as for the rest, *Carrie.*

D. P. and W. W. W.—Of course I will "please accept." Our list would not be complete without your initials.

Ellian.—It was forwarded as desired.

Lizzie.—You will find the conundrum you sent me, No. 48 of Vol. 39.

C. F. W.—Thank you; but "I deny the soft impeachment" about the "impoverished" state of the "scrap-bag."

C. W. C.—Thanks for puzzles; but we can't promise to publish them "next month;" a great many "first come" are awaiting their turn.

Bessie Johnson desires to be introduced to her namesake, Bess! Why, Bessie? Did you read the confession, page 88, March No.? Bess has been convicted of *he*-resy. What mean you about the "derivatives?"

H. A. Danker.—Yes, "a word in the plural (of one syllable) may be used to make words out of;" *art* and *arts* would be considered two words, but *tear*, a rent, and *tear*, from the eye, bearing the same combination of letters, would *not* be considered two different words.

G.-H. Effie.—You forgot to send answers to your puzzles.

Venus.—Bravo! Your answers are all very ingenious, if some of them are incorrect. I do like people to say *something.*

Willie Bonnell.—We shall be delighted to have you join our circle, and say just what you have a mind to. Words received.

M. and M. C.—Glad to hear from you. I promise not to tell any one cousin what word another has chosen, until the decision in July: then I shall give the name with the word chosen, etc.

K. C.—Our "walls" are bounded by North, South, East, and West. ("As far as the East is from the West;" did you ever look into the illimitable ether, and try to estimate that distance?) You answer 85—"you can not make it from," etc.: ha! ha! I am afraid you *can*, partly. The "magic square" is very much used up. Thanks for puzzles. Come often, and come much.

W. P. L.—Notice remarks to *Frank* and *H. A. Danker* upon the "word" subject, and try again; too bad, isn't it?

H. H. B.—You wouldn't have me "tell" right out in meeting! Send me your real name and address first. "Plurals" may be used, but not obsolete words, prefixes, or terminations.

Kruna.—I "like them" very much. Thank you.

Melancthon E.—Well done!

Jim.—I hope we shall hear from you again before June. You need not use *all* the letters in the word selected; "hat, rat, arch," etc., may be made out of "starch." Jim thinks it too bad that Oliver Onley was never informed of Jim's preference for him above all others; now he desires a seat near "Charley" to assist in the "teasing" operations.

Ned W.—It was sent as requested. You needn't have been so sly about it. Do you challenge me to discover your identity?

C. M. S.—You are abundantly welcome.

Alpha.—You needn't "feel bad;" no one has solved 63. Please send address, with real name, or say where I shall send your prize.

Frank.—Indeed we do miss our correspondents when they stay away; so don't be "lazy." "Starched," "preached," and all such past participles, are literally two syllables, and therefore can not compete for the prize.

Bertha.—You are the only one who has correctly guessed No. 85.

W. A. F.—If you don't report yourself in our Debating Society I am afraid I shall have to declare war.

Tommy.—I was afraid we were not going to hear from you this month. I quite agree with you about Mr. J.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Golden-Haired Effie, Sucker* (what a name! "Old Dan Tucker" would be even preferable), *C. F. W., Lilla Harrison, C. T. Warner, Busy Bee, Lizzie, Jim, Cornelia, W. P. L., H. A. Danker, Venus, Hawthorne, Tom Thumb, Kruna,* and *Tommy.*

Answers too late to be credited last month, from *G.-H. Effie, Myrtle P.*, and *Anna W. N.*

Love to *Cinderella, Viola D., Nemo, Lone Star, Jennie D., Sybil Grey,* and *D. B. S.*

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PISTOLS AND BRAVERY.*

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

CHAPTER VI.—LOADING A BOAT.

ONE day, about a week after August arrived at his cousin's, a plan was formed for a party to go on a raspberry expedition. The raspberry ground was in a wild place, on the margin of the wood, about a mile from the village, up the river. There were seven or eight persons in the party, some girls and some boys. They were to meet at a certain corner by the roadside, at nine o'clock in the morning. Euphrazia found a small basket for herself, to gather her raspberries in, and a small tin pail, with a cover to it, for August.

Euphrazia's mother did not seem at first perfectly willing that she should go.

"Is it anywhere near the river, Frazie?" said she.

"Oh, no, mother!" replied Euphrazia; "it is quite a good way from the river. It is up near the woods."

"Because," said Mrs. Gale, "if it was anywhere near the river, I should not be willing at all to have you go; though I feel pretty safe about you as long as you are with August."

So August and Euphrazia set out on the excursion. They met the rest of the party at the appointed place of rendezvous, and all went together to the raspberry ground. They found the berries very thick, and they had a fine time for many hours in gathering them. They all filled their baskets and pails full, and had as many as they wanted to eat besides. Then they sat down in little groups upon broad flat stones and under trees by the roadside, to rest a little while, and talk together, before setting out to go home.

While the party were seated together thus on the flat stones, Maurice and another boy rambled away down a road which led toward the bank of the

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river, and soon afterward they were seen coming back running—and calling out at the same time that they had found a boat at the landing, proposing also that the whole party should go down and take a sail.

This proposal was received with loud acclamations, and the boys and girls all began to rise up from their seats, with a view of putting it into execution.

Euphrazia was one of the most eager in her expressions of joy.

August walked quietly round to the place where she was standing, and said to her, in an under-tone:

"You and I can't go, at any rate. You know you promised auntie that we would not go near the river."

"Oh no," replied Euphrazia, "I did not make any promise at all. I only told her that the raspberry ground was a good way from the river, and it is."

"But she understood it as a promise," said August.

"No she didn't," replied Euphrazia. "And then, besides, she said she felt safe when I was with you; so if you go to take care of me, she won't mind."

"Ah!" rejoined August, "she said that because she thought I should not let you go into such places."

"Nonsense," said Euphrazia; "I tell you that when she sees me coming home safe, she won't care anything about it. And at any rate I mean to go, and you had better go too, and take care of me."

So saying Euphrazia ran off down the road with the other boys and girls, leaving August to follow, or not, as he thought best.

August seemed to think that it would be best for him to follow. So he went on down the road. The rest of the party were soon out of sight, being concealed by bushes and trees which were brought in the way by the windings of the road. August could, however, hear their voices before him, and before long he came in sight of the water. There was a small landing, and two or three boats by it. The boats were fastened to a little pier. The boys and girls were all getting into the largest of the boats. Euphrazia was already in; she had taken her place at the bows, where she sat watching for the arrival of August, and as soon as she saw him she began to beckon to him and call out,

"Come!"

August shook his head, and remained where he was standing aside a little, near the head of the pier.

In the mean time the boys and girls were getting into the boat, and staggering about in it, with many little shrieks of alarm and shouts of laughter.

"Come!" said Maurice, at last, turning to August when all the rest were in.

"No," said August, "I am not going."

"Why not?" asked Maurice.

"Because I think you have got enough on board without me," said August.

"Hoh!" exclaimed Maurice in a tone of contempt. "Don't you know enough about boats to understand better than that how much such a boat as this will carry?"

"I know enough about boats," replied August, "to understand that it is not safe to load one so deep as that with boys and girls."

"Why! Do you think we shall upset?" asked Maurice.

"No," replied August, "I don't *think* you will."

"What do you think *will* happen, then?" asked Maurice.

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"I *think* you will have a little sail, and then come back safe to land."

"Then why won't you go with us?" asked Maurice.

"Because I am not *sure* that you will," said August, "and I don't like to go out upon the water with girls, unless I am pretty *sure* of coming back again."

CHAPTER VII.—FORBEARANCE.

August was perfectly right in apprehending danger in this case. Sailors and boatmen, and other such persons accustomed to the water, may go safely sometimes in a boat loaded down to the water's edge, for they are not liable to be thrown off their guard by any little accident that may occur, but keep cool and steady. It is different with children, and even with boys and girls of considerable age. They are liable to sudden panics and emotions of all sorts, so that their remaining quiet and steady in the position necessary to maintain the equilibrium of the boat, can not be relied upon. If a fish jumps in the water very near, and frightens them; if one of them sees something curious down among the stones on the bottom, and calls suddenly upon all the rest to look; if another boat comes near and threatens to run against them; or if any other of the thousand little accidents occur, which we are always liable to meet with in a boating party, away they all go out of their proper positions; the edge of the boat on one side or the other is borne down, and a cascade of water comes pouring in all along the gunwale. This frightens them more than ever. Away they all go then to the other side, and down the other gunwale goes dipping deeper than before; the next minute the boat is bottom upwards, and they are all struggling in the water.

This is the history of a great many capsizings of children in boats not loaded deep enough to be at all dangerous if the company had consisted of men. Men, in such a case, when they saw the boat dipping on one side, would instantly think of the danger on the other, and would instinctively move back only just far enough to lift the dipping edge again out of the water. But boys and girls can not be expected to have so much presence of mind.

Maurice, however, and the other boys in the boat, seemed not at all disposed to adopt August's view of the case. Maurice said, in an under-tone, to one of the boys near him: "It is because he is a coward—I always said he was a coward." The other boys and girls, who all this time secretly felt that they were doing wrong, and were, of course, very naturally vexed with August, whose conduct seemed tacitly to reprove them, took up the word and began to call out "Coward! coward!" at the same time pointing at August with their fingers, and laughing derisively.

August's blood began to boil with indignation. There was a stone about as large as a cocoanut lying at his feet. His first impulse was to take this stone and throw it out toward the boat—not, of course, with the design of hitting any of the boys and girls, but only with the idea of spattering them well with the spray which it would throw up in falling into the water.

But August's father had taught him that one great secret in the art of getting along well in the world, is that of always keeping cool, in other words, of never doing or saying anything when in a state of excitement.

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"When you feel your blood boiling, August," said he to him one day, "and a sense of burning indignation beating in your heart, from some injustice or wrong that has been done to you, shut your mouth and hold your hands still by your sides. You never can tell what it is best to do or say at such a time as that. Let your heart beat on, and your blood boil, as long as it will, but in the mean time keep quiet, and compose your countenance into a placid smile, till the fit is over. A man that has once learned to do this will find that it will give him an immense advantage over all his adversaries."

So August, after glancing a moment at the stone, turned his eyes again toward the boat, and looked upon the party with an air of composure and unconcern, which soon made them quite ashamed of themselves. In the mean time the boat had receded from the pier, and was now slowly moving along up the river, parallel to the shore, some of the boys rowing and others pushing upon the bottom with their oars.

It was very fortunate that August thought better of his plan of throwing a stone out to the boat, to splash the passengers, for if he had done so, the occurrence would have furnished exactly one of those occasions of panic which have been described, and the boys and girls, in the sudden start which it would have given them, and the crowding over to the farther side to get out of the way of the danger, would very probably have caused the boat to upset, and some of them might have been drowned.

In consequence, however, of August's forbearance, and also of the fact that no other accident occurred to produce an excitement on board the boat, the party completed their excursion, and returned to the pier in safety. August remained there to receive them when they landed.

"Ah, August!" said some of them as they were landed, "why did not you take a sail with us? You are sorry now, we are sure, that you did not come."

"No," said August. "I presume that I feel better about it now than you do."

"You were afraid," said one of the girls.

"Yes," said August. "I *was* afraid."

"But he was afraid for us, and not for himself, I am very sure," said a girl named Lucy.

"Yes," said August, "that is exactly it, and I am much obliged to you for saying so, Lucy."

All the party turned to look at Lucy as August said this. She seemed to feel quite abashed at having drawn so much attention toward herself, and turning round sank down upon a seat, and began looking earnestly into the water.

The party were soon after this all safely landed, and they walked home together talking by the way in a very good-humored manner. Those who had been in the boat seemed to forget all about the circumstance of their having called August a coward. He had not forgotten it, however, but was secretly revolving in his mind a plan for convincing them that they were mistaken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE true hero fears God and his own conscience more than man. The meanest of cowards is he who disobeys God and dishonors himself, through fear of being laughed at.

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THE LESSON OF THE FLOWERS.

BY ADELBERT OLDER.

Where stately lilies look
Downward, where the bright waves pass,
Daisies spangle all the grass;
Near yon babbling brook,
Prattling down the flow'ry mead,
Come with me, and let us read
Truths from nature's book.

From out the silent clod
The daisy lifts its golden head,
And the clover, white and red,
Carpets all the sod;
All these flowers, the world that grace,
Are where nature's finger's trace
The great, great name of God.

Go out among the flowers,
In the shaded woodland dells,
Where the brooklet's tinkling bells
Chime the passing hours,
And the breeze, rich with perfume,
Rudely shakes the roses' bloom
Down in fragrant showers;

Or where the blushing clover,
In the pastures, broad and still,
Sloping downward from the hill,
Sprinkles crimson over,
Where the wild bee sits and swings,
Or the lark ascends and sings
Carols to its lover;

The flower, the bird, the bee,
All the self-same lesson teach,
And our souls that blindly reach,
Faith shall set them free.
Nature's plan unravels slow;
Let us trust, and we shall know
Creation's mystery.

"FATHER," said a cobbler's lad, pegging away at an old shoe, "they say that trout bite good now." "Well, well," replied the old gentleman, "you stick to your work, and they *won't bite you!*"

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THE HAPPY CHOICE.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"GOD pity the poor to-night!" said Sidney Bennet; and he drew a deep semi-groan from the pit of his stomach, and settled himself to read the "Sorrows of Werter" with satisfaction. He felt that he had been very good and devout to utter such a prayer. He had just arrayed himself in an exquisite Cashmere wrapper and a dainty pair of slippers, glanced approvingly at the looking-glass, placed the light in a convenient position, and drawn his large cushioned easy-chair beside the cheerful fire, to enjoy, as best he could, the comforts of his lonely room, so lonely now as he thought of Cressy Hatfield.

'Twas a bitter night. The sky had vailed its stars with angry clouds, and the wind clutched at the casements, and howled under the eaves, and sent the snow flying into the faces of the people, and through the crevices of the houses and the chinks of the windows.

Presently the wind grew wilder in its ravings, and he laid down his book and lazily approached the glass, ar-

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ranged his hair a trifle more jauntily, smoothed his small, fair chin, and said to himself, "What a providence that I was snatched from such a vulgar, unappreciative life, to one of refinement and feeling! How little I used care for the suffering of others, and now how tenderly I sympathize with grief! No, I could not have found out my own capabilities if I had been a farmer. Bah! the very name makes me shudder. I wish old Tom Bennet wouldn't always seek me at the store, with his countrified how-de-do's. Only to think of his saying, 'God bless you, my boy,' before Cressy Hatfield, when she was looking at that superb robe yesterday. Oh, the little beauty! I know why she didn't have it sent then—she wants to come and talk across it again. Her father is so rich, and mine—well, he's comfortable, to be sure, but I do hope he'll conclude to go to Iowa, and stop his visits. I'd take a tour and see him, certainly, sometimes, but to have Howard follow in his footsteps is too bad—too bad. He is handsomer than I am, and was up to me at school, but he has low tastes, and such brown, hard hands! I am glad etiquette don't permit introductions in a dry-goods store, ain't I? Cressy will be back for that dress to-morrow, I am sure. At any rate, I laid it away for her; and when I said I should, she blushed—the little gipsy. I'd be set up if I could get her, by-and-by. But then I couldn't take her home, and what would she think? I guess I'll break with them if they don't go away, and tell her a pitiful story of domestic estrangements," and back he sank into the sorrows of his book.

Sidney Howard was not a vicious young man—in fact, he was too fastidious to be very practical in his sins. He had spent many of his earlier years with an aunt in the city, who was only half way up the ladder of moneyed respectability, and killed herself trying to go higher.

When his aunt rested from her unfulfilled labors, this young lad was taken into a fashionable mercantile house, and had worked himself up into the silk department, and was just exquisite enough, and had a just small enough quantity of manhood to be very successful. He possessed purposes in life, and the chief one was to marry Cressy Hatfield, the only child of the senior member of the firm. The ladies petted him, and he had no doubt of his success with this beautiful girl, if he only proposed in a pathetic style—in fact, Werter was suggestive.

His father was one of those great-hearted men who think no evil of any one, and if his son was somewhat inattentive to him, and he failed of having a *tête-à-tête* with him during his frequent visits, he comforted himself by saying, "He knows his relations to his employers. He is a faithful lad, and makes 'duty first' his motto."

His brother Howard was not precisely of that opinion in regard to Sidney, but he was tender in all his thoughts and words, and would not pain his father by his suspicion of the true state of affairs. However he felt, he made his visits very infrequent. He was a tiller of the soil, and put his own hands to the work, and did not blush at his position. He said it was the first work God ordered, and it was not narrower or lower now, than then, in its dignity. He was a student in the best literature, and sought to elevate himself in the intellectual and social scale of life, and carry his fellows with him in his ascent. In fact, in spite of his brown, hard hands, the gentleman was perceptible all over his

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face, in his carriage, and in his expressions. There is a subtilty in genuine nobility which can only be felt, though even our rich language is too poor to express it. It always expresses itself.

It was almost fortunate for Mrs. Bennet that she was a partial invalid, for the pain of being received coolly by her boy would have been harder to endure than physical suffering, and, of course, she never was made partaker of her son's thoughts on this subject. When Sidney came home, there was no cause for restraint, and he permitted himself to indulge in very charming expressions of affection, which he had cultivated for future use, and which were, he thought, sufficient manifestations of regard.

Words are sweet, very sweet, particularly to the ears of a mother, and so Mrs. Bennet was very happy in her boy.

Their home was as pretty as refined tastes could make it, and it won many an exclamation of appreciative delight from strange passers-by. No one ever thought of wealth, or said "How splendid!" but it touched the senses, and conjured up dreams of "sweet home," and "How lovely!" were the only words uttered by gazers. And then followed a long looking back into memory and childhood, or a searching glance at the vailed future, to see if such a nest was ever to shelter the thinker.

Sidney Bennet did not feel either of these emotions. There were gold scales over his eyes, and they hid all its genuine beauty. God's beauty was hateful to him. He only saw happiness in marble-fronted mansions, and gold-mounted, scarlet-cushioned carriages, with faultless horses, held by a cockaded coachman. He did not mean to be heartless, but the piles of gold he longed for had taken the place of that little throbbing machine in human bosoms which sends quick tears and swift thrills of pain or pleasure, and prompts the hands to follow as its minister in acts of love and charity.

But to go back to the day before the storm. Mr. Bennet, senior, had heard the sweet voice of Cressy Hatfield, and his heart danced to half-forgotten tunes of old times, and he saw dimly another face very like this one, and memories haunted him which had been buried for years and years. As the half child loitered past heaps of beautiful things, he loitered, too, almost unconscious of what he did, and when she stepped into the Babelish crowd, he followed involuntarily, as if he were afraid she would be snatched up from his sight, as that one in memory had been.

Did any one, strolling brilliant Broadway, ever feel the pulse of pain which beats out and out into poverty's grave, just off the magnificent pathway of opulence? Gold is here, gliding in its own glow, within the sound of want, gathering its rags — thankful even for breath and bread. Who listens? Thank God, there are a few who step aside from the glitter, mailed in purity and guarded by angels, whom no earthliness can stain, whom no evil can defile. Such a one was Cressy Hatfield, and when Mr. Bennet saw her cross over toward the eastward of the splendor, and down a dingy street, he eagerly pressed forward, and presently the dull sound of a heavy, half hung door closed between him and his memory—his dream. He was wide awake now. He felt that it was a strange place for the young girl, and that some strong inducement bore her through that miserable alley, and he was right. Pity, next to love, is wo-

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man's impelling power. He waited a little. She did not come. He grew alarmed, and pushing his way inward, found one of those scenes of want so common in the great metropolis; but the pendant to the picture was rare—oh, too rare! Cressy was writing on her ivory tablets, and talking to her thoughts, while great tears of thankfulness and hope ran over the face of the meager-looking woman, and down on the shriveled baby, tugging at her feverish bosom.

"Coal, one half ton—I don't care for the laces—two dollars for bread in small change. I wish father wasn't so strict, to make me dress on my allowance—but he is a darling old soul. A new stove — that spoils the robe-money. I don't care. Sidney can sell it. He is so handsome and gentlemanly, father says I may ask him to my coming-out party next winter, and I don't care who else is there—and some bed-clothes from the upholsterer's, and a cradle for the little monkey, so she can sew when she gets well, and rock her little mite of a man. Well, there goes two thirds of this quarter's cash. O my, sir! did you hear me talk to myself just now?" she said, dropping her hands from the window-seat where she had been writing. "It is a childish habit, but I have no one but servants to speak to when father is out, and so I make company of myself."

This childish introduction made them friends in a moment, and together they comforted, with pleasant words of hope, the poor creature with her wee wan baby, whose father had never blessed it with a kiss, but who slept unmarked in the Potter's Field before its little eyes saw the dim light of its shadowed life. Together they went out, and the girl of exquisite taste saw not the inelegant texture of her new friend's garb, for the glory of his heart came out through his eyes, and wrapped him in an aureola of loveliness. If her friends on Broadway wondered at her escort, she did not discover their surprise, so intensely interested was she in the tenderly quaint talk of her new friend. At last they parted at the door of an elegant mansion. As she passed slowly and noiselessly over the rich pile of her father's carpets, she said to herself:

"Like ships meeting at sea, and parting again, never more to signal each other."

And the night came down, wild and bleak, and the young girl knelt, and said: "God pity the poor this night!" remembering that she had done what she could; and her fascinating admirer pulled the tassel on his purple cap, which *she* had fashioned, and said, pathetically, "God pity the poor this night!" and did nothing.

Cressy never talked over that robe again, nor asked to look at it, to see how much it tempted her taste, but she saw Sidney very often, and she thought him "handsome, very handsome," and wondered what papa would say if he should call some time and ask for her.

The summer-time came again, and brought dreamy days of drouth and fearful scenes of pestilence and death. Ah! there were hearts broken and hopes crushed that lurid summer. The gay streets were thinned of their throng, and the graveyards peopled with the dead.

Among the victims were Hatfield, senior, of Hatfield & Brothers. The Brothers had fled from the contagion, but the victim felt that duty held him where households were fed by his establishment, and he fell at his post,

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and God took him. Vainly had he urged his child to go with her uncles, but she was too like her father to do that, and she was alone in her sorrow.

When old Mr. Bennet heard it, he said, "I shall take my life in my hand, and go for that child, and if she will come to us, even with the contagion in her garments—well, the Lord will care for us."

Sidney objected, for death had thinned the golden scales on his eyes; but Howard said, "Go, my father. If I knew the child, I would go instead," and Sidney said nothing more.

The young girl saw in her visitor the first friend who had come in her need, and two days had passed since they took her father to his hurried burial.

She lay on the old man's bosom, and wept her first tears, for the stricken child's grief was, till now, too heavy to overflow.

On the Hudson there is a charming spot, adorned with every beauty to which nature will permit growth under our skies, and the eyes of the beholders brim with delight at its exquisiteness, and grow glad at the upland stretches of corn and the prophecies of plenty on its broad surroundings. Here, Howard Bennet and his sweet wife, Cressy, are happy in the dignity they add to their position, and whenever a stranger says your "country residence" or "villa," Mrs. Bennet corrects the speaker by saying, "You mean *Our Farm*. My husband is a farmer." She never tells, for the pity she bears him, that she rejected the fastidious city brother for the great-hearted, brown-handed *man*, who was a tiller of the soil and a worker in the world. And what became of Sidney? At first he was almost inconsolable at the loss of his darling Cressy; but his superficial nature was incapable of a very deep wound. He returned to mercantile pursuits in the city, comforted himself with his meerschaum and the latest fashions, became a noted *lady-killer*, *i. e.*, a confirmed male flirt, and is to this day a bachelor of handsome appearance and polished manners, smiled upon by many, but warmly loved by none. Tailors will be the chief mourners at his funeral.

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OLD BILL.

IT is now one o'clock in the morning. Bill has been standing in his stable not quite half an hour. His stable is better than many a poor man's cabin; he has a good thick blanket strapped around him; and he has been well supplied with such eatables as horses delight in. Yet he is by no means satisfied. He is quite out of patience, in fact; and if any one should happen to blunder too near him, he might possibly receive some damage from his teeth or heels. Horse as he is, though, he has more reason to feel dissatisfied and cross than have some who claim to be a great deal wiser. Some are disposed to grumble, to rail and strike at everybody, even when all their circumstances seem to be as agreeable as they can well expect. Not so foolish is old Bill; he is dissatisfied and cross because he don't feel comfortable; there is a chill on him which makes his flesh tremble; and he feels so weary and lifeless, that he wants to lie down before he has satisfied his hunger. You will not wonder how this can be, I think, after you have listened to me a few minutes longer.

The morning was clear, and the sun shone as pleasantly as ever it does in midwinter. The sleighing was excellent, and people evidently had a disposition to improve it. This disposition was stronger and more general, because for several days preceding the weather had been so very cold as to forbid much enjoyment out of doors. The first bright day was welcomed by all as an invitation to go abroad. Men and women, boys and girls, prepared for the rides and the visits which they had so long been wishing to accomplish; and many rides and visits more were hastily planned on the spur of the occasion. The roads were soon a scene of life. First appeared a few excursionists who were more impatient or more energetic than their neighbors; and then as the sun wheeled up the heavens, the living tide began to increase. Sleighs of all sorts, from the most rich and luxurious to rough and rickety affairs that would hardly hold together, dashed along in quick succession; they were drawn, too, by all sorts of horses, as well as filled with all sorts of people; for when there was so much riding to be done, even every old nag that had the use of three or four legs was forced into service, and some of these poor animals were lashed to the top of their speed, and made to jingle their half dozen bells for mile after mile, as if the more they foamed and suffered, the more pleasure they imparted to the empty skulls behind them.

But, as usual in this world, while

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many were gay, others were sad. In one family at least were a few young people who could not that day have their wishes. When they saw the morning open clear and mild, they set their minds on a ride to see their cousins. So as soon as they had a fair chance, they beset their father to grant them the use of his horses. But the old gentleman gave them a flat denial at once, on the ground that his team must do something else, and of much more importance. Nor could they tease nor argue him out of his resolution. They had to submit, therefore, though they did not bear their disappointment with as good a grace as they might. To see others in the midst of enjoyments in which they could have no share, brought an occasional cloud over their faces. Their eyes followed the passing sleighs wistfully, and sometimes their tongues ventured an impatient remark against their father; in fact, their was rebellion in their hearts all day long; they felt that they had been rather hardly dealt with, and therefore resolved that the matter should not end as it was. When accordingly they met their father, some time in the afternoon, they begged that they might have a ride in the evening. "A ride this evening!" exclaimed Mr. Watson, "do you think you would be wise to go six miles after sundown, to make a visit? Besides, how would my old horses like to be driven that distance, after doing a day's work?" But the petitioners pretended not to see the force of such arguments; they thought the idea rather funny, that it might hurt them to be out in the evening; and as for the horses, they would use them carefully, and see that all their wants were supplied. Still, however, the old gentleman objected, and he came very near telling them outright, that they might as well shut their mouths. But there was some father in him, after all, and I know not but a little weak spot besides. At any rate, such assaults as they made upon him were not without effect. He finally yielded so far as this: Kate was a little lame, and therefore must remain at home; but they might have old Bill, if they would not drive him too hard, nor keep him out too late. Accordingly, having been released from labor a little earlier than usual, old Bill was hitched to the cutter and started on the road. Behind him were three as merry hearts as he had ever drawn in his life. But how much they enjoyed their ride, how soon they arrived at their uncle's, and what a delightful visit they had there, I am not about to tell you; I shall only say, that seldom before had an evening seemed so short to them—the midnight hours were near at hand before they were aware of it. Remembering, then, their father's charge to return early, they prepared as hastily as they could, and started for home; and to fall behind time as little as possible, they drove in the manner of Jehu, and reached home sooner than one would have guessed. They received in consequence a double reproof: one for staying out beyond a reasonable hour, the other for delivering the horse in a warm and exhausted condition.

Old Bill was soon restored to his usual quarters. But though he was well taken care of, yet, as I have already told you, he was far from comfortable. Had he been acquainted with the English language, I warrant he would have uttered in the ear of his master a most moving complaint. As it was, he could only clothe his thoughts in his own native tongue.

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"Well, now, this is too much," muttered he; "I never felt so bad in all my life. Every bone in my body seems to ache. I shall not be fit to work to-morrow, that's certain. If this is what comes of sleigh-riding, deliver me from it. When I have nothing else to do, I don't mind dragging a load of those queer bipeds over the snow as far as they wish to go; I delight in it, rather. But to be put to such a service after I have done a good day's work, is more than I am willing to bear. Nor, at any time, do I like to be driven as fast as my heels can carry me. Such things may be sport to others, but it is death to poor old horses. A little addition to my mess of oats don't mend the matter at all, in my way of thinking. Nothing of that sort can take the aches out of my bones, and make me feel as strong and lively as I ought to feel, to do a proper amount of service. But if, after this night's experience, I show a disposition to-morrow to work a little moderately, I shall probably get the lash. A fine way, indeed, to make amends for one abuse by inflicting another! Horseflesh is good enough, I know; but then it can't endure everything. A few more such jaunts will finish me. There is this consolation, though—that the season of snow is short, and that if an old horse can survive the toils and hardships of winter, he will be very likely to live through the summer. But no thanks to those two-legged animals for that. They call themselves human; I believe, if there is anything human in them, we horses have a chance to find it out. Did they treat us with more humanity, we would regard them with stronger affection, and they would have better reason to respect themselves."

Such, as well as I could determine from my slight acquaintance with the equine language, were the thoughts which passed through old Bill's crainum. Should they suggest to any one an improvement in his conduct, my labor in translating them will not be in vain. THE OLD MAJOR.

THE OLD MOUNTAIN MILL FIFTY YEARS AGO

BY UNCLE TIM.

Down a valley, on a stream,
Long before the age of steam
Ivy wreaths so tangled grew,
Rabbits scarce would venture through.
There the hemlock, ever green,
Bent and cracked o'er wintry scenes,
Bowing when the cold winds blow,
Loaded with the drifted snow.
Mid the rock, the hills, the mountains,
Murmuring flowed those crystal fount-
Far behind the rocky hill [ains.
Stood the well-known mountain mill.

On its roof the moss of age
Grew, with its unwritten page.
Many a witch that mill had seen
Dancing up and down that stream,
Which the mill had never made so,
Yet the miller always said so.
Many a story, on its tour,
Started from those midnight hours—
That miller was so odd and droll
Telling stories, taking toll—
All of witches, their exploits,
Broom-stick horses, skulls for quoits,
Witches' bridles, witches' steeds,
How they rode and what their deeds;
How they walked, and how they pranced,
How they with his meal-sacks danced,

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How they laughed, how they scoffed,
How they rode his meal-sacks off,
With their heads beneath their arms,
Of some powerful counter-charms—
Texts of Scripture on the floor,
Horse-shoes nailed beneath the door;
Boasted much of gunning skill,
How those witches he could kill;
Musket-balls of iron or lead,
Never even witches bled;
How he told, by hook or stitch,
Silver balls would bleed a witch.
Many a truant hour we spent
When on fishing we were bent;
Fools we were, and sad our plight,
Sitting long to get one bite— [riddle,
Sports most strange in boyhood's
So much toil for one small nibble.
Tired we were, yet dare not own—
Slow and sad we ventured home;
Often we, with warming blood,
Watched that rushing, foaming flood—
Listened to that roaring sound,
Saw that giant wheel go round—
Wheel on wheel, each giving motion,
Giving us the strangest notions.
Scenes like these, in minds thus woven,
When in after-years were roving,
Something from these mill-wheel dreams
Brought about this age of steam.
What a thrill would through us steal
When we viewed those piles of meal!
Thoughts would rush without our bidding,
Dreams of home and hasty-pudding.
Fashion changes with a rush—
Hasty-pudding changed to mush.
Hold, old lady! let us stir up
Every sweet, and change to syrup.
Ha! old lady, fairly sold—
Pewter spoons have turned to gold.
Lest our little folks abuse them,
Lock them up and never use them.

* * * * * *

Many times men came together,
Talked of storms, of winds, of weather,
Telling stories, telling news,
Sometimes falsehoods, sometimes truths;
Battles fought in other climes,
Revolutions' warlike times,
Fearful tales from Waterloo,
Wellington and Blucher too;
How Napoleon fought and failed—
Warlike scenes were then retailed,
Most exciting stories thrilled,
Gathered round our mountain mill.
Relics of those olden times,
Stuff for stories wove with rhymes—
More for wonder than for truth,
Told for us some gaping youth.
In this more enlightened age,
Mind can reason with each page,
Stamp each folly with its shame,
Try some other linked to fame.
Is it strange that scenes like these
Should be cited oft to please,
In those shades, so calm, so still,
Ever round our mountain mill—
Some to start some wondrous tale,
In that shady mountain vale?
Where the birds so sweetly sang
Round the vale, their echoes rang.
Can old Time those memories sever?
No! they live with us forever.

THE INVINCIBLES OF COMMON LIFE.—What a glorious troop might be formed of those men who have won their laurels in the campaign of life! fighting not against sword and bayonet, musket and cannon, lance and saber; but against hardship and circumstances; natural defects and the ridicule or opposition of their fellow-men. Nor has the fight been against a visible or tangible foe alone; these men have had themselves to conquer; their ignorance or indolence; their natural leaning to evil; the bad habits of early days, or even their poverty and the lowness of their social station.

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"OLD LIGE."

HOW those village boys have harassed that wretched old man! Ah! you naughty children! I dislike to call unpleasant names—it pains me as much as it offends you; but truth requires it—I should be much pleased could I rightfully commend your conduct.

Stop, boys! throw no more stones! utter no more cruel jeers! Listen! How it sounds for children to hoot at an old gray-headed man, and call him "Drunken old Lige!" What a want of respect due from the young to the aged! Fie, boys!

Yes, I know he is intoxicated. In an evil hour he has yielded to the tempter. Would you have done better? would you, when repeated disappointment or the treachery of supposed friends had tired you of life, and the strong temptation to drink and drown your misery was presented — would you, I ask, have dashed the deadly though enchanting cup, untasted, to the ground? would you? Time will tell. The tempter will assail you—he will attack you in some form — and God grant that you may successfully resist his efforts; but, judging from the ease with which he has induced you to heap insult on this old man, I can not predict for you an honorable future.

Good! Right, boys!—Tease him no more. But stay a moment. Look at "Old Lige!" What a sight! There he lies by the old fence, clinging to the bottle which has brought on all his ruin. Bloodshot eyes, bloated cheeks, livid lips, frizzled hair, trembling hands, bent form, crooked steps, and ragged, filthy garments! Pitiable spectacle! Take warning! See that you yield not to the tempter!

Ah! say not so, boys—"*I* aint afraid of becoming a drunkard;" children, many little boys have said this, and yet gone down to the inebriate's tomb. This very old man probably thought, when young, there was no danger that he should meet such a doom. Who would then have thought that Elijah B—— was to become a sot, the sport of rude boys, a disgrace to his relatives and to his race!

Dear nephews, surely none of those children were Merrys? That they were not is the hope of UNCLE JOE.

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FORKS.

WHAT could we do, in our day, without forks? Who could enjoy a meal of any kind without these useful fingers to pick it up, and to keep his own fingers out of the dish? Well, do you know it is only about two hundred and fifty years since forks were introduced into England? It was in the reign of James the 1st that this precious piece of refinement was brought from Italy. Think of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and all that sort of folk, eating with their fingers; or, at best, with a spoon. Our Puritan forefathers, too, must have been without this luxury. They probably never heard of such a thing as a silver fork, though they *had* heard of a person being "born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

We learn the fact, that spoons were not used in England till the early part of the seventeenth century, from a very curious book, first published in 1611, with this singular title: "*Coryat's Crudities, hastily gobbled up in five moneths' Travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhaetia (commonly called the Grison's country), Helvetia (alias Switzerland), some parts of High Germany, and the Netherlands.*"

Among other "crudities," Coryat says: "Here I will mention a thing that might have been spoken of before in discourse of the first Italian towne. I observed a custome in all those Italian cities and townes, through the which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travells; neither do I think that any other nation of Christendom doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, do alwaies at their meales use a little *forke*, when they cut their meate. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their forke, which they hold in the other hand, upon the same dish, so that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of any others at meale, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers, from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, insomuch that for his error he shall be at least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This forme of feeding, I understand, is generally used in all places in Italy, their forkes being for the most part made of yron or steele, and some of silver; but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion, by this *forked* cutting of

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meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England, since I came home; being once *quipped* for that frequent using of my forke by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one Master Laurence Whittaker, who in his merry humour doubted not at table to call me *Furcifer*,* only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause."

The use of forks was at first much ridiculed in England, as an effeminate piece of finery. In one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, "your fork-carving traveler" is spoken of with much contempt. Ben Jonson, too, joined in laugh against them in his "Devil's an Ass."

The word "fork" occurs only twice in the Bible. In 1 Samuel xiii. 21, and in the account of the riches of Solomon's temple, the same word is used in the original, but the Latin translation has made it *furca*, while the English has it *spoon*. In thus looking back to "the good days of yore," we shall be surprised to find how many things which we deem necessities of life were unknown then.

The word fork occurs in some of the Greek writers, but it is quite certain they were not used for eating. Even Lucullus was not acquainted with that luxury. Some two-pronged instruments have been found in Herculaneum, but it is clear they were not used at the table at any period of the Roman history. The first instance of this use of forks recorded in history, was at the table of John, the good Duke of Burgundy, and he had only two. At that period the loaves were made round. They were cut in slices, which were piled by the side of the carver, or cutting squire. He had a pointed carving-knife, and a skewer, of drawn silver or gold, which he stuck into the joint. Having cut a slice of meat, he took it on the point of the knife, and placed it on a slice of bread, which was served to the guest—a kind of semi-sandwich. This ancient custom of serving meat on the point of the carver, is still general throughout the continent of Europe, where pointed knives are yet much in use.

Before the revolution in France, it was customary, when a gentleman was invited to dinner, for him to send his servant with his knife, fork, and spoon; or, if he had no servant, to carry them in his pocket, as a carpenter carries his rule. A few still follow this custom, because it is old. The peasantry of Tyrol, and of parts of Germany and of Switzerland, generally carry a case in their pocket, containing knife, fork, and spoon.

* Furcifer literally meant a slave, who, for punishment of some fault, was made to carry a fork or gallows through the city, with his hands tied to it; hence it came to signify generally a rogue, a villain.

SCORN NOT THE LOWLY.

THERE's many a gem unpolished,
And many a star unknown—
Many a bright bud perished,
Neglected and alone—

When, had a word been spoken,
In a kindly, gentle tone,
The bud had bloomed unbroken—
The gem had graced a throne!

Then, oh, scorn not the lowly,
Nor do him any wrong,
Lest thou crush an impulse holy,
Or blight a soul of song!

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ABOUT OLD TIMES.

EDMUND BARTON was never so happy as when his aged grandfather would put on his hat and, taking his large cane, would come into the garden where he was at work. Edmund's father was in the grave; so his good grandfather seemed doubly near and dear to him. The affectionate boy was ever on the alert to make the old man comfortable. The rustic seat upon which he sat was Edmund's own ingenious work; and he was particularly careful never to get impatient at any old-fashioned ways, etc., but was studiously respectful and kind to him.

Many stories did the old gentleman tell of *his* son, Edmund's father, while a child and a schoolboy, which were always a delight to the listening boy. As he advanced in years, his thoughts and talk were more and more on what he called "old times," as is the case, doubtless, with the aged everywhere. One morning the railway train thundered by, only a few rods from the garden chair where old Mr. Barton was sitting—it made him think, as he said, of the *turnpike-road* of old times; and Edmund rested willingly on his spade to hear about it.

"When I was a boy," said he, "all the towns and villages were connected only by such roads. The roads were kept in smooth order by companies of men; much had to be done to them in the spring, for the frosts of winter made them give way, and the loaded wagons made large ruts and holes.

"To defray the expenses, there were toll-gates or turnpike-gates (such as John Gilpin rode through in such a hurry), where each carriage or cart paid a *toll* as it passed through. The mail was carried over these roads in what we call a *stage*, which was a large, heavy coach with three seats inside, and drawn by two or four horses. As it came dashing into the town, the driver would blow a great tin horn, very much like what the fishermen use as they go about selling their fish, and all the women in the houses (the men were out and

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waiting) left their work — for they used to work then—and ran to door and window to see who had come to town, for that was the way we traveled in old times.

"By the cars now, you know, we can go to Newtonia in six hours—but then we were obliged to take the stage in the afternoon, and stay all night at Middleton, which is about half way, and then wait there till late in the forenoon to take another stage, and get into Newtonia not till late in the afternoon again, being over twenty-fours hours on the way. Some persons would ride all night, being in haste, but there was great risk of upsetting in the pitch darkness, or of the horses taking fright and running away, for the drivers were quite generally addicted to tipsyfying, and any way they could not but get sometimes sleepy. In fine weather it was quite pleasant traveling thus; but when it rained, the wet beat inside the coach, for it had only curtains of oil-cloth; and then we would take cold, and get sore and lame by jolting and bouncing so many hours.

"When your father was just three years old—and a darling bright boy he was then—I had some business at Middleton, and I told his mother that I was a mind to take Eddy with me, for I knew he would be so happy on his part, and as for me, I wanted him with me all the time—I always did love him too well. His mother opened her eyes in astonishment when she heard me speak of keeping him away all night, but she made no objection, for she knew I should take care of my boy, happen what would, and so she fixed him in his best. He had just got well into jacket and trowsers, and felt so big that I believe it was that what put it in my head to take him with me. Oh, I was very proud of him!—how smartly he stepped about, as important as if he were going to buy goods for a store, which was my business there.

"What do you think we traveled in? It was not the stage, but in my own 'chaise,' as we called it — some call it 'shay' — we had no buggies or light wagons then. It was very much like what the doctors now use to visit their patients. Mine—I can see it now—had a square top, and curtains of oil-cloth upon the sides and back; these could be rolled up and fastened by buckles to the top—a funny-looking thing it was. The top and curtains were black, and the body of the chaise was bright light blue. I had 'old Bay' then, a strong horse, kind and gentle, and away we trotted.

"Nothing could be pleasanter than our ride, for we could choose our own time. Oh, the questions my little companion did pour forth! Pond-lilies he saw for the first time, and he could hardly be persuaded that I could not leave the chaise and get into the water and gather some for him. I don't believe he ever forgot those lilies to his dying day. Often have I heard him say that he could not describe his well remembered ecstasy when he saw their pure white stars above the water. One thing that amused me much was his idea, which certainly was original, that when we came to Middleton we should go through a door, as we did at home to get to another room, and he was all the time looking for a partition (not that he could express it so) or a wall, rounding at the top to the shape of the sky, and then a door to pass through.

"This he told me of long after, and I remembered his frequent asking when we should see the door, and after we

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long. The company looked incredulous, and it was quite evident they were not prepared to swallow it, even if it should have been a sugar-cane. "Pray, what kind of a cane was it?" asked a gentleman, sneeringly. "It was a *harri-cane*," replied the traveler.

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.—A novel mode of advertising for a wife has been adopted by an inhabitant of the town of Banbury, Oxfordshire. A portrait of the gentleman, taken by the daguerreotype, is placed in the window of a shopkeeper, and underneath is the following notice:—"Wanted, a female companion to the above; apply at the *Guardian* Office."

WHEN the infidel would persuade you to abandon your Bible, tell him you will do so when he brings you a better book.

A MAN should always look upward for comfort, for when the heaven above our heads is dark, the earth under our feet is sure to be darker.

"No room for further *extracts*," as the pickpocket remarked when he had purloined as much as he could carry.

THAT which can always be controlled must needs be weak.

DON'T engage in any undertaking if your conscience says no to it. If you do, you'll be sure to have bad luck.

THERE are some persons from whose conversation we retire with a thorough conviction of the existence of a vacuum.

AN active despair has often triumphed over the indolent assurance of success.

AMBITION often puts men upon doing the meanest offices.

IT is indifferent in what condition we are, if we are not in what we wish for.

THE reptile in human form should be avoided with care; you may rub out the slime of a snail, but not the slime of a slanderer.

IF an ass goes traveling, he will not come home a horse.

HE who tells the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults.

THE deepest wretchedness often results from a perpetual continuance of petty trials. A chance look from those we love often produces exquisite or unalloyed pleasure.

WHY should poor people be opposed to the selling of yeast? Because it occasions a *rise* in flour.

BLUSHING.—There was a faint blush came up in her face; not like the blush of agitation, indeed, but that sort of sudden transient glow which comes over a cheek unhackneyed to any strong sensations upon even a slight emotion. There are few people in the world more to be pitied than women who have lost the power of blushing.

MRS. SWISSHELM, in her letters to young ladies, says that "every country girl knows how to color red with madder." This we believe to be an ethnological fact, as we have always noticed that with all girls, the madder they get the redder they are.

"STOP that abominable noise," said a commanding officer to a trumpeter in the midst of a battle; "we can stand *fire*, but we can't stand that *air*."

WHY is a pugilist like the conductor of a newspaper? Because he is a head-hitter (editor). This is the prize effort of the season.

INDIGESTION is the remorse of a guilty stomach.

WHEN Mr. White looks black, does he change color?

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Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

SO here we are in our new quarters, and though we are not quite settled, yet surrounded by so many smiling faces, we begin to feel quite at home.

"Home's not merely four square walls,"

for the many words of sympathy and cheer which you bring have made us somewhat reconciled to the change of location, which already seems much like the old familiar spot. Yes, Jennie, we do "miss 116," but hope not to miss any of the Merry family from our monthly gathering around our new table.

LONGMEADOW, *May* 1, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE:—I read with sorrow that 116 was burned. Shan't you miss it? Roland, why do you have a particular partiality for the name of Jennie? I shall be very glad to have you near me. So here's my hand. W. H. C. has been a young gentleman ever since I can remember (you may guess how long ago that is); so I wonder how old he is. I think he is married. I suppose he will think that's very impudent. Busy Bee, won't you come and sit by me? I love you, and send a kiss.

The last time I was at the Chat, I sat between Sybil Grey and teasing Charley—wonder where I'll sit this time! that is, if I ever get in. I am sorry that the hatchet is left, for I expect I shall be chopped. Good-bye, with love to everybody. JENNIE D.

COAL MINES, PA., *April* 8.

DEAR UNCLE HI:—Good-day to you all. So you have been burnt out. Do you find your new quarters as pleasant as the old one? W. H. C., ain't you ashamed of yourself? To suspect Sybil Grey of being a boy! It reminds me of the days of witchcraft, when the only way to escape being accused was to become an accuser. But look out, Willy, the ladies have more than one way of accomplishing their desires, and I would not be at all surprised if you should be "chawed up" and utterly annihilated by half a score of sympathising females in "righteous indignation." Yours, etc.,

PENNSYLVANIA DICK.

DEAR UNCLES:—The May number of the MUSEUM was received several days in advance of the usual time, and with it came the tidings of your loss. As a convincing proof of my sympathy for you, I send you herewith my dollar, with many apologies for my negligence.

It appears that our shrewd friend W. H. C. suspects that there are other *deceivers* in the Chat, who are "trembling in their *shoes*" lest Aunt Sue should find them out. But, Willie, might there not be some who are trembling in their *boots*? What think you?

A word as to my last letter. There are one or two errors which I wish to correct. In the first place, I am made to address our respected and worthy Uncle thus familiarly—"*Dear Merry.*" It should read Dear *Merries*. Again, in the clause, "Because we are all old CAB. friends," the "*all*" should be omitted. In haste.

VENERABLE SAN.

Thanks, venerable friend—one dollar in gold—all right—comes just in time. Now "you have paid your money," you can address us as familiarly as you choose.

VICKSBURG, *April* 11, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS:—I received the MUSEUM yesterday. The first thing I looked at was the Chat. I am not quite as bashful now, as I stated in my first letter. I will go right up and shake hands with "Viola" and the "Lone Star." I find them quite interesting. I like Viola's description of the beautiful prairie country. I would like to travel on the plains and see the buffaloes.

SUE D. W.

GRANITE HILLS, *April* 21, 1861.

MR. MERRY—*Dear Sir*:—Here comes another to beg permission to enter your happy circle. This is the first year that I have taken the MUSEUM, but yet I am greatly interested in it. And if you will grant me a seat beside some one that is bashful, like myself, I shall feel quite contented. Some of the number claim an affinity with "Homely Face." Now I think that *I* can, also. I think that we can condole together in this

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dreadful misfortune. I hope we shall be good friends. What a pity that that merciless hatchet is in our midst! Methinks I can see it, poised in the air, ready to fall in full vengeance upon my poor, unprotected head. Should it fall ! ! ! What a pitiable object I *should* be, if such should be the case. Fearing that it will, I will close, hoping to be admitted, and soon become more acquainted with the fair and witty ones of the Chat.

Yours fearingly and timorously,

MINNA MERVIN.

BROOKLYN, *May* 8, 1861.

DEAR CHATTERBOXES:—Since I have been and gone and—with Aunt Sue's assistance—confessed my *miss*doing, and "come out in my true colors," I feel better. You are very forbearing in not having called me any worse names. "*Masked* battery," by W. H. C., made me feel the worst, because it was the truest. I know not with what vials of wrath those burnt-up letters may have been brimming, but *they* are gone—clean "dried up." Not that I mean to make light of that fire—however much light *it* may have made—it is really too serious a matter for jesting. "Three thousand dollars" at one fell swoop! Think of it, ye young A-merry-cans, who have been enjoying your five-dollars'-worth-for-a-dollar, year in and year out! Think of it, and "plank down" your dollar. * * * Let us *all* try to get a new subscriber or two—and the dollar with them. I have a piece of an idea which I hope to work up into two or three subscribers. Now then for a lift and a push all together.

Sybil—you *ought* to spell it Sibyl—Grey and W. H. C., "you both are right, and both are wrong"—S. G. in calling W. H. C. a "man of family," etc., and W. H. C. in doubting the young-lady-hood of S. G. Sibyl, my dear, that "little girl" of W. H. C.'s is no doubt his "very particular (female) friend," in other words, his "*bright* particular;" "only that, and nothing more." W. H. C., there is no law against a gay young lady—such as S. G.—having a "gay old time," if she chooses, or saying that she had, if she likes. "*Go to*," Black-Eyes! "coerce" me with "busses," if you like, but no blundering ones. Homely Face, thank you; swallowed and digested: any more?

Nellie S. Whiting, I *must* be mistaken in your identity, and hereby apologize. Venerable San, your forgiveness. I accept the office of A. H. S., so send along the hatchet. Hal., I hardly understand you, but * * * *. "Not so, my lord." Confederate cousins, Lily Parley, Sue Laigh, Roland, Hawthorne, and all, don't forsake us utterly; keep coming, and bring all your friends with you, and we'll take care of you.

Dear old Addelboat Elder—I mean Odelbet Addler—I give it up—what has so stirred up your belligerent qualities? * * * * Viola *Drinkwater*, what *did* you do for a drink in "the great drouth" in your unfortunate Kansas? Saucy Nell, how likest thou the picture? Twice as natural as life, isn't it? Mary Maxwell, bring along your fun. * * * * Sybil Grey and Annie E. Drummond will be so kind as to send me—if it please their ladyships—their respective—and of course respected—photographs—English *portraits*. A modest request, I know, and modestly made. * * * * But—"carte de visite" style and reciprocity. * * * * And Old Hulk, as W. H. C. calls himself, may send me a "face smile" (counterfeit presentment) of his "little girl." Will you, Willyum?

Dear Uncle Editor, would you care about anything in the story way for the pages of the MUSEUM—just to a-muse 'em, you know? * * * Ever yours,

WILFORLEY.

Wilforley, you are as worse as Bess. Our hatchet looked grimly at you, and was half disposed to cut you off, instead of cutting you up. Beware how you provoke him too far! Brevity, sir, brevity. Not quite so many letters in your letters. But for your story—yes, indeed. Send 'em along. We had stores of stories consumed in that burning of three stories of stores, at 116 Nassau.

FOREST COTTAGE, *May* 3, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have thought a great many times that I would write to you. I had such a vain desire to see my name in print, but the fear that it would be doomed to that basket as often stopped me. (The basket is burned now—what do you put all those letters in?) I *once* had dim suspicions that all those nice long letters purporting to be from W. H. C., Fleta, etc., etc., were

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not written by them, but by *some one else*. Now, please don't be angry, for this is intended as a compliment. These favored ones write as long letters as they please, with the happy certainty that they will be received to a place in the Chat, and spared from any blows of that mangling hatchet. I think I am entitled to a *little* consideration, for we have taken the CABINET ever since I can remember—eight or nine years. We couldn't do without it possibly. I guess you would laugh if you could see the rush for it when it comes. I believe you have said once that, "the shorter the letter, the better chance it has of going to the printer," so I will bid you good-bye. Give my love to Aunt Sue.

ADA.

You are mistaken, Ada, about that "happy certainty." Nothing is more certain than that the hatchet will descend upon those long letters. If you could only see the mangled remains of some of them, you would plead in their behalf. Very often whole letters go into the basket because they are so long; and, by the way, we have a large new basket which is equal to the occasion.

SUNNY SOUTH, *April* 22, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Many, many thanks for your kind wishes and remarks. I reckon if I had the whole Chat to myself, the interest would be all lost, except to you. "Mille graces," nevertheless—excuse this *one* French word, dear Uncle—I don't want to write French, while all the rest do. I have not been in our parlor for a long time—have I lost my seat? If so, *who* will give me one? I would like very much to introduce some *new* cousins, but it is impossible as yet, so, dear Uncle Hiram, please take the "will for the deed." My last year's pencil and pen are nicely put away, and often remind me of Uncle Hiram as I saw him on Olive Street—a pleasant thing for me to remember. I am slightly changed in looks, though the same as ever in heart and mind. If our dear Uncle H. H. ever comes South again, would it be too much trouble for him, when at New Orleans, to get in a car and come some miles this way to see me? I can promise him a warm welcome. Please spare that good hatchet, made of a smiling face, and let me in the parlor in full. With love to all, I am, as ever, yours, LILY S. PARLEY.

"Olive Street"—yes. I shall never forget it, nor the pleasant faces and warm hearts that always greeted me there. The hatchet is transformed to an olive branch, whenever I think of them. My warmest love to every one of them. The "miles" must be many and long, to prevent me from coming again, Lily, when I get a chance.

SOUTH PORTSMOUTH, R. I., *April* 10, 1861.

Very many thanks, dear Uncle Merry, for your promise to "hide the hatchet" when I appeared. To show my gratitude, I shall put what I have to say into the smallest possible compass. By the way, I hope none of the Chatterers will get wind of your promise, for if they do, I shall have them about me like a pack of hornets, and be forced to exclaim, as my brother did the other day, when he got into a scrape, "Sich a getting up stairs!" We visited Glasgow first, when in Scotland, and when on our way up the Clyde River, saw Dumbarton Castle, where is the sword of Sir William Wallace, and Dumbarton Hill, from which Thomas the Rhymer is said to have disappeared; also Newark Castle, where Mary Queen of Scots was at one time confined, and the place where Robert the Bruce died. While in Glasgow we visited the old cathedral, which is over seven hundred years old, and although somewhat defaced by the Reformers, is still a most magnificent building. At the Botanical Gardens we saw a lily called the Victoria Regia; it was as large as a cabbage, and the leaves so large as a center-table. Edinburgh next claimed our attention. At the Parliament House we saw some writing done by Sir Walter Scott; a Bible done by hand, and another Bible dating as far back as the 14th century. At the College Museum was a mummy in its coffin, over three thousand years old. At Holyrood Palace we saw Lord Darnley's rooms, consisting of a bedroom, dressing-room, and reception-room; a private staircase led from his room to Queen Mary's rooms. In her reception-room was a bed of state, belonging to Charles I., also a chair worked by her, and the first grate ever

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used in Scotland. In her bedroom was her bed, and a box, the top of which she worked when she was twelve years old. We also saw her supping-room, where Rizzio was killed, and some dark spots on the floor said to be his blood. At Edinburgh Castle we saw the room where James VI., son of Mary, was born, and the regalia of Scotland. The crown is of red velvet set with rubies, emeralds, pearls, and diamonds. My letter is already longer than I meant it to be, and I have not told you half I want to, so I must defer my visit to Stirling Castle and to Ayr, the birth-place of Burns, until another time. Until then, good-bye. Very *truly* yours,

JESSIE LINWOOD.

P. S. Just hand that young Merry, who seems disposed to be roguish, over to me. I would like to see who would stand teasing the longest. J. L.

Young rogue, walk over to Jessie, she wants you. Whether she will "give you Jessie," or not, can't say.

OLD MASSACHUSETTS, *May*, 1861.

Merry men, do not imagine that I have been imitating the Rocky Mountain bears by lying in a dormant state all winter, because I haven't paid as much attention to the Chat as some of you have. No, far from this has been my reason for holding my tongue (or withholding my pen). I am a young man of but few words, and, consequently, when in the company of so many sharp and witty Chat-*terrors*, I do not feel perfectly at home, and only dare to say Yes, ma'am, now and then to some fair questioner.

Oliver, I am a Massachusetts boy, and right glad am I that the old State has such a representative as "Onley you can be" in the Merry Union. I think I will call before long. ADRIAN.

SOUTH BOSTON, *May*, 1861.

DEAR COUSINS:—The last few numbers of the MUSEUM have contained certain hints, ideas, and insinuations which require my looking after.

I, Oliver Onley, "one of the old married people!" Oh! dear!! Annie!!! Honestly, I'm not more than two or three years your senior. I have seen Uncle Merry twice since you were in New York, and—well, guess what!

Mr. O.—no, I mean Bess—no, it's Wilforley—there, I have it at last—*you'll do!* I strongly suspected you before the *exposé*, and cautioned one of the girls, but—the hatchet uncautioned.

Adelbert Older, you are a pretty fellow indeed! You don't get into feminine company (in the Chat) more than once a year or so, and then you try to create a disturbance, or, to use a common phrase, "kick up a row!" I like most of your sentiments, but—be careful how you sneer at the ladies.

Now, Uncle, isn't it provoking? Here a year ago, more or less, Fleta Forrester was in Boston, "going the rounds." Then Annie E. Drummond, and I don't know how many more. I'll warrant, girls, you all stopped to look at the statue of the venerable Ben Franklin in front of City Hall. While looking at the old gentleman, if you had turned your gaze back to the hall itself, you *might* perhaps have seen your humble servant, who may be generally found there. So, cousins, come and see me.

Sybil Grey, have you survived the last shock of W. H. C.'s.? if so, I am faithfully *yours*. OLIVER ONLEY.

BOSTON, *May* 3, 1861.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I have taken your MUSEUM for a—(shan't give you any hints, boys). I have never written before, but after due deliberation have taken up my pen to try my luck in getting introduced into the Chat.

Black-Eyes, what a wicked fellow that Wilforley was!—I will join you in coercing him.

Sam Slick, what do you mean by O. O.'s phiz? What is the matter with it?

Homely Face, of what gender are you?

Ol. Onley, as you hail from Boston, I should like to "shake hands" with you. Who'll introduce us? Who was that feminine head?—rather suspicious. Charlie, I'm not afraid of you.

Sybil Grey, I shall not say anything to you till I find out the truth of Willie's assertion.

With condolence for your loss, I am, your affectionate cousin, HATTIE.

Hattie, you are just the sort of friend Wilforley needs. Having changed his sex, he wants a new hat, of course, and would need no coercing if you would deign to offer it.

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CANTON, MASS., *April* 20, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Didn't you think I had quite deserted you? I have been absent so long, that I don't know but my name has been erased from your list of correspondents, but if you will admit me again to your circle, I promise better conduct in future. Now for a few words to my Merry cousins.

Wilforley, I can hardly find words to express my feelings concerning your actions. I am glad your deception is shown up. Sybil, aren't you going to give us some account of your travels in the Old World? By the way, Nip has never sent those "extracts." You should set her a good example. I shall expect to see a list of curiosities from you first, and then I will follow. Black-Eyed Charlie, you ought to follow my example, and let us see your name in the Chat again.

Adieu, cousins. ROSE-BUD.

Just the time for Rose-Buds, in the sweet, sweet spring. Do come, and do tells us all about it.

Expand, sweet Rose-Bud, into bloom,
And shed your fragrance round the room.

DETROIT, MICH., *April* 12, 1861.

To the Merry fraternity, greetings. Do you, like the occupants of an omnibus, always find room for one more? Will you let me come if I'll promise to be very good, and remember the injunction, that little children should be seen and not heard? But I think I can rightly claim admission into your charmed and charming circle, for I, and afterward my brother, have taken your magazine for nearly twelve years.

I do not demand a public introduction, and shall not feel annoyed if I do not find my letter in your printed Chat. I merely want to inform you of the existence and whereabouts of another of your devoted friends and admirers. But some rainy evening, when only a few of the nearest cousins are assembled to enjoy a cosy confab, please point out to me a few of the "bright particular stars." I'll not stare; but I'm sure I'll soon find friends and feel perfectly at home. Yours, KATE.

DEAR UNCLES:—Happy to see you all once more. Thanks for your portrait of me, Effie; it gave me a good laugh. "A sparkling little brunette," ha! ha! "Brunette;" all right so far. But 5 feet 4, Effie, is that *little?* As for the sparkling, call round and we'll talk about it. I'm coming out West some of these days and shan't forget those promised lessons.

BLACK-EYES.

P——, *April* 14, 1861.

DEAR MR. HATCHET:—I hardly dare to come in; but then you all look so merry, I shall get over my bashfulness pretty soon, I think. I for one forgive Wilforley; he says he only did it for fun; why, we all like a little fun once; I am sure that I do. I like flowers very much, and I would like a seat beside Blue-Bell. I see the hatchet, but I don't believe it is so hard on the Merry family as they tell about. Love to all.

OLD MAID OF THIRTEEN.

April 11, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have been wanting to write to you for some time, but have been afraid my letter would go where one I wrote you some time ago did—into that "big basket." Please introduce me to Nellie S. Whiting and Jennie D., and give me a seat as far as possible from Fleta Forrester and Uncle Hiram; I am afraid of both of them. What has become of Nip and Blue-Eyed Minnie; it has been a long time since I have seen their names in the Chat. But I must remember the rule, "Be short," or the hatchet will clip this.

From your affectionate niece, EVA.

BROOKLYN, *April* 19, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Suppose I should ask to be allowed in the "Merry circle," would you refuse me? No, you could not be so cruel as that; so here I am, and I have been a long time about it knocking at the door for admittance, as it seems every time I commenced to write, bashfulness overtook me before I completed my letter, and then I had to give up, and it is very singular how I have managed to write now. But now, as the ice is broken, it shall not be closed again on my part, and I am sure it will not be by you.

On looking at the magazine, I find that we have nearly all *kinds of* colored eyes—there are Blue-Eyes, Black-Eyes, and Grey-Eyes. But where is Pink-Eyes; we must have one to make an assortment. Now, how are we to get one? as they are very difficult to find. We will

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raise a subscription and buy the albino Barnum has on exhibition? what say you, cousins? But my letter is getting long, so I must close—not before sending my love to "Oliver Onley," "Busy Bee," and all the rest (of course no exceptions). Hoping the magazine may ever prosper, I remain, yours truly,

TOMMY.

Are you the "Tommy" that made such a sensation among our folks when the Japanese were here? You are welcome, and have no need to attempt *kari-kari* just yet.

ALTIOR PLACE, *April* 17, 1861.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—May I take a seat by you? and will you be kind enough to introduce me to some of the cousins? I should like to become acquainted with Fleta, Ellian, Sybil Grey, Annie E. D., Mary A. E., and all the cousins. Ethel R. and Sue D. W., I think we ought to be good friends, as we are quite near neighbors. Sue, I agree with you on the book question.

Yes, Uncle Hi, I did feel the hatchet on my other letter, and as it was the first one, 'twas quite too bad; but never mind, I am somewhat like asparagus—what is cut off grows out again. Though the Labyrinth was rather mazy, I found the center in about three minutes. I agree with Adelbert Older, on the stirring-up question, can't some one say something that we can have a regular dispute about? Do, Uncle Hiram—I hope you will—come to Louisiana again, and when you do, don't forget Altior Place, will you?

Uncle Merry, please intercede for me; don't, *please* don't, let that awful hatchet descend on my devoted head, and I'll say thank you, and send you a kiss besides.

With much love to all the aunts, uncles, and cousins, I am a Merry niece and cousin. EMILY J. HYER.

Emily, dear, you are high enough in our esteem, you need not attempt to be Hyer. When I come to Louisiana, I shall certainly climb up to your place.

BLUE-EYED LAURA. — Your March number was mailed at the usual time, and the fault must have been in the post-office department. The premium was also sent; hope you will get the puzzle book which we now send.

MINNIE.—Our office is 111 Fulton St. We shall expect to hear from you often now you have commenced writing.

WALKS AND TALKS; or, Uncle Waters' Conversation with the Boys—and STORIES FOR THE LITTLE ONES, are interesting and instructive little books for the children, published by the American Tract Society of Boston. They are beautifully illustrated, and are just the kind of books to go into the hands of the young folks.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

THIS is the last opportunity to make remarks concerning the "word" *trial;* so, for the benefit of "all inquiring friends," let me state that "ed" (as in "cleaned") is one syllable; that mere *prefixes* or *terminations* as "aer" or "ster" will not be considered as words; abbreviations and nicknames, such as "'tis," "e'er," Ed, Abe, etc., are also tabooed. If either Worcester or Webster use a word, without indicating that it is obsolete, it shall be considered good. Plurals may be used both for the original word and those made from it, but two words spelled alike (however different their meaning), will be counted only as one word. Scripture, Latin, Greek, and geographical names may be used, *if found in either of the before-mentioned dictionaries.*

The *lists* will be closed after the 10th of June. How some of you *will* open your eyes in July!

Who will suggest some other trial of wits to compete for a prize in December?

H. A. DANKER sent an answer to No. 58, just in time to entitle him to a third prize, being equal in number with Alpha. Now, Henry, "*you're* out," but don't leave us.

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A list of words received from "Canton," Mass.," with no signature; whose are they?

FRANK takes the prize for April, having answered all the puzzles but two.

Words received from Emily E., H. H. B., John Sloan, Lillie Harrison, Ella P., Willie Bonnell, Frank, M. and M. C., C. M. E., Ned W., Melancthon Ellinger, Homely Face, A. Older, H. A. Danker, Imogen Latham, W. P. L., George E. Chumasero, Jasper, Edna M. Lowe, Judson Arnold, Carrie B., G. C. Cleveland, F. G. A., Carrie H., C. F. W., Lizzie G., Nedloh, and Anna W. N.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

153. I am composed of 15 letters:
My 6, 5, 11 is a part of the body.
My 10, 2, 3, 4 is a part of the day.
My 1, 8, 3, 13 is to check.
My 3, 7, 1, 5 is grown in the South.
My 10, 7, 9, 15 is a title.
My 3, 12, 14 is part of the body.
My whole is a name familiar to the "cousins." *G.-H. Effie.*

154. I am composed of 9 letters:
My 1, 2, 8, 6, 7 is a language.
My 9, 2, 1, 8 is a military order.
My 3, 5, 2, 4 is to pound.
My whole is puzzling. *Lodovic.*

155. What tree of nine letters can be spelled with four different ones? *Stella L.*

156. I am composed of 15 letters:
My 8, 5, 11, 1 is a game.
My 7, 9, 2 is a title.
My 3, 10 denotes progress.
My 4, 14, 6, 12 is a covering.
My 15, 13, 1 is to bite.
My whole is something none should be guilty of. *Sacker.*

157. I am composed of 19 letters:
My 19, 6, 18 is what many dread.
My 15, 17, 7 is an animal.
My 10, 6, 1, is used in some disputes.
My 3, 5, 13, 12, is made of hemp or flax.
My 19, 2, 7, 12 is of great value.
My 14, 6, 4, 11 is a plaything.
My 10, 9, 8, 16 is a girl's name.
My whole is the name of a poet. *Myrtle P.*

158. I am composed of 19 letters:
My 1, 17, 6 is an article used by ladies.
My 7, 19, 9, 18 is a coin.
My 2, 10, 15, 11 is a fish.
My 4, 8, 5, 18 is used in fishing.
My 12, 3, 18, 8 is a hollow place.
My 11, 14, 16 is a vehicle.
My whole is a name long to be remembered. *Cornelia.*

159. In an animal's name comprising 4 letters, find (1) two birds, (2) two exclamations, (3) a verb, and (4) a position. *Olive.*

160. Entire, I am an island. Seven letters of my whole form the word *Raritan*, five form *music*, six form *dismal*, six form *mantua:* what is my whole? *Sam Slick.*

161. What boy's name, beheaded, would tell a person's physical condition? *G. B. Higbee.*

162. My first is the father of rich, great and small,
My first and my second is mother of all;
My second is grievous to lady or lord,
By some it is liked, and by some 'tis abhorred.
My third is a title applied to your brother,
My fourth (when a girl) was the name of your mother;
My whole when omitted makes sense in a letter.
But when it is added (with feeling) 'tis better. *Ike.*

163. Entire, I am a bird; behead me, I am a branch; behead me again, and I am to petition; again, and I am a fish; again, and I have given infinite pleasure, and perhaps as much pain; again, I am a numeral used to denote 150. *Oliver Onley.*

164. My first in your brain has a prominent place,
My next may be seen in a part of your face,
My third in your side, and my fourth in your head,
My fifth in your candle, my sixth in your bed.
Enough for the present, I don't wish to bore you,
But pray guess my whole, it is lying before you. *Anna W. N.*

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165. An emperor, an age, and an indistinct vowel, if in order, will reveal that which reveals phantoms of reality. *Henry B.*

(The author thinks the following puzzle should be inflicted upon *A. Older, H. A. D., O. Onley & Co.*, for similar *misdemeanors*:)

166. *Fastens strive.*
2 × 12 in. *C. D. W.*

167. Entire, I am an animal; behead and transpose, I am another animal; now, curtail and transpose, and I have been much talked of lately; curtail, I puzzle young children. *C. F. W.*

168. My whole goes round my first and under my second. *Aunt R.*

169. Entire, I am part of some clocks; beheaded, a measure; again, one twice as long; once more, the same measure as at first. Or curtailed, yet a part of a clock; again, a verb; again, the same. *Uncle Joe.*

170. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 7, 2, 6, 8 is a speck.
My 3, 4, 10, 5, 11 is a fruit.
My 9, 2, 1, 11 is one of Samuel Lover's heroes.
My whole is a name well known to fame. *Tom Thumb.*

ANAGRAMS.

171. A car split him.

172. Dog lottery. *Tommy.*

173. O Mary led cat. *Imogen Latham.*

174. Preach city *éclat*. *C. T. Warner.*

175. A Xaala guard. *Ella P.*

176. Transpose a mineral into some animals. *Venus.*

177. What poet is that whose name, with one letter omitted, expresses what a company of ladies at supper would be obliged to do if their tea gave out? *Kruna.*

178. My first is what boys often do; my second is an animal sometimes used for food; my whole is a boy's amusement. *G.-H, Effie.*

179. Find a word which asks a question; behead it, and find the answer. *Frank.*

180. Find a word that will show something I sometimes use; behead it, and show my condition when I use it. *Sucker.*

181. When is a cook like a man rowing up stream? *Kruna.*

182. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 5, 17, 1, 10 furnishes mankind with knowledge.
My 15, 10, 6 was a French warrior.
My 12, 3, 11, 16, 14, 4, 6 pertains to the future.
My 9, 13, 2, 7, 14, 8 is a poisonous plant.
My whole is a Scotch proverb. *H. A. Danker.*

183. P Q C H F
K U G O L.

When rightly placed, these letters show
A man you would not wish to know. *Milton Goodenow.*

Answers to Questions in April No.

89. Pall-Mall.

90. Mellitum venenum blanda oratio.

91. Grain.

92. A happy heart makes a blooming visage.

93. Music of the spheres.

94. Zaphnathpaaneah. (*H. A. D.* thinks he ought to have applied to the Legislature to get his name changed!)

95. Uncle Hiram Hatchet.

96. Every heart has its own sorrow.

97. Ling. (*Lillie Harrison* says "Haddock—a dock;" that won't *quite* do, Lillie.)

98. Cleaver.

99. Calves' snout.

100. Candle—1, dance; 2, cane; 3, Dean; 4, lead; 5, ace; 6, end; 7, 8, 9, Dan; Ned; Al; 10, can; 11, dale; 12, clean; 13, dace; 14, Cade; 15, lance; 16, lea; 17, lend; 18, lean; 19, Dane; 20, land.

101. ICICLE.

102. Surely.

103. Admire.

104. Comfort.

105. Boundless.

106. Improve.

107. Sausage.

108. It is the scene of stirring events. (*Lillie H.* says "it has something to do with Greece;" that will do. *A. Older* says "there are so many broils in it.")

109. Weasel, easel, seal.

110. Vessel, SL (essel).

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111. Mars, arms, rams.

112. Tow-path (topas.) (*C. M. E.* says "the road to heaven, because few there be that find it.")

113. E saw (Esau). [*Tom Thumb* and several others say "I or C." *Imogene Latham* says "U and I." *A. Older* thinks "C saw (see-saw").]

114. Yesterday is past, he is pastor.

115. Ventriloquist.

116. Pneumatics.

117. Productions.

118. Oliver Onley.

119. Gesticulations.

120. Senocular.

121. The ashes riddle. (Several have borrowed a good answer, from "which is the most unguessable of riddles?" "Life, because you have to give it up.")

122. Griddle, riddle.

123. Phantom, Hampton.

124. Name no one man. (Other answers have been sent, and credited; "live on no evil;" "draw on no ward;" "rail on no liar.")

FRANK answers all but 89 and 118.

Mary A. E., all but 89, 113, 121.

H. A. Danker, all but 89, 113, 121.

Alpha, all but 89, 108, 118.

Anna W. N., all but 89, 90, 112, 113.

Bertha, all but 90, 110, 113, 121.

C. F. Warren, all but 89, 112, 113, 121.

Busy Bee, all but 89, 90, 112, 113, 121.

Jasper, all but 89, 90, 112, 113, 121.

Oliver Onley, all but 89, 110, 112, 113, 121.

Ned W., all but 89, 90, 99, 110, 113.

Tommy, all but 89, 90, 112, 113, 121.

Lillie Harrison, all but 89, 90, 94, 97, 98, 99, 107, 118, 119, 123.

A. Older, all but 89, 90, 93, 97, 98, 101, 104, 106, 118, 119.

Hattie answers 91, 94, 95, 96, 101, 102, 103, 105, 109, 117, 118, 119, 120, 122, 123.

C. M. E., 91, 94, 95, 101, 107, 109, 114, 121, 122.

Imogen Latham, 91, 92, 93, 95, 101, 102, 114, 121.

Tom Thumb, 91, 95, 110, 122.

Ella P., 91, 94, 95, 122.

Jim, 91, 95, 109.

Everard L. Cassels, 112.

J. H. C. N., 94.

W. P. L., 101.

Cornelia answers 91, 94, 109, 111, 122, 123, 124.

Daisy E. Wildwood, 94, 101, 102, 118.

Dick and Sancho, 91, 101, 121, 124.

Iks (Mt. Vernon), 101, 109, 124.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Frank.—We have mislaid your address, will you send it again?

Homely Face.—Glad to see your "Face" again. Thanks for your pretty bouquet. I "take the will for the deed." You will find your questions answered elsewhere.

Lizzie H.—Yes; the very same.

A. Older.—Notice remarks on plurals, etc.

Annie E. Drummond.—Did you find a letter in the post-office?

Sam Slick.—I directed and forwarded your letter, as I suppose you have by this time discovered.

Alpha.—Sent as desired; hope you will like it.

Ella P. "wishes to be one of the cousins;" may I not promise her a welcome?

Isaac B. C.—Manly apology received and cordially accepted; shake hands, you are considerable of an "Ike!" but I warn you that you are the third of (I)*ike*s name. You sent no "whole," and no answer to your enigma.

G. C. C. and Alice A. D. V. Conklin wish to be introduced to the cousins. The cousins will please "do the honors" in "Merry" style.

Fred G. A.—Of *course* we "acknowledge" you; come again, and make yourself perfectly at home.

C. F. W. says, "Three cheers for the Southern boys and girls who are still in the Chat." HURRAH!! (× 8 + "tiger" = 80,000.)

H. inquires, "where is *Cornie M. Gibbs*?" I think our friend *C. M. G.* must have left.

C. M. E.—If you are not very well, come and sit by *me*, and I'll keep everybody quiet. Your letters reach me safely.

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Carrie (Woodville).—20,000 welcomes. Now the ice is broken, write again.

Carrie (Winterport).—Why did you have to "coax" your mother? Didn't she know we should be glad to get your dear little letter?

Oliver Onley.—I hope you like the photograph.

Black-Eyes.—Yes, dear, I *do* consider "ed" a syllable. I think you will realize, it if you *spell* the word; for instance, p-r-e-a-c-h preach, e-d ed, preached; although clipped in the pronunciation, it is nevertheless there. Don't you agree with me?

Everard L. Cassels.—Neither the original word, nor any of those made from it, must be "obsolete" (which means *antiquated—disused.*) Webster indicates such words by "*obs.*" Worcester prefaces all such by "†." Hope we shall hear from you again.

Imogen Latham.—I will let you know next month. You may use plurals, and can send forty lists if you like, but they must come *within the appointed time.*

H. A. Danker.—Yes, indeed, I have "fished for trout," and caught them, too; small ones at Hague (on Lake George), and *bonny* large ones in the rapids at the Sault Ste. Marie. For further particulars of the latter fishing expedition, see "Woodworth's Cabinet Library," Vol. 4, pages 239 and 240. Many thanks for your photograph; how I *should* like to have one of *all* my nieces and nephews. Who will take the hint?

Kruna.—It is no "trouble," it's a pleasure.

George F. Randolph.—See remarks to *Black-Eyes*, and try again.

Sucker Boy.—You ask me to explain puzzle 35. It is a cipher, where the entire alphabet is represented by different letters; R for W, B for H, E for O, etc. I think if you compare the answer with the puzzle you will understand it.

Arthur.—I think I should be justified in Sue-ing you for breach of promise; I have never had a glimpse of you since your offer. Do you expect me to sit at the window with my best bibs and tuckers on for a year?

Wilforley.—Because I am dumb, need you be so likewise?

D. Bell Butler sends his love to the 20,000.

Geo. C. Cleveland.—Your document was saved.

Daisy Wildwood.—You will find your questions answered elsewhere.

Amory Rice and Henry Skinner.—Words received.

Tommy.—You are right about the "examination." On the 12th of June I intend to select three or four of the largest lists, and *weigh* them *carefully.*

P. D.—I sympathize with your "people." How is it you are not posted up about the prizes? have you been asleep? I offered a heart-puzzle to the one who answered correctly the greatest number of puzzles in one month. When the same person gained a second prize, I gave them a gold pen, and when they gained a third, they received a gold pencil, and were then counted "out" to make room for others. *Oliver Onley* and *H. A. Danker* are "out." Now, do you understand matters? The prizes are offered every month.

Minnie.—*Need* you be "in a hurry" when you have a whole month to write in?

Kruna.—I'm *real* glad you joined in. If you will send me your post-office address, I *may* make you some "revelations." *Kruna* sends regards to all the 20,000, but particularly to *O. Onley, C. T. Warner, X. T. C.*, and *Bella B.*

X. T. C.—Will you be kind enough to let Aunt Sue know, privately, whether you are a myth or not? There seems to be something rather *myth-sterious* about you. You send one package of enigmas, charades, etc., and forever after make no sign!

Ike (of Mount Vernon).—I hope you are quite well again; if not, come and sit in this quiet corner by *C. M. E.* Word received.

Bella B.—I was afraid you had deserted us; will you send me your address? Word received.

Henry B.—You may send a dozen answers to each question, if you like. Perhaps not "original *intirely*," but a happy quotation.

Busy Bee.—See if I don't write! you little "duckling."

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Emily J. Hyer, Ella P., Fleta Forrester, Hattie, C. F. W., Oliver Onley, Daisy Wildwood, Dick and Sancho, D. B. Butler, Cornelia*, and *Minnie.*

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PISTOLS AND BRAVERY.*

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

CHAPTER VIII.—BOAT-MENDING.

AMONG the other boats lying near the little landing, August observed one that was nearly full of water. It was lying in a little cove just above the pier, and seemed to be worn out and abandoned.

The next day after the occurrences related in the last chapter, August, together with another boy, a good friend of his, named Egbert, whom he had asked to accompany him, went to the pier. As soon as he reached the spot he went to this sunken boat, and stood on the bank looking at it.

"What are you going to do?" asked Egbert.

"You will see," said August. "Will you help me?"

"Yes, I'll help you," said Egbert, "whatever it is."

"Then come with me," said August.

So saying, August led the way to a small house situated at a short distance from the landing, and there found a man yoking some cattle into a cart. He asked the man if he owned that old boat. The man said he did. August asked him if he and Egbert might have it to play with awhile, if he would mend it up and stop the leaks.

"Yes," said the man, "but you will find it past mending. You may have it, however, and do whatever you have a mind to do with it."

August thanked the man; then he and Egbert turned to go away.

They had gone only a few steps before the man called out to them.

"Boys!" said he.

The boys turned round.

"If you want a hammer and nails, or anything of that kind, you will find them in my shop there."

As he said this, the man pointed to a door which led to a sort of shop at the end of a shed.

The two boys worked several hours in repairing the boat. They pulled it up on the bank, poured the water out, washed it clean, inside and out, by dashing buckets of water over it, and scrubbing it with an old broom. Then by means of little wooden wedges which they made, they caulked all the seams that were open, with rags which they had previously saturated with grease. They also nailed up tight all the boards that were loose, and made two new thole-pins.

"Do you think that we can make this boat perfectly tight in this way?" asked Egbert.

"No," replied August. "I don't expect to make it tight. All I want is to stop the worst of the leaks."

At length August had done all that he thought necessary to the boat, and then he went with Egbert up to the shop, and made two seats, and also two shorts boards to lay across the bottom. He also made two pine oars. He found, moreover, an old tin basin behind the barn, and this he brought down to bail with, in case some water should leak in.

He and Egbert then launched the boat and got into it to take a sail. They found, as they expected, that it leaked still a good deal, but not so

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by JACOB ABBOTT, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

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fast but that by bailing with the basin they could keep her clear of water, so that they rowed and paddled back and forth a long time, taking care, however, not to go out far from the shore

When August arrived at home that day, Euphrazia asked him where he had been all the morning. He said he had been on an expedition up the river.

"And," said he in addition, "I have got a plan to propose to you."

"What is it?" asked Euphrazia, eagerly.

"I propose," said August, "that we have another raspberry party to-morrow, of the same persons that went before, only that we carry some plates and spoons, and get some cream, and so have some raspberries and cream together on the flat stones."

"Good!" exclaimed Euphrazia. "But how can we get the cream?"

"I can manage about the cream," said August, "if you can get the plates and spoons."

"Oh, yes!" said Euphrazia. "Mother will let me have as many as I want."

"Very well, then," said August. "You shall invite them all to go, but we will keep the plan of the cream a close secret, till we get to the ground."

"So we will," said Euphrazia. "We'll give them a surprise."

THE STRAWBERRY PARTY.

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CHAPTER IX.—RASPBERRIES AND CREAM.

The boys and girls who were invited to the second raspberry party were but too happy to accept the invitation. Euphrazia, in arranging the party, thought she kept the secret remarkably well. She did not, in fact, say anything about August's plan of providing a supply of cream to be eaten with the raspberries on the ground, but she intimated that there was a secret of some sort connected with the expedition—and there was, besides, something very mysterious in her air and manner, when she gave out the invitation, which strongly excited the curiosity of all that were invited, and made them more eager than ever not to fail of joining the expedition.

The party had no sooner arrived upon the raspberry ground, than Euphrazia, before any of them had commenced gathering the berries, called them all together around her, under a tree, saying that she had something to tell them. When they were assembled, she told them that they must put all the berries they got into their baskets, and not eat one until she said the word. This injunction she said they must observe very strictly. She had a particular reason for it.

They asked what the particular reason was, but Euphrazia said she could not tell them. It was a secret, she said. They would all know, however, in due time.

So the whole party went to work among the bushes, gathering the berries, and with the exception of now and then a big one that looked so specially plump and sweet that they could not resist the temptation of slyly slipping it into their mouths, all went into the baskets. In the course of an hour all the baskets and pails were full, and then the whole party, at a call from Euphrazia, assembled at the flat stones, and as soon as they were well seated, August produced from a hiding-place among the bushes near by, where he had previously concealed them, two large baskets. One contained saucers and spoons for the whole company, and the other, four bottles of thick, rich, and very sweet cream.

Great was the astonishment of the whole party at the display of these preparations. Some began to express their thanks very earnestly to Euphrazia, but she told them at once that it was August's plan altogether, so that if anybody was to be thanked for the treat, they must thank, not her, but him.

The general attention was thus turned toward August. He, however, seemed not at all elated, but went on quietly arranging his bottles, and taking out the corks. In the mean time Euphrazia distributed the saucers among the party, saying at the same time,

"You must all of you fill your saucers out of your baskets."

"And not fill them too full," added August. "Leave room enough for the cream."

When the saucers were filled, August went round and poured into each one of them, all over the strawberries, a full supply of cream. Although he thus served all very abundantly, pouring into each saucer as much as it would hold, he found when he had gone entirely round that he had only used the cream of two bottles, leaving two for the second course, as he called it.

The boys and girls seemed to have a very happy time eating their rasp-

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berries and cream. When they came toward the end of the second course, August said that he was going down to the landing, and he invited them to come down, too, as soon as they had finished their feast.

"It is of no use to go down to the landing," said Maurice, "for there is no boat there, at least none but that old leaky one. I have been down already to see."

"Come down, nevertheless," said August. "I want to show you something." The curiosity of the boys and girls being thus excited, they were all very ready to go down to the river. Accordingly as soon as they had finished their second saucer of raspberries, and had put the saucers and the empty bottles back into the baskets, they placed the baskets in a place of safety under a tree, and began to walk, two or three together, in little groups, down the winding road which led to the river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHICH IS THE CULPRIT?

WHICH is the culprit? I think you and I can both tell very soon. Just look at the picture, and then listen to my little story.

William and Henry were passing their vacation with their grandfather. He was a kind old gentleman, and loved the boys, and made them very

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happy. He had a fine country seat, a great many sheep, and cows, and horses, and a variety of poultry. He also had orchards of peaches, pears, and apples.

Their grandfather was very particular about his premises, and he wanted the boys to mind him, and if he forbade them to enter any particular meadow lot, or to touch the fruit upon any tree, they had to mind him, or they were punished; for he always seemed to find out whenever his rules had been violated.

Now, in his orchard there was one fine pear-tree full of grafts. This was its first bearing year, and the old gentleman was very anxious to prove the fruit on each graft, and he particularly forbade the boys to touch one of the pears. "There are enough besides these, boys, and I can not believe that either of you, like Eve, will taste my forbidden fruit. I trust there is no tempter here."

But, alas, the same tempter that beguiled Eve was there. He lingered in the orchard with the boys. One pear — one large yellow pear — so tempting, he pointed out to them. Henry turned from the tree, listened not to the voice which leads us all so often from the right path.

But William looked, and looked again. "There are so many alike; I can't see any difference—so ripe. I love pears better than any fruit."

"Oh, take it!" whispered the tempter—"only one pear!—nobody will know. Where's your pluck?—afraid of an old man!"

So William came again and again; he listened. The golden pear was in his hand—of course he might as well eat it, now it was plucked; and he eat it.

How very short-lived the pleasure! Grandfather did not come down to dinner that day. The waiter said he was sick.

"Lucky for me," thought William. "He will never know about the pear now."

But Harry grieved because the old man was sick, and asked the waiter to inquire if he might not come and sit with him? But his uncle declined his office. They did not know what made the old man sick at heart that day. He knew when the pear was plucked, and wished to do justice to the offender.

The next morning he sent for the boys to come into the library to see him. They both thought he looked changed. He was a feeble old man. Harry frankly came forward in a pleasant way, and inquired with real interest for grandfather's health. William tried to speak in the same open manner; but he made stumbling work of it.

"Harry," said his grandfather, "I start for Niagara Falls to-morrow morning, and your father has given you permission to accompany me; but William, you know the reason why you can not go. Thomas has packed your trunk, and at three o'clock you will start for home. I have written your father all about it. You can not regret the course more than I do. It was not the mere plucking of the fruit and eating it, but the willful disobedience—falling into temptation so readily. I hope this will be a lesson to you. I forgive you, and I hope your Father in heaven, against whom you have willfully transgressed, will also forgive you. I had planned such a pleasant expedition for both of you brothers with myself, but said nothing about it till I had tried you. It will mar my pleasure as well as Harry's—but my mind is made up. Now go to your room, and remain until you are summoned to luncheon."—*Well Spring.*

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THE ADVENTURES OF TERRY TRIP.

BY CAPT. MAD. WANDERMORE.

WHEN Terry Trip was thirteen years old, his parents placed him in Dr. Chorrel's school, and here he became acquainted with James Barton, a lad about two years older than himself.

These boys were not only classmates at school, but room-mates or chums at the boarding-house; and James, who had once been a sea voyage with his father, who was captain of a whale-ship, proved a very entertaining companion to Terry by spinning what the sailors call "long yarns" on the wonders and pleasures of a whaling voyage.

It was not to be wondered at that Terry conceived a great liking for James, or that he listened to his fascinating stories when he should have been studying his lessons; the consequence was, he received not only a severe reprimand from his teacher, but the threat of a long, *black* debit mark, should he again commit the offense. This pained Terry exceedingly, for he was at heart a good little boy.

He had but one fault, and that was a want of firmness and decision of character: we shall soon see what trouble it led him into.

He could not help shedding a few tears, when bending over his book that night, at the thought of good Dr. Chorrel's displeasure, and the pain it would give his parents when they came to see his weekly report; for Dr. Chorrel always made out a report of the progress and deportment of each scholar at the end of every week, and sent it to the parents of those boys placed under his charge.

He had scarcely time to brush the tears away when James came in and sat down beside him, talking and chatting away as usual.

"This is study hour, and you must not talk to me now," said Terry, putting his eyes upon the book he held.

"Nonsense," replied James, "as if *I* cared for study hours. I tell you, Terry, when you have had as many reprimands as I, you'll care nothing about them. Come, put by your book just for half an hour; I've got the *beautifulest* story to tell you that ever you did hear, and you'll never be sorry if you listen."

Terry did not put by his book; he tried to study, but his mind kept wandering from it to the fascinating story James persisted in telling, and when that was finished, he had another and *another*, and Terry forgot everything about school and study, and actually fancied himself out upon the broad ocean in a ship, with its white sails spread to the breeze, cruising for whales, until the bell for prayers sounded an alarm in his ears.

"Oh! James," said he, "I must go now, and I have not got a word of my lesson for to-morrow."

"Never mind," replied James; "get up an hour earlier in the morning if you are so wonderfully afraid of a scolding, and you will have time to get it before the recitation-hour. I do so, often."

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Terry resolved to follow his advice; but he lay awake so long listening to James that he overslept, and, to his great chagrin, James and himself were the last ones in the breakfast-room next morning.

"What shall we do?" whispered Terry, actually shrinking behind James when their class was called.

"Go to bed, and I'll tell them you are ill, if you are too chicken-hearted to stand a scolding," replied James, looking contemptuously at him.

Terry did not turn back, but went into the recitation-room with his class, and ere the lesson was half through, he hung his head in shame, for he had not answered one question.

When they were through, all the class were dismissed except James and himself; they were obliged to remain standing in the center of the room, and study, without taking their eyes from their books, all the forenoon, the laughing-stock of the whole school.

It was an hour after the others were dismissed ere they were released, and then they were ashamed to go into the play-room where the boys were; so they went around through the shrubbery to the rear of the house; and while they stood there talking, one of the boys from the play-room discovered them from the window, and pointing his fingers at them, asked them if they were not ashamed to be such drones.

"I can't stand this any longer," said James, when the boy had gone back to his play.

"What will you do?" asked Terry.

"Go to the teacher and ask his forgiveness, and make up with the scholars."

"Not I; *I'm* going to run away to sea. You can go with me and have a good time, or stay here and be made sport of by the boys."

"But how are we to get away, and what will father and mother say?" asked Terry, one moment trembling with fear, and the next partially pleased at James' proposition.

"They may be vexed at first, but they'll be all the more pleased when you come home a boatswain, first-mate, or perhaps master of a fine whale-ship; just think of that, Terry, or *Captain Trip*, it will be then."

It would make too lengthy a story if I were to stop to tell you, my young friends, all the particulars of James'

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and Terry's escape from school, their journey to New Bedford, and their embarkation as cabin-boys on board the ship Mammoth, which, as its name indicates, was a monster vessel, just putting to sea on a three years' cruise.

Terry was far from happy in his new vocation; if any of my young friends have been disobedient to their parents, they will know what terrible stings of conscience he experienced; when once out of sight of land he began to feel very disagreeable, and both himself and companion were confined to their berths several days by sea-sickness; at last they were dragged out by an unfeeling officer, and made to do duty, by cleaning the brass and copper work about the cabin.

One day, when six weeks out from New Bedford, a whale was reported; a boat was quickly manned, and our two youngsters were about the first to drop themselves into it; one of the seamen objected to their going, but the boatswain said—winking to his men—"Let them remain, they'll get enough of it, I reckon;" and sure enough, with the first harpoon that was thrown, the whale turned upon them, and, though the boat was not upset, several of the men were thrown out of it—Terry and James among the number. The men were all good swimmers, and they soon came up alongside and were drawn in, but Terry and James were both missing. At length a dark object was seen on the surface of the water at some distance from them; they rowed to it as hastily as possible, and found, to their great joy, that it was Terry. He threw up his arms when he beheld them, but was too exhausted with his efforts to keep his head above water, to clamber into the boat without help. As soon as he was safe, they began looking again for James, but he was nowhere to be seen. The whale had escaped them, and they turned back with heavy hearts to the ship.

Terry wept bitterly, when once more on board ship, at the loss of his companion, for there was now no doubt but that he was buried in the bosom of the broad Atlantic, and he trembled

when he thought of his own narrow escape from death. "Ah!" said he to himself, "if we had remained at good Dr. Chorrel's, where our parents placed us, we might both have been well and happy now. Why did I not endeavor to dissuade my school-mate from running away to sea instead of joining with him in abandoning both home and friends?"

Shortly after the loss of James Barton, the ship Mammoth was so disabled in a gale, that she was obliged to put into the nearest port for repairs, and I can assure my young readers, Terry Trip was not sorry to set his foot once more on *terra firma*.

Though many miles from home, he set out on foot, and it was many a weary day ere he arrived in his native town, barefooted and hungry, a forlorn-looking boy.

When he came in sight of the dear white cottage which had sheltered him from infancy, he burst into tears, and falling on his knees uttered a prayer of thanksgiving to God for having spared him to return and again behold his father's house; and ere he arose he made a vow to be in future a good and obedient son.

"Why, Terry, is it you?" exclaimed his father, stepping from behind the huge trunk of an apple-tree, where he had been a listener to his humble prayer.

"Yes, father; like the 'Prodigal Son,' I have returned penitent for past misconduct; can you forgive me?"

It is needless to add Terry was forgiven, and ere many minutes elapsed he was folded to his mother's bosom, and wept over and caressed by his sisters, their before sad hearts made happy by his return.

THE ANTELOPE, OR GAZELLE.

THE greatest number of the antelope races are found in Africa and Southern Asia. Most of this race are beautifully formed; they are both fleet and cunning. Such is the beauty of their large black eyes, that poets use them as similes; as, "Gazelle-eyed"—and for fleetness, "silvery-footed antelope." Some of them, however, have a heavier form, and are clumsy, ugly, and disagreeable.

The horns of most are more or less *annulated*, according to Martin. A few have the spiral horns.

They are of a yellow color on the upper surface of the body, white on the lower. Though timid, if attacked, they will show their horns to the foe. L. E.

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THE BRIGHTEST SIDE.

A YOUNG lady stood before the door of a miserable dwelling, waiting a response to her gentle rap, and not a little amused at the confusion which meanwhile it had evidently occasioned within.

As, however, she eyed the bits of old iron, and earthenware, and the broken barrel-hoops that lay about the door, she did not at all wonder at the hasty moving of chairs, the murmur of rude voices, and the audible "Do keep still," before the flurried "Come in" was uttered.

"How do you do to-day, Mrs. Green?" asked the lady, as a coarse, untidy woman handed her a chair, wiping it first with her apron, as she replied—

"We're all middlin'—have a seat, won't you? We haint got rightly swept up yet to-day," she added, apologetically. And true enough. The remains of a scanty breakfast still strewed the bare and dingy table, and, though late in the forenoon, the few cracked and broken dishes remained unwashed since the morning meal.

But it was not the broken dishes, mended furniture, patched garments, nor simple food that caused the repulsive feelings which involuntarily rose in Miss Elgin's heart.

"I came to ask about Lucy," she said, after a moment's hesitation. "She has not been to Sabbath-school for some weeks, and I did not know but she was sick."

"She is well enough for that matter," said Mrs. Green, "and she would like to be in the school, but it's a long while since she was fit to be seen there. I'm sure I do all I can, but it's no trifle to fill so many mouths, let alone keeping frocks, and shoes, and bonnets in Sunday-school order. I'm sure I do the best I can, but it's no use to try. Nobody likes to read the books better than Lucy—she'd sit all day with a book before her, if she hadn't work to do."

"Here, Lucy," she called, opening a door that led into a second room, "here, come and see Miss Elgin."

Lucy obeyed, and a bright-eyed little girl of ten or eleven years came in, hanging her head as she slowly went up to her teacher, and answered her kind inquiries in a low, indistinct tone.

Her eyes were bright indeed, and there might have been some other claims to beauty about little Lucy Green, if any one could have had a chance to judge of them. There is no knowing what a certain moist application might have revealed, not only in Lucy's looks and her mother's, but also in the dreary place they called home.

As she looked at Lucy in her ragged yellow frock and soiled brown apron, with her face and hair certainly no brighter or smoother than when they left the morning pillow, Miss Elgin could only think of how she had seen her own poor daffodils look a day or two before, after a heavy rain had beaten them down and spotted them with mud. She almost forgot her errand to Lucy, for there was no room for anything else in her thoughts just then, but an involuntary revery on the blessed uses of soap and water.

Soap and water, to be sure, and yet something else was needed more. Something back of that. Water is free, and an immense bar of soap

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would not cost more than the tobacco Lucy's father used in a very few days, or the tea her mother drank in a week. Something back of that.

"I wonder what could be better there than soap and water," asks some tidy little girl who reads this story. But you shall not hear just yet—wait a little, and see if you can not tell.

It did not take Miss Elgin as long to think this as it has taken you to read it, and then, recollecting herself, she said pleasantly, "I have been sorry to miss you from my class in Sabbath-school so long, Lucy, and as I find you are not sick, may I not look for you next Sabbath again?"

"I should come if I was dressed well enough," said Lucy, gathering courage by some undefined hope.

"It would be a pity for you to stay away for *such* a reason," said her teacher. "If that is all, we must see if you can not be in school again at once."

Lucy's eyes brightened with visions of new frocks and capes, although a little blush (which might have been partly from shame, as she remembered that not *very* long before the same lady had fitted her nicely for the school) might have been detected on her unwashed cheek.

"Where is the plaid dress you wore last to school, Lucy?" asked her teacher. "I should not ask you, but I wish to help you, if you need help, and so must know where to begin."

"It isn't fit to wear any more," said Lucy, quickly; and opening a small closet near by, she took down what had been a pretty green and red plaid delaine frock, and held it up in proof of her remarks before Miss Elgin.

"Well, this is *not* just ready for Sabbath-school, to be sure," said Miss Elgin, smilingly; "but I always like to see the very best face on everything. I believe in giving everything, from a face to a frock, a fair chance to look its best. Now, I have seen children, sometimes, who would have been right pretty if their faces could have had half a chance."

Lucy looked up a little, in doubt whether to laugh or cry, but the kind voice decided her, and she smiled curiously as her teacher went on.

"There might have been a very good broad forehead, if the hair had been nicely brushed back from it, and a well-shaped head, if the hair had been parted evenly from the forehead back; and a good complexion, with roses, even, in the cheeks, if plenty of fresh water had given them half a chance. You see this *dress* made me think of that, now. If *this* had a fair chance—for instance, if there was a neat patch on this elbow, and that rent was carefully darned, and then the frock nicely washed and ironed, I am sure it would do very well to wear, even to church."

"Well, my bonnet is too bad, even then."

"Let me see that, too," said Miss Elgin.

Here Mrs. Green, who had been moving about unusually fast among her neglected dishes, turned around quickly and said:

"You needn't get the bonnet, Lucy. It's enough to be poor if we're well treated!"

Lucy stood still, half frightened at her mother's rudeness, and yet not quite certain but she had better view things in the same light. Yet she very well knew that nothing but true kindness could prompt such a lady to take any interest in her at all, and wisely concluded to let her take her own way about it.

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"I did not mean to treat you ill, Mrs. Green," said Miss Elgin. "I should be glad to help Lucy, and have no other motive but her benefit; but sometimes children injure their clothes unnecessarily, and judge them useless when a little tact might render them serviceable. It would not be easy to help such persons long, you know."

"*Lucy* isn't such a person—she is as careful as any child; but things *will* wear out."

"Yes, they will, indeed; and if Lucy's hat is worn out, I will try and see if another can be fitted up for her."

"Here it is!" said Lucy, laughing in spite of herself, as she drew a very ludicrous-looking straw bonnet from an old box, where it had been thrown as worthless, among other cast-off bits of clothing and useless rubbish. Ludicrous, not because the straw was worn out, but only the wires bent and the ribbon soiled and faded.

"Now," said Miss Elgin, "here is something else, which evidently has had but half a chance. To be sure, the *ribbon* might go into *that box*—if you haven't a bag where paper rags are kept; but this wire might be straightened—the straw bleached, and then a very little bright ribbon would do the rest."

And much to the surprise of both Lucy and her mother, Miss Elgin went on while she was saying this, taking out the few rusty pins that held the curled bows on the top, and the crumpled lace about the front, and proceeded to tie the little bonnet in a white handkerchief which she drew from her pocket.

"And these are my best shoes," said Lucy, more to make out her case of inability to attend school than from a desire for asking further help.

"I admit there is not much chance for *them*, with even the 'very best face,'" replied her teacher, rising to go. "If you will call at my house next Saturday, we will talk a little more about these things, and see if you can not be out on the Sabbath. I know it is hard to be denied a great many things we would like, but if we put the 'very best face' upon all the things we *do* have, it is astonishing what a difference it will make in our looks, our homes, our hearts, and in what others will think and do for us."

Mrs. Green thought of her own ragged and soiled clothes—her untidy person—her unwashed dishes, and neglected room, and knew that Miss Elgin thought of them all, too, and she could not help feeling that if on each of these the very best face were put, they would all be silent witnesses to the truth of what she had heard. So she spoke a little more gently as she said good-bye; and after Miss Elgin left, sat down to think over matters a little, and made a faint resolution that she would begin to give at least half a chance to some things about her and see what the result would be.

The next place where Miss Elgin called was at Mrs. Doane's—as poor a family, certainly, as the Greens; but here was found the secret of what was lacking there. A clean, bright face was little Robert Doane's, as he opened the door and showed Miss Elgin to a chair by the clean fireside. There was no carpet on the floor, but the white boards testified that soap-and-water was no mean substitute. There was but very little furniture—old-fashioned and much worn, but every article in its place, and looking as if kept to teach the very lesson Miss Elgin had tried to impress on

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Lucy Green, about the effect of putting the best face on everything.

Even the dishes shone so brightly on the rows of unpainted pine shelves which answered for a closet, and the brass rings on the drawers of the curious-looking bureau looked so like gold, that Miss Elgin was for a moment half tempted to envy the pleasure which the poor enjoy of making "all things look 'maist as weel as new."

A neatly-dressed girl, who had been sewing near the window, met Miss Elgin with a pleasant smile, and replied in a gentle, modest manner to the questions kindly asked her, for Barbara Doane was no stranger to the kind-hearted lady, and nothing ever made Barbara's heart beat faster than to see Miss Elgin coming toward their door.

"Mother is away at work now, and since Susy is better, and in school, we get along nicely," she said. "I can find time to hear Robby read, dress Susy's new doll, and do most of the work besides, and now and then do some plain sewing for the neighbors."

"You have a pretty flower here, Barbary," said Miss Elgin, pointing to a purple petunia in a pot in the window-seat.

The falling vines were neatly laid over the edge, almost hiding the broken side of the flower-pot, and some bright blossoms laughed among the green leaves.

"It is real company for me," said Barbara. "I love flowers dearly, and we haven't much of a garden."

"I believe you look on the bright side of everything, Barbary."

"I try to. Flowers are *all* bright," she added, smiling. "But I do sometimes feel almost discouraged, and yet it doesn't last long. I can never be happy unless I do make the best of everything about me. Last winter I felt very badly when mother was sick, and Susy could not go to school, and I could not earn anything. I felt afraid we would not have anything to eat before long, and often used to wonder if I *could* make up my mind to beg for food if I should need to."

"Were you so nearly destitute of food as that, last winter, Barbary?"

"No—we always *had* it; but I couldn't help thinking of the future. One day I went on an errand to the store at the corner. It was a very

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cold day, and the walk seemed long, going, but it was a great deal shorter coming back."

"How was that?"

"The things I had were wrapped up in a newspaper, and a verse caught my eye just as I started home. I could say it when I reached home—I learned it by the way, and it has made many roads seem shorter since."

"Will you say it to me, Barbary?"

Barbara hung her head a moment, and then, as if ashamed of *that*, looked up sweetly and repeated these lines:

"Cheerfully enjoy to-day,
If the sun vouchsafe his ray;
Meekly bend beneath the shower,
If the darkening tempest lower;
But, oh! leave to-morrow's fare
To thy heavenly Father's care."

"They are very sweet lines, and there is a great secret in them, Barbary. To look on the bright side of the things we have, and trust our heavenly Father for the future, is the true way to be happy. We might all do it more, perhaps, than we do."

Now can my little readers tell what is better than soap-and-water for a poor home?"

"Here are some shoes for you, Lucy," said Miss Elgin when, on the day appointed, Lucy Green called; "and here—I have a hat for you besides. I see you have given the dress a fair chance;" and she looked with a pleased smile on the neatly mended and nicely washed frock—"the face, too, above the frock—I am very glad to see that has not been forgotten. Now with these you will be without excuse if you are absent to-morrow."

"Is *that* my old bonnet?" asked Lucy, in surprise, as she took the tasteful hat from her teacher's hand.

"Only with its best face on," said Miss Elgin; while Lucy's blushes were as bright and pretty to see as the new pink ribbon that made her eyes sparkle.

Let us do all we can to make the best of what we have, cultivate a taste for neatness in person and dress, and with our hearts "sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water," there will be sunlight for shadow, and true happiness in the place of repining and misery, and we shall see many a desert blossom as the rose. KRUSA.

BE ACTIVE.

Be active—be active—
Find something to do,
In digging a clam bank,
Or tapping a shoe;
Don't stop at the corners
To drag out the day;
Be active—be active—
And work while you may.

'Tis foolish to falter,
Or lag in the street—
Or walk as if a chain-shot
Were fast to your feet.
Be active—be active—
And do what you can;
'Tis industry only
That maketh the man.

'Tis industry makes you—
Remember—be wise—
From sloth and from stupor,
Awake and arise.
You'll live and be happy,
And never complain
Of the blues or the dumps,
Or a dull, heavy brain.

If you would be wise, learn justly to estimate heaven and earth, the soul and the body, time and eternity.

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THE TWO BIRDS.

ONE morning, at the breakfast-table, about a week before Christmas, little Frank came running in, his face all aglow with exercise. "Oh, mamma," he cried, "I found three of the sweetest little birds in my trap this morning. Come and see them, and you, Emma, and Louisa, come along." And seizing his mamma by the hand, he dragged her along, till suddenly he stopped at a little trap constructed of sticks, in which were three little ones chirping most piteously.

"Oh, Frank, give me one," said Louisa; and little Emma begged for one, too; so, being a generous little boy, he took one himself, and gave the other two to Emma and Louisa.

Emma and Louisa were much delighted, and ran all over the house, looking for a cage to put their birds in. They at length found one, put a trough in it, and fastened the birds up.

"Oh," said Louisa, "I am going to be so good to my bird. I will feed him every day, and maybe I can teach him to whistle, and talk, and sing like some birds I have seen."

"Oh no, my child," said mamma, "you can never do that. Parrots can talk, and canaries sing, but no other birds can do so."

"Well," said she, "if he can't sing and talk, anyhow I'll love him dearly."

That evening, as Emma was standing by the window, watching for papa, she saw flying past two little birds singing merrily, who flew into a tree by the window. "Oh, dear mamma," cried she, "look at these poor little creatures, out in the snow, without any nest or cage or anything to eat. Oh," sighed she, "I wish I had them in here with my little bird!"

"My child," said mamma, "do you not know that those birds are much happier and more comfortable as they are than they would be in the richest cage." She then explained to the little girl the way in which birds subsist in winter, concluding by saying, "And birds in cages, unless well cared

for, are more wretched than they could ever be in the free air, even though it were in the stormiest weather."

Emma listened thoughtfully, and being a very conscientious little girl, had a hard struggle in her mind

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whether to keep her bird or let it loose. She was so fond of pets that she already loved Selma, as she called it. She went to her cage to take a look at it. Its food lay untasted. Its head drooped on its bosom. It did not look up as she struck the wire of the cage. How different from the birds she had seen flying through the air! "Poor little Selma," said she, caressingly, "I know you would be happier in the open air, but I hate to part with you."

Presently papa came in; Emma ran down and got in his lap. She communicated her doubts to him, and waited for his verdict.

"My little daughter," said he, "I know what a pet the little bird is with you. It is a hard trial; but, Emma, I think you would do best to let Selma loose. How would you feel, locked up in a cage, far from your parents and friends, and surrounded by strangers? Would you not feel unhappy, even if your cage were ever so nicely furnished, and you had ever so much food?"

Emma slipped off his knee, and ran up stairs. She told her mamma of her plan of letting Selma loose. Her mamma kissed silently the brow of this ingenuous child, and stroked her fair hair.

Louisa came in. "Louisa," said Emma, "I'm going to loose Selma, she looks so unhappy."

"What!" exclaimed Louisa, "let go your pretty little bird! Well, *I* shan't."

Still Emma was unshaken in her resolution, and though she shed a few tears, got her mamma to let up the window, took Selma on her hand, carried it to the window, and felt much consoled by the merry chirp it gave as it flew off. The next day she could not help feeling a little sad when she saw Louisa's bird, which, however, pined very much, and refused to eat. For the first few days Louisa was very regular and particular about feeding it, but at length wearied with its sadness and silence, she began to neglect it, and it is to be feared the poor bird often suffered. Christmas day Louisa was so engrossed with the companions who spent that day with her, that she never once thought of it—she entirely forgot to shut the door of the cage. The next morning, remembering for the first time, Allen, which was his name, she hastened to the cage. What was her grief to find it was not there! Emma came in, and assisted her to look for it. On going into the next room they discovered the floor strewed with feathers. In the corner sat a cat, and she had in her paws some bones. Then, suddenly remembering that she had left the door of the cage open, the fate of Allen became clear to Louisa. "Oh, mamma," said she, in the midst of her tears, "I wish I had let poor Allen go, like Emma."

Emma was now more than ever glad of this action, and rejoiced that she had listened to the impulses of her heart, for in neglecting these there is always unhappiness.

THE love of truth is root to all the charities. The tree which grows from it may have thousands of distinct and diverging branches, but good and generous fruit will be on them all.

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THE WALK.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

"DO, mother, take a walk with Susie and me — it is so pleasant," pleaded little Freddy Archer, one bright summer morning, as, with his sister, he entered the sitting-room where his mother was sewing.

Mrs. Archer looked first at the basket of mending before her, and then at the earnest, pleading face of her little son.

"I have much to do to-day," she said; "but then I have a long day to do it in. I think I will venture to take time for the walk, if Susie will run up stairs and bring my hat and parasol."

"May Nero go with us?" asked Freddy, as his sister skipped joyfully away to bring the required articles.

"I have no objections," said his mother.

Freddy ran to the back door and whistled for Nero, who instantly came bounding toward him; for Nero was seldom beyond the call of his little master.

After going a short distance, Susie proposed that they should leave the road for a walk in the fields. Mrs. Archer and Freddy thought favorably of this plan. After a pleasant walk through the green fields they returned again to the road.

"See! there is John coming," exclaimed Freddy, as he was crossing the field. "Now let's get a ride." John was Mr. Archer's hired man.

"There is no room for us," said Susie. "Don't you see what a load he has?"

"We can ride on that bag in the back part of the cart," said Freddy. "It will make a nice seat for us. Come, let us ask him for a ride. May we, mother?"

"You may ask him; but if he is in haste, and don't know how to be hindered, you must not tease him."

John was in haste; but he was a good-natured man, and loved to gratify Freddy and Susie, so he consented to let them ride a little way, and lifted them carefully into the cart.

Susie screamed with delight. Freddy shouted to the top of his voice, while Nero, who enjoyed it quite as much as the children, expressed his satisfaction by jumping upon the cart. After going a short distance, John put the children carefully down upon the ground, and went on his way. Their mother told them it was now time to return home, as that basket of mending imperatively demanded her attention.

That evening, while Freddy was much engaged assisting Susie to rear a church from her pile of building blocks, John appeared at the door.

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"I am ready, now, for my lesson Master Fred," he said.

John did not know how to read. Freddy, who was somewhat proud of his newly acquired skill in that art, had undertaken to teach him. He had commenced the task with much zeal and enthusiasm; but as the novelty wore off, he found the occupation less attractive. He was now much engaged with his sport, and felt no inclination to obey the summons.

"Go, my son, you must not keep John waiting," said Mrs. Archer, when she saw that Freddy lingered over his blocks.

Freddy dared not disobey his mother; but he was vexed at being obliged to leave his play, and vented his ill-humor by exclaiming:

"If I were a big man like John, I'd be ashamed not to know how to read."

"Hush, John will hear you," said Susie, who was always gentle, and tender of the feelings of others.

"Have you forgotten," said Mrs. Archer, "how kind John was this morning to let you ride, when he was in haste to be on his way with his load? I am sorry to see that my little son is disposed to be proud of his superior knowledge, while he suffers himself to be outdone in kindness of heart and readiness to oblige. Knowledge is an excellent thing; but it is of more importance that the heart should be full of love and kindness than that the head should be stored with knowledge."

Freddy saw his error, and, unlike some boys, frankly acknowledged it.

"I will go to John at once, mamma," he said, jumping up. "You have made me ashamed of myself. I will let John see that I know not only how to read, but also how to be kind and obliging."

MY HOME BY THE ROLLING RIVER.

LINES FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF A DECEASED FRIEND, A LADY BORN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Oh, I still love best
My home in the West,
Where the quail whistles clear and shrill;
And I hear each night,
In the dim twilight,
The song of the Whip-po-will.

When by clear moonlight,
Of the soft summer night,
The deer seek the cooling stream,
And the fish splash out,
As they hear the shout
Of the loon, or the owl's wild scream.

There the wild ducks lave
In the star-gemmed wave,
And the stately swan is seen
Folding her wing
Where the rushes spring
From the wave decked in emerald sheen.

There the wild flowers glow,
And the breezes blow
With a soft and balmy air;
And the soft moonbeams
Deck the valleys and streams,
In a light most exquisitely fair.

S. A. C. K.

Fun.—Fun is the most conservative element of society, and ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means. People never plot mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a friend to every virtue. It promotes good temper, enlivens the heart, and brightens the intellect. Let us laugh when we can.

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THE JAYS.

OF ten species of the Jay family, which are natives of North America, but two are known to frequent New York State, and but one of these can be called well-known. This is the Blue Jay, who rejoices in the scientific name of *Garrulus cristatus*, which being translated into English, signifies the Crested Chatterer. And a very good scientific name it is; the bird's peculiarities consisting in his beautiful blue crest, and his habit of screeching and whistling wherever he goes. The other species of Jay, called the Canada Jay, Venison Hawk, or Whisky-Jack (for he travels by all these *aliases*), is found throughout the fur countries, and in the northern parts of the United States. He is called *Perisoreus Canadensis*, or the Canadian Rover. A romantic title, is it not? Of these two species we propose to give a short history, which may prove interesting and instructive to the Merry family.

The Blue Jay is an elegant and common bird. It is to be met with throughout eastern North America, and ranges west to the Missouri. Beyond that river we have no evidence that it extends; it is probably replaced there by the Long-crested, California, Ultra-marine, Steller's, and several other species of the Jay family. It inhabits both cultivated and wooded districts, but it is much more common in mountainous regions than elsewhere, probably because its favorite food is found more abundantly there. It is generally a shy bird; in winter, when food is scarce, it becomes more familiar, and small flocks may be seen about the farmer's barn, "seeking whatsoever they may devour." At this season, he is omnivorous, that is, he will eat either grain or flesh, and when impelled by hunger, will resort to carrion, like the crow, rather than starve. He does not migrate farther south, in winter, than necessity of food compels him. He is perfectly indifferent to cold weather, appearing with several companions around the barn-yard in search of grain, and often venturing through an accidental opening into the barn, where he regales himself on the seed-corn which the farmer has carefully hung up for use in the coming spring. As if sensible of the danger of purloining, on these occasions he is silent and active; and if alarmed, retreats noiselessly, in a thief-like manner. The farmer often closes the opening from the outside, when the feathered thieves are enjoying their booty within, and when they find themselves captured, they give vent to loud exclamations of anger

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like *djáy*, *tshay*, *tshay*, and other harsh articulations. If taken by the hand, they will clutch convulsively with their sharp claws, and bite with determined vigor, all the time screeching like a maniac.

The Blue Jays generally resort to the edges of the woods, where they regale themselves with chestnuts, acorns, and beechnuts. When feeding they are generally silent; I have often been rambling through the woods and come unperceived upon a flock of birds on the ground or in the bushes; they had been silent before, but the moment they saw me, all flew off with a loud screeching, in different directions. Pretty soon an old male (the leader of the flock) would settle on a tall tree some distance off, and sound his clear, sonorous whistle. This would be answered by the scattered birds, with their harsh *tshay*, *tshay*, etc., and they would collect about him and fly off to a feeding-place where they would again become silent.

In spring, the male is quite musical, and pours forth his varied notes, which are pleasant to the ear, from the thick branches of a tree where he sits concealed accompanying his voice with frequent jerkings of his tail, and elevating and lowering his crest. When caged, he exhibits a talent for mimicry, which is very amusing.

The nest of this bird is generally in a cedar-tree. It is roughly made, and lined with fibrous roots, containing four or five olive-colored eggs with spots of brown. During the period of incubation, the Blue Jay is silent, except when away from the nest.

We will now give a short history of a much rarer bird, the Canada Jay. This bird is of a dark leaden color, the head and beneath is whitish, and a dark patch extends on the back of the head and neck. It is truly a northern species, ranging throughout the fur countries, from Atlantic to Pacific. Farther south, in the Rocky Mountains it is known as Whisky-Jack, from its Indian name, *whis-kae-shaw-neesh*, and as Venison Hawk from its habit of purloining from the hunters their meat, pemmican, etc. This habit renders the bird so well known at the North. It appears in pairs generally, frequenting the camps of the hunters in the winter, where they are so familiar that they often perch on the bail of the camp-kettle while it is hanging over the fire, and peer into it in search of something eatable. Further, they will sometimes feed out of the hand, but they are always on the alert so they will not be caught. The hunters occasionally punish these thieves by opening their bags of pemmican and allowing the Jays to enter, which they never hesitate to do; when *in*, the hand slyly closes the mouth of the bag, and poor Whisky-Jack is a prisoner.

HENRY A. D.
TROY UNIVERSITY, N. Y.

WHY was Bonaparte's horse like his master? Because he had a martial neigh (Marshal Ney).

AT what point do armies generally enter hostile cities? At the point of the bayonet.

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Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WHAT can be the meaning of this—where are all the boys? I can hardly see one among the group. "Gone to shoot fire-crackers," did you say, Fanny? And so the girls all flock around the table to chat with Uncle Merry, do they? Well, then, there is no use for me to attempt to say much, and as you seem all in such a hurry to commence the war of words, I will only keep quiet and see that the hatchet does its duty while you do the talking.

ÆOLIAN GROVE, *May* 16, 1861.

COUSINS:—I have just returned from a lengthy visit to several of our Southern cities, and *of course* was doubly astonished and stupefied by the avowal of the duplicate. *And I*, more particularly than the rest, am *chagrined* at it—for I even made use of words which (now that the sex has been reversed) will be considered a—*declaration*. Why, I never did *such a thing* but *once before* in my life, and *that was as this, unintentional*. Well, Wil., a word once spoken can never be recalled; but I'll wager my *engagement* (?) *ring*, if I was only *near you*, I would make *you suffer* both for *this* and the *deception*. And wouldn't I retaliate for us all, though! How? did you say, Black-Eyes? Oh! I know of a great many ways; for instance (*entre nous*), I would make his linen fixings, dickeys, and other immaculate arrangements suffer (*you know young* men are *sensitive* here); give his moustache a pull, though *perhaps* this would be a *waste of ammunition*, as he may only give to (h) "*airy nothings a local habitation and a name.*"

Setting aside this threat, Wilforley, I *really do admire* this prank, this adventure of yours, it was *so original, daring*, and *difficult*, full of "disastrous chances" and "hairbreadth 'scapes," and the performance was so successful and inimitable, that the *shrewdest* of us, even (Aunt Sue), could detect no disguise, until you came out and in a "round, unvarnished tale" confessed the whole. And to Sam Slick, "*if you* have a friend who loves me, you should but teach him how to tell (or perform) his story, and that would woo me."

Daisy W., haven't you received my address yet? I am almost afraid, love, the beauteous flowers will have expended their sweets and the warblers left Æolian Grove ere we give thee welcome; so haste thee, dearest!

Hawthorne, *I am happy* and *proud* to inform you that I am a native and resident of your State—*gallant Mississippi*—and here's a cordial and heartfelt grasp of the hand for you.

Oliver, do you refute Annie D.'s "soft impeachment?"

Please let me know if "Oliver" *only* be your "nom de plume," as it is one of our family names, and perhaps, you know, we may discover ourselves to be *doubly cousins*.

Roland, did you receive my message? Success to you and Flora!

Cousin Willie, have you heard our "Southern Marseillaise" yet? Your query can be answered by referring to the Chat in the October number of last year.

Busy Bee, I never engage in any amusement so infantile and silly as "*Tag*," but will challenge you or any one else to a "shooting-match," Weapons, Miss. rifles. Distance, 100 yards. Target, *white handkerchief*.

Golden-Haired Effie, I for one am beginning to think your "*farewell*" might have been intended "*forever*;" could it have been that "*coming events cast*," etc.?

Uncle Hiram, are you having many strawberries now? I sincerely wish I could send you a salver of our finest. Love to Sybil, Nell of B., Dew-Drop, etc.

STELLA LIGHTNER.

Thank you, Stella, for the offer of strawberries. I have had fully my share, but am always ready for "more." In fact, the ladies of our strawberry festivals have nearly decided not to send me any more invitations—the berries disappear so fast!

PROVIDENCE, *June* 1, 1861.

Summer has come, has it not? Most of the other spring flowers have bloomed and faded, but I am here because I am one of those "Daisies" who have the privilege of blooming as brightly in any season of the year.

Oh, oh, oh, Wilforley! what a *dread-*

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ful, wicked fellow you are! Just think how you have betrayed the poor girls into a public expression of their feelings! Don't you feel a few penitential tears trickling down over your nose, as you meditate upon it?

Poor Stella! Have you found those "spirits" yet, and has the thief returned them?

Cousin Cornie, are you aware how much Effie thinks of you? She fills her letters with you, and makes enigmas on your name.

Privately, Effie: I like your taste. Don't let that get to Cornie's ears.

Oliver, are you to be found *in* the City Hall, or outside of the door? I expect to come to Boston this summer, and if we should meet, should you be glad to see me? Do you know the Rev. Forrest J., of South Boston? He is a near relation of mine.

Dearest Fleta, please send me your photograph.

Poor Uncles, how I pity you! I am teasing everybody I know to subscribe. Now, after that, the hatchet *wouldn't* be so cruel as to mutilate me. Would it, Uncle Hi?

Why, "*Sibyl*," (you see I adopt the new spelling) do you really think W. H. C. is married? What an idea! If he was papa to that "little girl," do you suppose he would "go proposing" to her?

Willie, please accept my sincere sympathy in your tribulation, and remember that among the cousins who believe in your honesty is DAISY E. W.

CITY OF ELMS, *June* 6.

"I come! I come! ye have called me long."

Don't obstruct my way, Chatterers, please. "The pen," they say, "is mightier than the sword" (pity they didn't substitute *hatchet*). So, beware! for I shall wield mine mercilessly. How you *must* have missed me! I think I owe a heartfelt apology to Uncles Hi and Rob for not having been pugnaciously present these many months. I confess, repentantly, my long remissness. I will undertake to do better. And now that I hear a call for "volunteers," to *put down* "law and order" (in the Chat), I feel my pulses bound and my spirits rise in a manner suited to the emergency. Here, then, I am, eager for combat; *ready to "waise a wow;"* on hand to play THE TERRIBLE, generally, if needful. So, Adelbert, count me in as your willing "aid-de-camp," and I will never swerve from the post of duty or turn "*decamp*-aid."

During my lengthy absence from the Chat, "*que les temps sont changés!*" Bess has donned hat and boots and dubbed s-he "Wilforley." Ah, methinks a month or two more, and "Wilforley" will strike his colors and show himself "the old hulk, W. H. C."

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; but pity 'tis, 'tis true,"

that the great luminary, the august dignitary, the pleonastic, periphrastic, correspondent of the amusing Chat has been skulking in our midst, a very "wolf in sheep's clothing." What shall be his fate, girls? Shall we ignore him? We will dethrone him. No longer admit his claim—"I am Sir Oracle!" And when he "opes his lips," we'll "bark" as loud and incessantly as we please. We must form "an alliance, offensive and defensive," against these piratical incursions of pseudo-feminines in our sanctum. Who'll second the motion? As I ponder over the probable fate of those "masked batteries" already exposed, and the not improbable fate of those whose exposition is yet to come, I feel a satisfying quietude in the region where my conscience is said to be. "Ah, the wally o' peace and quietness" thereabouts. I at least am no "masked battery"—wear no disguise—sail under no false colors—and am every bit feminine, from the topmost feather in my jaunty "jockey" to the tip of my gaiter boots. Well, "Wil4ley" (for short),

"Prithee tell us what's the matter
That you're making such a clatter!
Can't you leave us honest folks
To say our 'says' and crack our jokes?"

Don't come too near, I beseech. I won't be contaminated! C. M. G., I'll think about the "love." Must decline the "half-dozen kisses." Won't take said commodity from masculine lips. Such desecration! Ugh!

Annie E. Drummond! what a suspicion! Fleta, "an old married people!" indeed. "Who knows?"—I do. I hereby solemnly asseverate, swear, and vow that I am not married—never was—and, I was going to say, "never will be!" But I am mercifully reminded that I have no "Spaulding's Prepared Glue" handy, wherewith to mend the broken hearts which would be the inevitable consequence of so rash an as-

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sertion. Some day, perhaps, I'll send you my "wedding cards," Annie. May I?

Ollie Onley, to be sure I went to see Ben Franklin. And you were in my immediate vicinage, and I knew it not! Ah, "elective affinity," thou'rt a humbug! Wouldn't we have had a talk! I'll send you my card and address the very next time I am in Boston—see if I don't! Will you come to see me immediately—right off? Look this way, Kate. Don't I shine "particular bright?" There—I charge a kiss "for a sight." May I claim it? Who talks of "happy certainty?" Show me the "favored few!"

Lura, where art thou? Lost, strayed, stolen, or married? What has befallen thee? Where's Nip? Gone to Europe, again? Ah, Uncle Hi, when I "get married," or "go to Europe," I shall not treat the MUSEUM so shabbily, so neglectfully, as some of the Merrys have done. Not I! Now, Uncle Hi, since either or both of these above contingencies may occur, at no very distant period, you had better be at least civil to FLETA FORRESTER.

You are mistaken, Fleta, about "the old hulk." In regard to an alliance, he may have got the start of you; but he can defend himself when attacked on his own soil.

May, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNTS, ETC.:—Been coming for some time, but have just got here, and am in a terrible hurry now.

"Hawthorne," will you have to do without your MUSEUM now? If so, I pity you sincerely.

How are you, Sue? Glad to get acquainted. Most too far off to make acquaintanceship pay, though. Seems to me the Chat is all done by the Southerners this month. Going on the principle of "working while they can," I suppose.

Allow me to express my extreme sorrow at the destruction of the dear old sanctum; but let us work, cousins, and make Uncle look cheery in his new abode. BLACK-EYES.

BRIGHTON, *June* 7, 1861.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—Will you please inform me what kind of a game Pall-Mall is?

(An old-fashioned English game, which consisted of knocking with a mallet a wooden ball through an iron ring, played very much the same as foot-ball now-a-days, or "shinny." Hence the term, "running pall-mall," to indicate crowd and confusion.—A. S.)

Busy Bee, you are a trump. H. has felt your sting, and will have Ol. after him before long for calling him such names.

Minna Mervin, haven't I heard of you before? Don't you live about seven miles from P——th?

Hattie, shall you accept Wilforley's proposition about coercing him? Shall you give him the hat? Which "Charlie" do you mean? Me?

Adrian, if you come to Boston, after September (as I shall be in N. H. till then), please call and see me. Ol. will give you my address.

Why, Ol., how do you know how old Annie is? Supposing she should be only twelve or thirteen, where would your "honestly" be, "Nix?" Undercumstand?

S. S., what kind of a "Merry Boy" is Tommy? He hails from Brooklyn, too.

Aunt Sue, what do you mean by "=80,000?" C. F. WARREN.

"Equals 80,000 cheers (including 'tigers') for those who stick to the Chat.

"A. S."

SUNNY SOUTH, *April*, 1860.

DEAR MUSEUM:—Uncle Merry, Uncle Hiram, Aunt Sue, whoever is doorkeeper here, open your doors and let me in! No! you needn't try to look cross; in the first place, you can't do it, and in the second, if you could, it would be of no use; I am determined to be let in, if I stand here till—till—well, till I am let in. You have given admission to many before me, and why should you refuse it me? Ah! there, I knew you would let me have my own way! I'll kiss you for that.

Now, I don't mean to say "I like the MUSEUM very much." Of course, if I didn't like it, it would not be honored with this epistle of mine. Ahem! I shall not tell you my age, either. I am not a young lady yet. Mamma sighs, and says I never will be. But I don't, by any means, consider myself a child, nor can I repress my indignation when any one treats me as such. I am a girl,

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Uncle, a happy, fun-loving girl, and I wish I could always be one. I hope I am not un-ladylike, but I dread the thought of becoming a "young lady." Now, cousins mine, you know just what to expect in me.

I needn't wait for introductions, need I, Uncle? They take so much time, and I can't think them necessary among cousins. I should like to find out each one for myself. There are a great many whom I know at the first glance. Poor Willie H. C. is besieged by a regiment of fair cousins. That stratagem of his, confessing to the little girl, only relieved him temporarily. I must pass on to another quarter. Oh! here's a group of Chatters just to my liking. Loving Sybil Grey looking toward Willie, and talking of the vanity of men. Bright Fleta Forrester, with her lively sallies on various subjects. Sweet Annie Drummond and gallant Sir Oliver Onley appear to be making themselves mutually agreeable. You don't know how glad I am to see you all; can't one of you just stop and say how d'ye do, to me? But Wilforley—just now the observed of all observers—I can't find him. I think he will find us gentle judges. The young gentlemen show more resentment (*vide* Venerable San). G.-H. Effie, you are one of my special favorites. Have your intentions, in regard to W. H. C., as expressed in the March Chat, undergone no change?

O. Onley, do you know I have seen you—you can't guess where; and I think—

Now, isn't it provoking we must cut short our messages to gratify Uncle H.'s fondness for short letters? Loving greetings to all my cousins. Aunt Sue, won't you kiss me before I go? If I may come again, please let me know. For the present, a very affectionate farewell.

NANNIE NIGHTINGALE.

You are right welcome to our circle, Nannie; no introduction is necessary. Come again when you are not quite so much in a gale.

ARANSAS TEXAS, *Feb.* 27, 1861.

"With a dancing step, and a voice of song,
With a flowering wreath her locks among,
Gayly tripping the fields along,
Cometh joyous Spring."

Yes, spring is here, and flowers are blooming 'neath our "Italian skies;" the earth is covered with a green velvety carpet, and the little birds singing joyously. And I take up my pen to wish you all, uncles, aunts, and cousins, *bon jour*. Is there room for me? I will not stay long. "Daisy Wildwood," I would like to speak with you; I love you quite as much as you love me; I wish I could "come and see," you *ma chère*; as this is impossible, will you not write to me? Aunt Sue knows my address.

Nell, kiss your sweet baby-brother for me. Ellian, *chère*, I have written to you. Girls, what shall we do with "Bess?" I am right suspicious of you all, cousins mine. But *that hatchet* will, in nautical phrase, "*heave in sight*" if I do not stop, so good-bye, and kisses for one and all. *Fidèlement.*

GOLDEN-HAIRED EFFIE.

Effie, send us a lock of your hair—gold is scarce with us since the fire.

UNION YARD, *April* 30, 1861.

MY DEAR UNCLES AND AUNT:—Please may I come in? I have been wishing to join the "Merry circle" this long time, but my bashful nature would not permit. I would like an introduction to some of the cousins—think I should like "Blue-Eyes," "Black-Eyes," "G.-H. Effie," and "Busy Bee." What a nice name! "Little Bee," do you gather honey all the day? I love you dearly already.

Oh, dear! please wait a moment, Uncle "Hi," for I do so want to say one word more—where has "Rosa Lee" hid herself? has she "*Ceeded?*" As sure as I am alive, there is "Charley" making faces at me; come here, "Charley," and let me *kiss* you. I shall call you brother instead of "cousin," if they let me into the "Chat." I would be a niece.

ORETTIE FENWICK.

MEMPHIS, *April* 17, 1861.

Stella, what do you mean? If your object in writing that letter was to mystify me, you have succeeded. I have no acquaintance with any one by the name of "Stella," and was never at Grand Junction in my life! And I haven't the least idea in the world who "Anna H." is. Please explain it all, as I am very anxious to know if I really do know you. If you are really one of my old schoolmates, I would like very much

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to know which one you are. So don't leave me to puzzle my brain any longer, as such work always gives me the headache.

Dew-Drop, you are welcome to sit by me, as I like company, and am glad to have some one to talk to.

I think we all should forgive "Wilforley," and fine him *one* thing—a letter to the Chat every month. What say you, cousins?

I think Adelbert is a "leetle" *too* independent. As I don't know much of Algebra, I can not solve any problems yet, and I dare say we might find something to do besides slaughtering each other, as they are now doing at Charleston. Uncle Hi, are you for union or disunion? though I s'pose you are for the latter, as hatchets seldom unite anything.

Sue D. W., I feel exactly like you in regard to school. So please sit by me and Dew-Drop, I would like so much to talk with you.

Sybil, are you not going to tell us something about the old world? please do. IMOGEN LATHAM.

Imogen, I imagine you don't understand our hatchet. He never splits, but shortens, and when it sticks, it sticks. It goes entirely for the only true union —brevity and wit.

Canuck, of Canada, is welcome. The writer you refer to lives in Ohio.

We have letters in type from Sophie, Annie E. Drummond, Ellian, W. H. C., and others, which are crowded out this month by "The Trial of Words" in Aunt Sue's department, but hope to have room for them next month. We have had to use the hatchet freely, and shall grind it up anew for next month

THE GOLDEN CHAIN, by Wm. B. Bradbury, is the title of a new Sunday-school singing-book: Ivison, Phinney & Co., publishers. It is composed mostly of new music, and such as will charm the popular ear. Good singing is the life of a Sunday-school. It stimulates and encourages the young mind with its soul-stirring melody, and by its aid impresses divine truth upon the heart. We need plenty of music in our Sabbath-schools, and such, too, as the children will love to sing. They are the best judges. We have submitted this new claimant for popular favor to them, and their verdict is strongly in its favor. Mr. Bradbury's long experience and great success in writing popular music makes him just the man to write the songs and music for children. He has a real genuine love for children, and that is one secret of his success. We cordially recommend this book to the Sabbath-schools of our land.

FALL RIVER ROUTE TO BOSTON.—This favorite route, between New York and Boston, is in complete order, and now offers the best of accommodation to the traveler. It is the great thoroughfare to Newport, and is the pleasantest route from New York to Boston and Providence. The spacious boats have been refitted, and are commanded by some of the most experienced men on the Sound. The business man and the pleasure-seeker can here find an excellent supper and a good night's rest, two things which Robert Merry considers almost indispensable on a journey.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

BUSY BEE takes a prize for the May questions, having answered all but 138: her answer to 145 was not *quite* right, but so nearly that it ought to count.

H. H. B. must also have a prize, as although the answers to 127 and 149 were not the exact originals, they were near enough to be better than all the rest.

Charlie F. Warren, D. P. & W. W. W., Jasper, and *H. A. Danker* have done bravely, and answer all but 138 and 145.

Frank.—I am glad you asked who

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took my photograph. It was taken by Augustus Morand, formerly of New York, now corner of Fulton and Johnson streets, Brooklyn. If any one wants an *artistic* picture taken, with the agreeable accompaniment of invariable politeness, let them go there. *I paid for my pictures*, so that this is not a *quid pro quo* "puff;" in fact, it is not so much for Mr. Morand's benefit, as *pro bono publico*.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

184. Aunt Sue, my cousin Ann says "I am Sue's Ann." What is she?
Harry Bowles.

185. When does a French — or any other—man from foreign parts, condemn the English language?
Wilforley.

186. I am composed of 20 letters:
My 16, 10, 5, 8 is a square in London.
My 20, 17, 18, 19 is a celebrated school in Europe.
My 11, 13, 4, 11, 3, 14 is an Asiatic plant.
My 1, 2, 6, 9, 17, 7, 13 is a "touch-me-not."
My 12, 8, 6, 15, 1 is a word of command used by milk-maids to cows.
My whole is what many have sought for but never found
Pinck.

187. Transpose an assistant into a French city.

188. Transpose a coxcomb into an English city.

189. Transpose a country into an English river.

190. Transpose a rag into a place in India. *H. A. Danker.*

191. Entire, I am useful to sailors; without a head, I am an animal; without a tail, I am a fish.
A. Older.

192. I am composed of 25 letters:
My 11, 2, 3, 8 is an Eastern river.
My 14, 13, 4 may be found in marshes.
My 12, 10, 9, 5 is a fish.
My 17, 23, 24, 18 is an article of food.
My 22, 16, 25, 19 is a verb.
My 21, 20, 1 is an article of food.
My 6, 7, 25, 15, 18 is a tool.
My whole is good advice for the times. *Busy Bee.*

193. I am composed of 18 letters:
My 9, 7, 4, 6, 12 is what covetous men do.
My 8, 2, 3, 18, 1 is what rogues do.
My 3, 16, 11 is part of the body.
My 15, 18, 17, 4 is an island.
My 5, 13, 12 is a fish.
My 10, 14 is a preposition.
My whole is a reptile. *H. H. B.*

NAMES OF CITIES IN EUROPE.

194. Hostility, and a tool.

195. Part of the body and a musical instrument.

196. To hinder, and people.

197. A journey, and a refusal.

198. To flatter, and a fish.

199. Shining, and an adverb. *Ida.*

NAMES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

200. One of the planets, and a room.

201. A surname, and part of the body.

202. A nail, and to cover up.

203. A boy's nickname, and a weight.
Nedloh.

204. Two thousand and twelve, arranged in right order, signify to mingle. *Jasper.*

FLOWERS, PLANTS, ETC.

205. A hollow instrument, and a girl's name. *Stella Lightner.*

206. Animals, and to pilfer. *Tattler.*

207. My first, third, and fourth are interjections; my second, in sound, is a verb (sometimes used as an interjection); my whole is the name of a book by a well-known author. *C. F. W.*

(Resolve this into a desirable state and condition):

208. Oh! Robin, do go lend Dove a hog. *Emily P. Hyer.*

209. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 1, 2, 3, 5, 14, 10, 8 is a state of mind.
My 12, 11, 13, 14 is used for liberty, and capture.
My 4, 6, 9, 7, 8 is a blessed person.
My whole may be found in Europe.
Geo. Chumasero.

210. Plant a rock, and what would grow? *Mattie M. Caswell.*

211. Entire, I am much used by dressmakers: behead me, and I am an animal. *Cornelia.*

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212. Not in *my* arms is the wave more free
Than I transposed am wont to be,
Roaming the wastes of Araby.
Fleta Forrester.

LATIN PUZZLE.

213. Find a Latin noun; add one letter, and form an adjective—one more, and form a verb; add another, and you will have another adjective. All these are to spell backward and forward alike.
A. C. Warner.

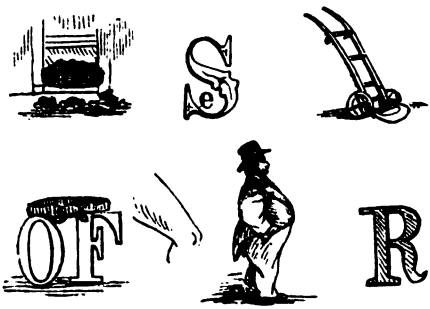
(A rather questionable question!)

214. What does Aunt Sue take her pills in? *Venus.*

215. What word (or name) of eight letters is spelled with but two different ones? *W. P. L.*

216. I am composed of 26 letters:
My 9, 18, 7, 11 signifies to condemn.
My 19, 12, 26 signifies consent.
My 3, 2, 20, 22, 5, 8 is a man's name.
My 4, 21, 5, 24 is a color.
My 17, 14, 16 is an animal.
My 13, 25, 6, 16 is a part.
My 17, 10, 1 is a color.
My 23, 15, 8 is a girl's name.
My whole is the name of a Spanish author. *Tommy.*

217. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.



Answers to Questions in May No.

125. Luna (the moon). [*Kruna* says "*Missis*sippi or *Miss*ouri," and as they are as graceful and lady-like as Luna, I think we must credit the answer.]

126. Pondicherry.

127. Bayberry.

128. Blackberry lily.

129. Bittersweet. ("Tru-ly" is hardly a "plant," *Daisy.*)

130. Butter and eggs.

131. Joseph Garibaldi.

132. Frank Leslie.

133. Ocean—canoe. (*Kruna* also adds Nile—line.)

134. Needle.

135. Know thyself.

136. Go ahead.

137. Life is short. (*Clara* makes "Selfish trio.")

138. Offspring.

139. Pledge, ledge, edge, deg.

140. Jack-at-all-trades.

141. Spectacle.

142. There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

143. Lauderdale.

144. Buckthorn.

145. Do you intend to use peas in your soup?

146. Tamerlane.

147. Baltimore.

148. A dripping-pan (dripping Pan). (*H. Bowles* came pretty near; he said, "Pan, as he would still come out a pan.")

149. A little porter. (*Kruna* says, "*Milk-man*," "*Orange-man*," "*Water-man*," "*mango*," or

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"*mandate*"—thinks there are a great many men who would not be "hard to take," and hopes Aunt R. has one of the best of them. *Venus* says "*candi-date.*")

150. Blind—Lind.

151. Bayard, a yard.

152. Pike, Ike, Mike

Harry Bowles answers all but 138, 148.

Venus, all but 125, 128, 149.

O. H., all but 126, 128, 145.

Mary A. E., all but 127, 128, 149.

Frank, all but 140, 148, 149.

C. T. Warner, all but 145, 149, 151.

Alpha, all but 127, 129, 145, 149.

K. C., all but 128, 133, 145, 149.

Tommy, all but 125, 138, 145.

Nedloh, all but 128, 130, 140, 143, 145, 146, 149.

C. D. W. answers 125, 126, 133, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 141, 142, 144, 147, 148, 150, 151, 152.

Myrtle P.—126, 131, 132, 134, 136, 139, 141, 142, 143, 146, 147, 150, 151, 152.

Adrian.—134, 136, 141, 142, 144, 147, 149, 150, 151, 152.

Jim.—125, 126, 136, 142, 144, 147, 148, 149, 152.

Clara,—125, 127, 128, 130, 135, 136, 142, 152.

Jeannie Parker.—125, 131, 134, 136, 142, 146, 147.

Sam T. K.—126, 131, 135, 136, 137, 142, 143.

Mattie M. Caswell.—126, 127, 129, 130, 142, 152.

Daisy E. W.—127, 141, 142, 143, 147.

Ida.—126, 130, 136, 142.

Lizzie G.—126, 142, 147.

Isaac B. Crane.—147, 152.

Alice A. D. V. C.—132, 142.

Oratio Fenwick.—147.

"*Lisbon.*"—133.

Black-Eyes.—136.

REMARKS ON THE "QUESTIONS FOR DEBATE" IN THE MAY NUMBER.

5. *O. Onley* gives *Calcareoargillaceous*. *H. A. Danker—Counterrevolutionary*. *Venus*—L-o-n-g-e-s-t, longest.

6. *Harry Bowles* says "Raillery" creates offense, according to the end you take the *rail* by. (Good.)

7. *Harry B.* solves this—"à vie! vie! il vit (a v v l v)." My solution is LAW, which has made a great many men mad. *Nedloh* says LAX.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A. Danker.—"Ah! Dr. Kane," I know you, but I do not know the address of the young lady to whom you refer. I hope O. O. *will* make that "charge."

Lizzie G.—Didn't I "fix it?"

Johnny B. H.—Thanks for enigma; the anagram is defective.

H. H. Barroll sends love to all the cousins, "especially Miss(ter) Bess."

Daniel.—I really do not know who "Venus" is, unless you mean she whom we sometimes call *Aphrodite*, and I know her less. I sometimes get pretty letters and affectionate messages, and when I would fain know to whom I am indebted for such, I find "O. H.," "B.," "C. D.," or something as intangible; tantalizing, isn't it?

Venus, will you make yourself known to "Daniel?" Your wish will be gratified in regard to the photograph.

Annie J. Harley.—You were a good girl to try, *any* way.

A. H. C. Arr.—Isn't it too bad to keep you so long on the road?

Ella M. E.—Glad you like it. Why haven't you written before?

"*Lisbon.*"—(No signature.) Who am I to credit with three answers, an enigma, and two anagrams?

Sarah B. Leverett.—I am sorry you did not read the notices to correspondents in the May number; had you noticed remarks to *Frank*, it would have saved you much trouble.

O. H.—Will you have it?

E. N. de L.—Are you satisfied?

Sam T. K. desires an introduction to Charlie and Buck-Eye Boy.

Mattie M. Caswell.—How *could* you stay away so long? *Wilforley* has woven his name out of materials that he is fully entitled to. What a pretty picture the "College" makes!

Clara.—You must not hide your light under a bushel; what if each star should vail its face because it was not a moon, would not our nights be cheerless? That "photograph" can not be bought; it is not for sale. *Love* can sometimes purchase what money can not.

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Black-Eyes.—I am sorry you did not receive my "answer" in time to save you the trouble of hunting up the "d" words. I sat and admired your list, *per se;* if I go into business, I speak for you to be my bookkeeper.

E. Henry.—Now you have found the way, come again.

Maud desires a place by "some of the bashful cousins," but whether she wants to lend them her countenance, or to borrow theirs, she doesn't say. To be sure, she says she has never yet found courage to write to me, but then, you know, I am so *very* dreadful!

Busy Bee.—Many thanks for your last loving letter. When shall we get another? How are you to get your prize?

Ned W.—You are quite excusable for "sending no answers." The additional words were in time. I did not see the letter to which you refer; perhaps it was burned.

J. P. B.—Thanks for kind words and promises.

H. H. B.—The "answers" were wonderfully "right."

R. C. N.—The anagram *is* "good." Don't stay away because you *did* happen to get "beaten;" I shall expect to hear from you every month. R. C. N. sends love to all the cousins.

Carrie B.—The *letter* came safely. I hope the *Mag.* will go ditto.

C. D. W.—I don't agree with you about the charades; I *do*, touching the hyperbole.

Arthur.—"Well, well, sir, so you've come at last!" Pray what is that "big old duty?"—a wife and several small children? *Arthur*, you *must* not make such eyes! I mean I's; they look like demented D's. Now, in future, please mind your I's, and have some regard for *my* eyes!

Howard.—So you, too, have come at last. I was a little alarmed about the fate of that gold pen. If names comprising the same combination of letters as the common words were allowed to pass, *Ned W.* would gain 21 words, and *H. A. D.* 17.

Henry L.—I had to clip from your list "heaths" and "hearths," etc., as *I* could not find the two h's in "Breadths."

Carrie Clover.—I have put the rose-buds with my treasures. *Carrie* wishes to be introduced to *Daisy Wildwood, Rose-Bud,* and *Fairy Jane,* insists upon kissing *Black-Eyes,* and likes *Wilforley* a great deal better than *Bess.*

Virgil B. A.—Your answer to 166 is ingenious, but not *quite* right.

Tommy.—What do you think of my selection? I am sure she is a "real nice girl."

Mary A. E.—See remarks to *Clara.*

C. M. E. wishes to be introduced to *Ike* (Mt. Vernon).

K. C.—*I* should answer "G00500."

Ellen Tucker.—Plenty of room; come in.

Mary R. Bosworth.—I am very glad that "finding the words has been a source of amusement" to you, for it would have been a cruel thing to have found out and written 902 words (!) without *any* profit; but, my dear child, would you call "sprainedst" "a word of one syllable?"

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *C. F. Warren, Walter A. Brooks, D. P. and W. W., Sam T. K., Oliver Onley, Ida, Busy Bee, Lizzie G., Nedloh, O. H., A. C. Warner, Jim, C. M. E., K. C., Venus, Jeannie Parker, R. C. N., Cornelia, Sucker, Nedloh,* and *Mattie M. Caswell.*

Answers too late for credit last month from *Tommy* (2), *Clara* (4), *A. H. C. Arr.* (15), and *Venus.*

THE WORD TRIAL.

I little thought what an avalanche I was calling down on my devoted head when I proposed this trial; but it is over, and no lives lost. I dare say a great many are more familiar with their dictionaries than ever they were before (I know *I* am), so that I hope the competition will not have been without profit.

I have rather a delicate task to decide between the merits of Ned W.'s and H. A. Danker's lists. The former sends 334 words out of "Breathes," which I reduce to 301; the latter sends 322 from "Breadths," which I reduce to 283. Both lists must be published, that ye may see if I have judged righteously; the words in italics are objected to because they are obsolete, repeated, abbreviations, terminations, or prefixes. To

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all those who have made over 150 words I offer a photograph of Aunt Sue; those desiring to possess the same will please send their names and addresses.

WORDS MADE OUT OF THE WORD "BREATHES."

BY NED W.

A,
Ab,
Aber,
Abers,
Abs,
Abet,
Abets,
Ah!
Are,
Art,
Arts,
As,
Ash,
Aster,
At,
Ate,
Bah!
Bar,
Bars,
Bare,
Bares,
Barest,
Barse,
Baret,
Bareth,
Barets,
Barth,
Barths,
Base,
Baseth,
Baser,
Bash,
Bast,
Baste,
Baster,
Bat,
Bats,
Bate,
Bater,
Baters,
Bates,
Bath,
Baths,
Bathe,
Bathes,
Bather,
Bathers,
Be,
Bear,
Bearest,
Bears,
Beast,
Beat,
Beath,
Beats,
Beater,
Beaters,
Bee,
Bees,
Beer,
Beers,
Beet,
Beets,
Behest,
Berate,
Berates,
Bere,
Beres,
Berth,
Berths,
Bert,
Best,
Beset,
Bet,
Beta,
Betas,
Brash,
Brast,
Brat,
Brats,
Breast,
Breath,
Breaths,
Breathe,
Bret,
Brets,
Ear,
Ears,
Earsh,
Earth,
Earths,
Ease,
Easer,
East,
Easter,
Eat,
Eats,
Eater,
Eaters,
Eh!
Era,
Eras,
Erase,
Ere,
Ers,
Erse,
Ersh,
Erst,
Ether,
Ha!
Hare,
Hares,
Hart,
Harts,
Has,
Hase,
Haser,
Hast,
Haste,
Hat,
Hats,
Hate,
Hates,
Hater,
Haters,
He,
Hear,
Hearest,
Hears,
Hearse,
Heart,
Hearts,
Heat,
Heats,
Heater,
Heaters,
Hebe,
Hebes,
Heer,
Her,
Hers,
Herb,
Herbs,
Here,
Hereat,
Herse,
Hest,
Hab,
Rabs,
Rase,
Rash,
Rath,
Rat,
Rats,
Rate,
Rates,
Raths,
Reate,
Reates,
Rebate,
Rebathe,
Rebathes,
Rebates,
Re,
Ree,
Rees,
Reesat,
Reset,
Rest,
Rhea,
Rheas,
Saber,
Sabre,
Saree,
Sart,
Sate,
Sater,
Sat,
Se,
Sea,
Seah,
Sear,
Seat,
Seater,
Sebate,
See,
Seer,
Sere,
Set,
Seta,
Shab,
Share,
She,
Shear,
Sheat,
Sheater,
Sheer,
Sheet,
Sherbet,
Stab,
Star,
Stare,
Stee,
Steer,
Ster,
Stere,
Tab,
Tabs,
Tabes,
Tar,
Tars,
Tare,
Tares,
Tarse,
Tea,
Teas,
Tear,
Tears,
Tease,
Teaser,
Terse,
Thar,
Thars,
The,
Thea,
Theas,
Thee,
There,
These,
Three,
Threes,
Trash,
Tree,
Trees.

NAMES OF PERSONS AND PLACES.

Aher,
Ar,
Ater,
Bath,
Ares,
Arbe,
Ath,
Bats,
Aser,
Are,
Bahr,
Bares,
Asher,
Arete,
Bar,
Beera,
Aster,
Aretes,
Bart,
Beerah,
Ate,
Arth,
Bars,
Berea,
Bertha,
Ether,
Reate,
Shebat,
Betah,
Este,
Reest,
Stree,
Berah,
Etre,
Rhe,
Tebah,
Bas,
Hades,
Ret,
Terah,
Beets,
Hare,
Rhea,
Teresh,
Berat,
Hareth,
Rhebas,
Teresa,
Best,
Hase,
Rha,
Thera,
Beer,
Heber,
Seba,
Treba,
Bere,
Hera,
Seth,
Terah,
Bra,
Hereas,
Sethar,
Ter,
Brahe,
Heres,
Sethea,
Tera,
Bree,
Herea,
Sheber,
Thebes,
Brest,
Herat,
Sereth,
Theba,
Bera,
Hester,
Sebat,
Tarbes,
Eber,
Herta,
Saree,
Thea,
Er,
Herse,
Sarthe,
Thebe,
Era,
Ré,
Serah,
Thesea,
Esther,
Reba,
Sether,
Theras.
Etea,
Rhesa,
Sheba,

WORDS MADE OUT OF THE WORD "BREADTHS."

BY H. A. DANKER.

A,
Ab,
Abed,
Abdest,
Abet,
Abets,
Aber,
Abers,
Ad,
Adeb,
Adebs,
Aed,
Ah!
Ardeb,
Ardebs,
Are,
Art,
Arts,
As,
Ash,
Aster,
At,
Ate,
Bad,
Bade,
Bah!
Bar,
Bars,
Bard,
Bare,
Bares,
Barse,
Bash,
Base,
Baser,
Bashed,
Based,
Basted,
Baste,
Bast,
Bate,
Bat,
Bats,
Bated,
Bates,
Bath,
Baths,
Bathe,
Bathes,
Bathed,
Bather,
Bathers,
Be,
Beat,
Beads,
Bear,
Bears,
Beard,
Beards,
Beast,
Beath,
Bed,
Beds,
Berth,
Berths,
Best,
Bet,
Beta,
Brad,
Brads,
Brae,
Braes,
Brat,
Brats,
Bread,
Breadth,
Breast,
Breath,
Breaths,
Bred,
Bret,
Brets,
Brash,
Bared,
Bert,
Bertha,
Dab,
Dabs,
Dar,
Dars,
Dare,
Dares,
Dart,
Darts,
Dash,
Dasher,
Date,
Dates,
Dear,
Dears,
Death,
Deaths,
Dearth,
Debar,
Debars,
Debt,
Debts,
Desart,
Drab,
Drabs,
Drest,
Ear,
Ears,
Earsh,
Earth,
Earths,
East,
Eat,
Eats,
Eh!
Era,
Eras,
Erst,
Esd,
Esk,
Earsh,
Ha!
Had,
Hade,
Hades,
Hard,
Hardest,
Hards,
Hare,
Hares,
Hart,
Harts,
Has,
Hast,
Hase,
Hased,
Haste,
Hasted,
Hat,
Hats,
Hate,
Hated,
Hates,
Hater,
Haters,
Hatred,
He,
Head,
Heads,
Hear,
Hears,
Heard,
Heart,
Hearts,
Heat,
Heats,
Her,
Herb,
Herbs,
Herd,
Herds,
Hers,
Hest,
Rase,
Rased,
Rash,
Rashed,
Rat,
Rats,
Rate,
Rates,
Rated,
Rath,
Ré,
Ree,
Read,
Reads,
Red,
Reds,
Rest,
Rhea,
Rheas,
Saber,
Sabre,
Sabred,
Sad,
Sard,
Sart,
Sat,
Sate,
Sated,
Se,
Sea,
Sear,
Seat,
Seba,
Set,
Seth,
Shab,
Shad,
Shade,
Shader,
Shard,
Share,
Shared,
Shear,
Sheat,
Sherd,
Shed,
Shred,

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Stab,	Tab,	Tares,	The,
Stade,	Tabs,	Tarse,	Thread,
Star,	Taberd,	Tea,	Threads,
Stare,	Taberds,	*Tead.*	Trade,
Stared,	Tabes,	Teas,	Trades,
Stead,	Tar,	Tear,	Tread,
Sted,	Tars,	Tears,	Treads,
Ster,	Tare,	Ted,	Trash,
She,	Tared,	Teds,	Trashed,

Terah,

SCRIPTURE NAMES.

Ader,	Ater,	Edar,	Serah,
Aher,	Ard,	Er,	*Seth*,
Ar,	*Bath*,	Reba,	Sethar,
Ares,	Bera,	Rhesa,	Sheba,
Aser,	Betah,	*Seba*,	Shebat,
Asher,	Ed,	Sebat,	Tebah,
	Terah,	Theras,	

GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.

Arbe,	*Bars*,	Breda,	Rhe,
Ares,	*Bath*,	Brest,	*Rhea*,
Ath,	*Bats*,	Herat,	Sarthe,
Bar,	Berat,	Rade,	*Stade*,
Bard,	Bra,	Re,	Tarbes,

GREEK AND LATIN NAMES.

Ades,	*Ate*,	*Hades*,	*Thea*,
Are,	*Bares*,	Rha,	Thera,
Ares,	*Dares*,	*Rhea*,	Theba,
Aster,	Hera,	Rhebas,	Theras,

Treba.

DISTINGUISHED MEN.

Bahr,	Bart,	Barth,
Brahe,	*Hase*,	*Seba*,

The following are the names of the competitors, with the results of their industry:

From the word "Breadths," *Rose-Bud* makes 276 words; *G. C. Cleaveland*, 274; *C. T. Warner*, 266; *A. E. Drummond*, 262; *Tommy*, 253; *Henry L.*, 237; *E. N. de L.*, 223; *C. M. E.*, 205; *Busy Bee*, 205; *Mary P. Wright*, 183; *R. C. N.*, 164; *Lizzie G.*, 158; *Geo. E. Chumasero*, 156.

From "Traipse," *Black-Eyes* makes 239; *C. D. W.*, 237; *Jasper*, 232.

From "Wreaths," *Howard* makes 228; *H. H. B.*, 201; *S. Wilson, Jr.*, 171; *Clara*, 164; *A. Older*, 150; *Henry Skinner*, 115; *Melancthon Ellinger*, 102; *Carrie B.*, 101.

From "Breathes," *Sam T. K.* makes 180; *C. F. W.*, 177; *Bella B.*, 141; *Theodore*, 148; *Imogen Latham*, 100.

From "Strange," *Venus* makes 164; *O. H.*, 110; *Carrie H.*, 100; *Edna M. Lowe*, 86; *Enoch Henry*, 70.

From "Breadth," *Wilforley* makes 103; *Johnny B. H.*, 92; *Annie L. Harley*, 88; from "Brought," *Minnie Conner* makes 54, and *Willie W. Perry* 54; *Homely Face* makes 79 from "Hearths," and *Barrington* 49; *L. B. Chase*, "Droughts," 117; *Anna W. N.*, "Streams," 116; *W. P. L.*, "Straight," 102; *Frank*, "Priests," 97; *Nedloh*, "Scrapes," 82; *Daisy E. Wildwood*, "Streams," 75; *Judson Arnold*, "Trounce," 74; *Amory Rice*, "Paints," 90; *Ella M. Ensign*, "Screams," 65; *Bob*, "Sheathes," 63; *S. R. D.*, "Strains," 60; *Jeannie Parker*, "Thread," 55; *Lillie Harrison*, "Thread," 51; *M. and M. C.*, "Straps," 41; *Emily E.*, "Phrase," 40; *H. H. Barroll*, "Scratch," 33; *Ike* (Mount Vernon), "Slate," 32; *Maud*, "Starch," 28; *Willie Bonnell*, "Trace," 19; *F. G. A.*, "Stone," 19; *A. H. C. Arr.*, "March," 17; *John Sloan*, "Trash," 15.

Since writing the above, I have received a few more lists, *just* in time.

Henry Stanbery sends 300 words from "Breadths," from which I have to deduct 19 (such as "headst," "heardst," etc., which are abbreviations), which leaves 281.

Kittie D. King sends 298 words from "Traipse," which I reduce to 288; *Witch of the Wave*, "Breadths," 278; *O. P. Dickinson*, "Breadths," 232; *Fleta Forrester*, "Wreathes," 190; *Sarah B. Leverett*, "Wreathes," 188; *K. C.*, "Straight," 118; *Emily W. R.*, "Strange," 86; *George Worthington*, "Grates," 57; *Everard L. Cassels*, "Scratch," 50; *Jim*, "Thoughts," 47; *Ellen Tucker*, "Slates," 47; *Buckeye Ike*, "Slates," 44; *Ella P.*, "Snatch," 36; *Joslin S. V.*, "Though," 34; and *Rachie Kenyon*, "Starch," 28.

Lucy A. Witter, *Venus*, *Tillie G. R.*, and some others have sent lists from words ending in "ed," which I think proves conclusively that they don't read the *Puzzle Drawer* very thoroughly.

Cornelia, "Strange," 95; *T. E. S.*, "Wreaths," 100; *Dick*, "Wrought," 44; *Tuttler*, "Breathes," 218; *Carrie* (Essex Co.), "Strange," 77.

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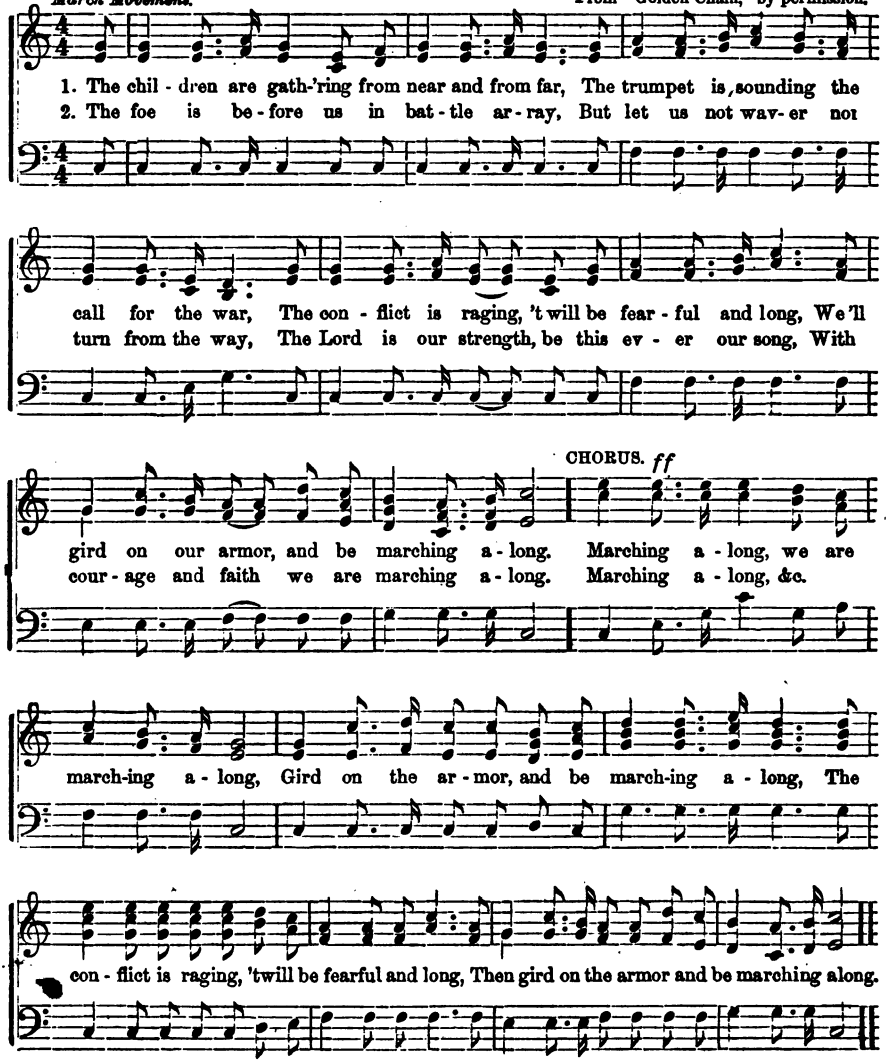
Words by R. P. Clark.

MARCHING ALONG.

Wm. B. Bradbury,
From "Golden Chain," by permission.

March Movement.

1. The chil - dren are gath-'ring from near and from far, The trumpet is sounding the
2. The foe is be - fore us in bat - tle ar - ray, But let us not wav - er nor
call for the war, The con - flict is raging, 't will be fear - ful and long, We 'll
turn from the way, The Lord is our strength, be this ev - er our song, With
CHORUS. ff
gird on our armor, and be marching a - long. Marching a - long, we are
cour - age and faith we are marching a - long. Marching a - long, &c.
march-ing a - long, Gird on the ar - mor, and be march-ing a - long, The
con - flict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long, Then gird on the armor and be marching along.

3. We 've 'listed for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;
The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We 'll hold in our hands as we 're marching along.
Chorus.—Marching along, &c.

4. Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For [illegible]re we contend 'gainst temptation and sin.
But one thing assures us, we can not go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour, while marching along.
Chorus.—Marching along, &c.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year [illegible], by [illegible]illiam B. Bradbury, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the S[illegible]ew Jersey.

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A NEW GAME.

"I WONDER," said a little boy, looking up eagerly from the book over which he had been bending for half an hour, "I wonder if there ever was a page written without an O."

His mother smiled as she replied, "It would perhaps be difficult to find many lines without that much-used letter."

"But don't you think there could be a page without an O? I have looked over a great many, but haven't found one yet."

That evening, when Hugh found it difficult to be interested either in books or toys, his mother said, "I have been thinking of your question, Hugh, and am going to propose a new play: 'Talking without an O.' Here are your father and Gertrude, who may like to join us. Now I will be-

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gin with you, Hugh, as you are to have the credit of the play; I will give you a subject to talk about, and you can go on until you use an O; you must not leave a sentence unfinished, nor change one after commencing it; when you fail, you can give a subject to the one next you, and so we will go around."

Hugh seemed much pleased, and wondered if he could talk a page on

"BIRDS,"

which was the theme his mother gave him. So he began:

"Birds are very pretty little creatures—many are very beautiful; I like the blue jay, the canary, thrush, and the delicate, tiny, slender-billed humming-bird very much. Birds build nests very differently. The hanging-bird has a curious nest—"

"There is an O," said Gertrude, quickly, "in 'curious.'"

"Too bad," said Hugh; "I was thinking so hard about not calling it oriole, that I missed on so easy a word."

"You did better than I expected," said his mother.

"Now, papa," said Hugh, "you may talk about RAIN."

"Rain is very grateful and refreshing; gardens smile their thanks when rain falls; fruits and buds and grass, grains and vegetables, all depend—"

Here Hugh's father smiled and hesitated. Hugh laughingly suggested "upon," "for;" and Mr. Gray was obliged to admit himself blockaded by an O.

"Gertrude may go on with my subject, as I made so little progress," said he, pleasantly.

Gertrude then added:

"Rain falls gently at times, and again in heavy-beating streams; it waters the earth and refreshes parched places, and helps all things live. I like its pleasant pattering at night; it is quieting, like a gentle, distant serenade, and acts in the same manner, lulling a person—there! well, to sleep. My poor O! Now, mother, for you; I am sure none of us have talked a page. You may have GAMES."

"There are many plays and games used by children. I like games that are quiet, and especially such as interest the mind and excite it to action. I dislike rude games; I think we shall like the game we are playing this evening, even if it is cramping and a little difficult."

"Oh! but you have used an O," said Hugh, starting suddenly, "in action.'"

"Quite true," said his mother; "we see it is a very important little letter. I think we should find it as difficult to omit the O in prose, as to steer poetry by rhymes. It teaches one good thing: care in the construction of sentences."

"I wish," said Hugh, "that Aunt Sue would call for the longest composition without an O on a given subject."

"She would bring down a worse shower on her head than by her 'word call,'" said Gertrude, laughing; "but let me send her our new play, and perhaps some of the 20,000 may enjoy trying it when in want of a better one.

K.

Well, I will raise my umbrella of fortitude, and call for a composition on ANTS. Of course Mr. Stearns will exclude all competitors who are in debt for their magazine, because if they *O* him, they are *out*. Now let us see whose contribution on the interesting insects will be published (in December) as the best. The winner shall have a gold pen, or an equivalent.

AUNT SUE.

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LITTLE JAMIE.

Cold as winter day without—
Not a slanting sunbeam falls
On the forest trees that shiver,
On the lonely cottage walls;
But I see a fire is burning
On the hearthstone swept with care,
Thitherward my footsteps turning,
I will seek a shelter there.

Can ye entertain a stranger
Who has wandered far to-day,
Through the dark and dreary forest,
And, bewildered, lost his way?
"Welcome, welcome to our cottage,
Poor and humble though it it be—
It has sheltered many strangers
As it now shall shelter thee.

"Bring some wood, my little Jamie,
For the stranger must be cold;"
And a child of wondrous beauty,
Eyes of blue, and locks of gold,
Hastened at his mother's bidding,
While she placed the only chair
Nearer to the fire, and asked me
Kindly to be seated there.

Soon I called to little Jamie,
And I placed him on my knee.
And I said, "My pretty darling,
Tell your name and age to me."
Then he smiled and softly whispered,
In a sweet and childish way,
"I am little Jamie Robin,
I was five years old in May."

At the friendly board that evening,
Where I sat a welcome guest,
At the fire so brightly blazing,
Oft I called the parents blest;
For knew the holy Jesus,
Who was once a little child,
Had a treasure, precious treasure,
In that cottage of the wild.

With his soft and golden ringlets
Floating o'er his shoulders bare,
As the shades of evening deepened,
Little Jamie knelt in prayer,
And I thought of Jacob's ladder,
Where the angels went and came,
And I asked myself if Jamie
Did not now behold the same.

When upon my dreamy pillow
I had found a sweet repose,
Still the form of little Jamie
On my raptured vision rose;
And when beams of early morning
Bade the earth and sky rejoice,
Like the song of forest warblers
Came the music of his voice.

When I left that lonely cottage,
It was with a tender sigh;
But the gentle eyes that followed,
And the lips that said "good-bye,"
Were to be a living presence
In all after time to me,
To win my wayward spirit
Unto love and purity.

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PISTOLS AND BRAVERY.*

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

AS soon as they came in sight of the landing, Maurice called out,

"Why, where is August? And who is that boy standing by the old boat?"

"*That* is August," said one of the girls.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Euphrazia. "August was not dressed like that."

"Then he has changed his dress, somehow or other," said Maurice, "for it is certainly August."

Maurice was right. August had gone down the bank of the river, and changed his ordinary dress for what he called his diving rig, which he had brought up the morning before and concealed in a suitable place on the bank of the river.

The whole party were very much surprised, and greatly amused to witness the transformation which August had undergone. They gathered around him, uttering many exclamations of astonishment and making many droll observations.

August said nothing, but taking the two pine oars which he and Egbert had made, he stepped into the boat.

"August!" said Maurice, surprised, "what are you going to do?"

"I am going to take a sail," said August.

"You can't take a sail in that boat," said Maurice. "It leaks. Before you get twenty yards from the shore it will be half full of water."

"I can bail the water out," said August.

"How are you going to bail it out?" asked Maurice. "You have not any bailer."

"Yes," said August. "There is one shut up in the cuddy there, in the bows."

"I tell you," said Maurice, "the boat will fill and sink."

"She can't sink," said August, "for she is made of wood."

"Then she will turn over, bottom upward," said Maurice.

"Very well," said August. "Then I'll get on top of her. I can navigate her either way, right side up or wrong side up, whichever she pleases."

So saying August pushed the boat off from the shore.

"Mind! I warned you," said Maurice.

"Yes," said August, "I will remember that you warned me. Indeed, I am not going out on your account at all, so that you need not feel concerned. I am going out for Lucy's sake."

"For Lucy's sake!" exclaimed several of the girls, astonished.

"Yes," replied August. "She said that when I was afraid to go out in the boat with you, the other day, I was afraid for the girls, and not for myself, and I want to prove to you that what she said was true."

The boys and girls all turned at once toward Lucy, who blushed and looked confused at being made again the object of general regard. She was, however, soon relieved, for the atten-

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tion of the party was almost immediately directed toward August, who was rapidly going out into deep water.

CHAPTER X.—NOT AFRAID OF THE WATER.

The boys watched the boat with looks denoting a very eager interest as she began to move away from the shore.

"Does she leak much?" asked Maurice, calling out aloud.

August looked down into the bottom of the boat, and then put up his feet upon the gunwales, one on each side, thus denoting that the bottom of the boat was getting full of water. There appeared to be, however, no special necessity to take any precautions against wetting his feet, for he was barefoot.

The boat was now well out toward the middle of the river, so August stopped rowing and took the oars in. Then putting his hands on the sides of the boat, one on each side, he began rocking the boat to and fro, at first slowly, and afterward faster and faster, until at length the boys could see that she was beginning to take in water over the side.

"Mercy!" exclaimed one of the girls. "He will tip the boat over."

The excitement was very great, in fact, among all the party on the shore, and they would have been greatly alarmed if they had not seen that August did what he was doing on purpose, and that he felt perfectly cool and collected. At length, however, after a few more oscillations, during which the boat went deeper and deeper every time, it went entirely over, August darting out from her over the water, out of the way, and then immediately swimming back and seizing hold of her again.

The girls uttered an involuntary scream at witnessing this spectacle, while the boys looked on very intently to see what August would do next.

As soon as he reached the boat he mounted upon the bottom of it, and sitting down upon it he stretched his feet out, one on each side, as if he were astride upon a horse. The boat was flat-bottomed, and it was somewhat too wide for him to sit upon it comfortably in this position, so he called out aloud to the party on shore to bring him a saddle. It was not an easy horse, he said, to ride bareback.

The party on the shore laughed heartily at this sally, and being now perfectly at their ease in respect to August's safety, they watched the rest of his maneuvers with feelings of curiosity and pleasure, mingled with wonder, but without any fear.

After sitting a minute or two upon the bottom of the boat, and pretending to whip his horse and try to make him go, August got up from his seat and stood upright upon the boat, waving his hand in the air—for he had no cap or hat—and dancing about in a very comical manner. All this time the boat was slowly drifting down the stream, by the force of the current.

"Hallo, August!" said Maurice. "Look out! you are drifting down stream!"

August looked about him for a moment, and seeing that this was the case, he walked forward as near to the bows of the boat as he could go, and then running aft he dove head foremost into the water from the stern. The impulse which he gave the boat, or the *reaction*, as the philosophers call it, produced by the force of his leaping from it, propelled it a considerable way up the stream. As soon as

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August came up to the surface again, he swam back to the boat until he was close to it, and then taking hold of it and putting his feet against the stern, he drew up his knees until his body was close to it, and then suddenly straightening out his knees he pushed the boat from him, up the river, with great force, at the same time propelling himself, by the reaction, with an equal impulse down. He repeated this maneuver several times, until at length he had driven the boat to a considerable distance above where it was at first.

He then swam off to get the oars, which in the mean time had floated some distance farther down.

After recovering the oars and bringing them back to the boat, August took hold of the boat and turned it over so as to bring it right side up again. As it was full of water it floated with the gunwales level with the surface. The boat, however, being made entirely of wood, and containing no ballast, possessed considerable buoyancy, and by inclining it to one side for a moment, so as to let some of the water run out, and then bringing it back again upon an even keel, August found that it would float with the gunwales two or three inches above the water all around.

He then swam round to the bows of the boat, and reaching over he took out the tin basin from the cuddy, and then began dipping out the water from the boat and pouring it into the river, remaining, of course, himself, in the water alongside. From time to time, as he found that the boat drifted down the stream, he drove it back again by pushing with his feet against the stern in the manner already explained. Then he would go on with his bailing again. His proceedings in doing all this were, of course, watched with great interest by the party on shore.

At length he got the boat so far free from water that he thought it would be safe for him to get into it again. He first put in the oars. As for himself, he knew very well, however, if he were to attempt to get in at the side, the boat would be pulled over by his weight, and would fill again. So he climbed in over the stern. He succeeded in getting in safely, without causing the boat to take in any more water.

He could now continue the work of bailing the boat much more advantageously than before, and he soon had her almost entirely free from water.

As soon as he had done this he put the basin back into its place. He then stepped up upon a little sort of seat or small deck, at the stern of the boat, and after poising himself there a moment he put his hands together over his head, and plunged head foremost into the water. The boat, by the reaction of his feet, as he leaped from it, was made to shoot rapidly forward for a considerable distance up the river.

The water closed over August after he had gone down, and became smooth and still. At length, after the lapse of some seconds, his head reappeared at the surface of the water, and he began to swim back toward the boat.

As soon as he reached the boat and raised his hands to take hold of the stern, the party on shore saw that he had something white in one of them. He threw the object over into the boat before he got in himself. It sounded like a stone.

As soon as August had got into the boat again, he stood up in the middle of it, and turning toward the party on the shore he made a low bow to them,

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like a performer taking leave of his audience.

"Good-bye!" said he, "and don't wait for me. I am going home another way."

So saying he sat down upon one of the thwarts of the boat, put out his oars, turned the boat round, rowed rapidly down the river. Maurice ran to the bridge, and watched the boat until it disappeared behind a wooded point of land at a short distance below.

"He is not afraid of the water after all," said Maurice, as soon as the boat had disappeared from view.

"No," rejoined one of the girls, "and we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for having called him a coward."

"Yes," said Maurice, "and we will tell him so."

Maurice, with all his faults, was a boy of a generous and honorable spirit, and when he found himself in the wrong was usually willing to acknowledge it in a frank and open manner.

"We will send somebody to tell him," said Maurice. "Who shall go?"

"Lucy," said one of the girls.

"No," said Lucy, looking alarmed.

"You ought to go yourself, Maurice," said Euphrazia, "for you were the first to set us the example."

"Very well," said Maurice, "I'll go."

That evening, after tea, when August and Euphrazia came in from their play, August went to his room and brought down into the little back parlor where he and Euphrazia were

accustomed to sit when they came in, a smooth white stone and also a small phial. The stone was of a very regular form, oval and flat, with rounded edges.

"What is that?" asked Euphrazia.

"It is a smooth white stone which I brought up from the bottom of the river," said August.

"Oh, what a pretty one!" exclaimed Euphrazia. "How did you get such a pretty one?"

"I chose it from among a great many that lay there on the bottom," said August.

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"Why, August!" exclaimed Euphrazia again, "can you see when you are down in the river?"

"Not very well," said August, "for the water makes a sort of blur before our eyes; but I can see well enough to choose a pretty stone for a paper weight."

"Are you going to make a paper weight of it?" asked Euphrazia.

"Yes," said August. "I am going to transfer a picture to it; I have got some transferring varnish in this little phial."

August understood the art of transferring very well. He first varnished over the face of the stone, and then taking a small picture out of his pocket-book, representing a pretty view on a river, he placed the picture on the varnish, face down. He then put it away to dry; the next day he wet the paper and rubbed it off carefully, leaving the lines of the engraving upon the varnish. He then put on another coating of varnish over the whole, and when this second coat was dry his paper weight was done.

"How pretty it is!" said Euphrazia. "I wish you would give it to me."

"I am going to give it to somebody," said August, "and who do you think it ought to be?"

"Well, if I must speak the honest truth," replied Euphrazia, "I think if anybody deserves it, it is Lucy."

"Then I believe I will give it to Lucy," said August.

"Well," said Euphrazia, "only let me be with you when you give it to her. I want to see how pleased she will look. I should like it myself very much, but I think that Lucy deserves it most. Besides, you gave me such a pretty bracelet the other day."

[THE END.]

ABOUT THE STAG.

THE stag is commonly four feet high and seven long. It is the most beautiful animal of the forest. It is common in the temperate climates of Europe and Asia. The male is remarkable for having one incisor in the upper jaw. This is of such glittering whiteness, that hunters often use it for ornament. The great branching horns of this animal are shed annually. It seems amazing that they can grow so enormously, and become of such metallic hardness, in one year. When they first shoot out, and are tender, they are said to be a delicacy for the table. I can not think they would compare

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with a steak of venison, however. These horns alter each year, by the reproduction of new spikes. The age of the stag is determined by the number of these branches.

By nature, this animal is extremely gentle and sociable. His legs are slender, but very strong; his movements graceful, but full of dignity. His eyes are large, and full of fire. His senses of smelling and hearing are wonderfully acute.

The battle between two angry stags is terrible. With nostrils expanded, and cries of rage, they dash at each other, tearing up the grouud with their fore-feet. The butting with their horns sounds like a battle with clubs. Sometimes these become entangled, so that they can not extricate them, and they die of hunger.

The doe seldom has but one fawn at a birth, never more than two. She nurses them carefully, till they are able to follow her.

These animals are very delicate in selecting their food. Grass, herbs, buds, and tender roots, mushrooms, etc., are their choice.

The Canadian stag has remarkably beautiful antlers.

The Virginia stag is very handsome, and is of a nearly clear yellow color.

LAURA ELMER.

THE trees are teachers that I love;
Their leafy book I oft have read;
Their branches point to worlds above;
Their roots point to the world that's dead.
Oh, solemn thought, the woods so lorn
In winter, and in spring so fair,
Hold in their trunks for the unborn,
Cities and ships and coffins there.

INSTINCT OF THE TOAD.

AN English gentleman says: "In a small bed of radishes, closely covered by a herring-net to keep off the sparrows, a large toad was seated upon its form several days. The toad changed its position on the bed sometimes, and had two or three forms, like a hare. It was frequently removed from under the net to distant parts of the garden, but invariably returned to the radish bed; and though twice as large as the meshes of the net, it was seen on one occasion in the act of creeping through one of the meshes. Having heard a surprising account of the difficulty of banishing a toad from the place of its choice, the observation of these facts seemed confirmatory of it, and it was resolved by myself and my friends, in whose garden the remarks were made, to put the matter to a severe trial. The garden, which was large, was entirely walled round, excepting a small gate leading into another garden; this garden was also walled round, but there was a single small hole under the outer door into a field. Behind the inner garden wall was a shrubbery, and into this we took the toad the day before yesterday, little expecting to see it again; but to our surprise it was seated the next day beneath the net on one of its forms. To reach the place, it must have gone through the fence of the shrubbery into a field, then through another fence into a second field, next through the hole under the outer garden door, and lastly through the gate into the inner garden. This well-authenticated fact so fully confirms a curious story related to me by an elderly relative many years ago, that I would suggest this habit of the toad as an interesting subject of further observation."

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WHAT CAN A BOY DO?

"WHAT can a boy do?" asked Jack Simpkins of Isaac Peters, who was trying to get him to give up smoking and swearing and his idle habits, join a Band of Hope, and use his influence for the good of the other boys. "What can a boy do?" said Jack, stopping his play upon the ground, and looking up inquiringly.

"I will tell you," said Isaac, pulling out a book; and he began to read:

"Sixty years ago a naval officer, wishing to cross from Staten Island to Bergen, could find no person willing to undertake the job save a barefooted boy, who, despite the roughness of the sea, bravely rowed him to the place of destination. The officer was so pleased with his pluck that he got him a situation on a steamboat, and that boy is Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is now worth over $18,000,000."

Stopping a minute, Isaac read on about Bob and the grog-seller:

"'Sir,' said a boy, going up to the counter of a gin-shop, 'I want to ask you never to sell my father another glass of grog. He's a kind father as ever was when he's sober, but gin *tigers him*.'

"'What right have I to refuse him more than any other man?' asked the gin-seller.

"'You may tell him Bob begged you, for the sake of his family and for his own sake, *not to do it*,' said the boy. 'If you give it to him, he'll kill my mother, and *you'll* be the murderer.'

There was another story, about stopping the supplies, on the same page:

"'You have stopped the supplies, said a working-man whom I met in the street.

"'How?' said I.

"'Why, you have got my wife, my daughter, and my son to become abstainers, and I have no one to go for either pipe, tobacco, or dram.'

"I am glad to hear that,' said I; 'but what are *you* going to do?'

"'Why, I have thrown the pipe into the fire, and I am now an abstainer myself, also.'"

"One more," said Isaac, "and I

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guess you'll believe boys can do something as well as men.

"A little boy, seeing a man sauntering about a public-house door, counting some money he held in his hand, and evidently intending to go into the public-house, stepped up to him and said, 'Please, *don't go in there.*' The man put his hand with the money in his pocket, thanked the little boy for his advice, and did not go in."

"Well, Ike, I'll join the Band of Hope," said Jack, "and do all I can to help it along."

THE CROCODILE.

CROCODILES are found most numerous in Africa. They differ from the American crocodile, or, as it is most commonly called, alligator, by being larger, and a difference in the form of the head. They are sometimes found thirty feet long, though the usual length is about eighteen feet. Their eyes are very small in proportion to the size of the body. It seldom leaves the water, except when pressed by hunger or to deposit its eggs. They deposit their eggs in the warm sand, where they are hatched out by the heat of the sun. Their eggs are covered with a tough white skin.

The alligator is found in Louisiana, and along the banks of the Mississippi and Red rivers. They are quite inoffensive, will scarcely ever touch a man, nor do they seem to be afraid of him. They were formerly very plenty on these rivers, a hundred being often seen at one time. The noise sometimes made by so many of them is said to resemble that of hundreds of irritated bulls about to meet in fight. Their motion on the land is very slow and clumsy. I do not know as any one in this country has ever tamed them to entertain people with, as they have the crocodile in the East, where they, when young, are tamed and often managed like a horse, a curb being put into its mouth so that the rider can direct it as he pleases.

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BARBARA BLYTHE.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

THE snow-flakes were busy making a patch-work quilt for mother earth. They were driving about in a great hurry, and the air was sharp. So the girls had pinned their shawls close, and the boys' caps were tied over their ears.

But the children had something on their minds, and were not thinking of the cold weather. They were talking about a prize which had been promised to the best scholar at close of school. Some pouted, and said "they shouldn't try for it—they didn't care." And these were the stupid ones, you might know. Then others looked nervous, and said "if they hadn't staid at home and got behind, they might try, but as it was, they didn't call it fair play."

There was one little girl with thoughtful gray eyes, who heard what the others were talking about, but said nothing herself. Her name was Barbara Blythe. She was directly behind Willy Harlow, the lame boy, though he did not know it.

Alice Greene was saying—

"I guess you'll get the prize, Willy; I'm sure I hope so."

A pink color flushed Willy's pale face, and he looked very eager for a moment, then said, sadly:

"It's no use, Alice; perhaps I might, if it wasn't for Barbara Blythe; but she'll get it, you'll see!"

And as he spoke, he seemed to lean more heavily on his crutch and walk lamer than ever. His words sank deep into Barbara's heart, and her eyes filled with tears; the pleasant excitement she had felt was all gone in a moment.

Now every one had a very tender regard for Willy. It was his sad fate to suffer through life, though he never murmured, poor child! He had been struck by a foot-ball some years before this, and dreadfully injured—beyond hope of recovery, so the doctors told his mother.

When Barbara got home, she did not rush into her mother's room with her hood swinging by one string, and cry out, "We're going to have a prize!" No—she only told her story soberly, and in few words.

"Well," said Mrs. Blythe, looking up from her sewing, "you mean to try, I suppose?"

"I don't know," said poor little Barbara with quivering lips; "I don't care much."

For Willy's words, "Barbara will get it," had gone down to the very deepest place in her heart, and each word seemed to weigh a pound. She could not help thinking how glad old Mrs. Harlow would be if Willy should have the prize, and how few things the boy had to make him happy.

"Oh dear! I wish I didn't learn my lessons so easily," said the child. "Those that study so much harder than I do, and then get marks—it makes me feel ashamed!"

Mrs. Blythe saw that something had happened to grieve her little daughter, but being a wise woman she asked no questions—only desired Barbara to go into the kitchen and tell Jane to put some apple-puffs to warm.

At the tea-table Barbara had to swallow so many tears that she could swallow little besides. Her brother James, who never talked anything but

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nonsense when he could help it, declared she ate nothing but the *hole of a doughnut.*

That may be, but I know she came down to breakfast next morning with a very bright face. Somehow her trouble was all gone. The truth was, "she had an idea in her head." Perhaps you will see for yourself what it was before long.

She carried her dinner that day, for the roads were drifted a little. Willy carried his dinner too. He usually did, and then played "Simon" or "chip-chop" with the girls, who always liked to amuse him. He could not bear the rough sports of the boys, though there was not a boy who did not love him, and not one so cruel as to laugh at him.

To-day there was something in his Greenleaf's Arithmetic which puzzled him exceedingly. He did not care for play. There he sat, leaning his head on his hand—such a hand! You could trace the course of the veins over it like the blue lines on a sheet of white paper.

"Now what is it?" said the sweet voice of Barbara, as she came and leaned over his shoulder, her face covered with smiles. "I do believe you are puzzling over the same thing that bothered me so. Don't you want me to show you? Only a little speck? for you'll be getting the headache if you think so hard."

Willy gave a sigh of relief.

"Well, I don't know, Barby," replied he, looking up with a grateful glance. "Things seem to go right round and round. It's as slippery as an eel. If I could only get hold of something to start with, I could do it well enough."

"That's just the way," said Barbara. "There, now! you see if A and B can do the work in two days, of course they can do just half as much in one day—now *can't* they? And if B—"

But no matter about the rest. Barbara never wearied till Willy's eyes brightened, and he cried out,

"Poh! Wasn't I a dunce not to see through that before? Why, it's just as easy—you do beat all in Arithmetic, Barby!"

Then Willy laid aside his books and whistled a tune—he could whistle like a bird. And Barbara sat down by the stove to eat her dinner, thinking how nicely apple-pie and cheese went together, and how very light-hearted she was.

"I wonder why I never helped Willy before!" thought she. "I've been real selfish."

Days passed on. The discouraged look was nearly gone from Willy's face. Arithmetic had always been the plague of his life; but now that Barbara had undertaken to help him, somehow he could see into it better than before. Barbara could pick out the hard knots for him—and then she had such a faculty for explaining." She did not look—as poor, tired Mr. Garland sometimes did—as if she thought a boy who couldn't catch an idea at once was very much to blame.

"Mother, I tell you what it is," Willy would say sometimes, "if *I* can't get the prize, I hope it will be Barbara Blythe, for she's the best girl in school."

His mother was glad he felt so kindly toward his rival, but she sighed as she looked at her boy's pale face and thought of the weary hours he had spent in study while other boys were at play.

It was March, and the white hills were blotted with specks of bare ground, when examination-day came

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All the boys who had linen collars wore them, and the girls came in their very best dresses, with smooth hair brushed the very last thing.

Ah! who does not know the flutter at the heart when the three "committee-men" knock, and are solemnly asked in and seated? Some of us have felt this kind of flutter for the last time; but, children, *you* can understand precisely how the scholars felt that day, with their parents and older sisters and neighbors to look on and criticise.

Willy was in his old seat. There was a beautiful pink blow on his cheeks, which every one knew was the flush of excitement.

And over by the window on the right sat thoughtful little Barbara, looking very tidy in her red dress and white apron. Everybody wondered which of these two best scholars would get the prize.

The "committee" asked the questions, and such a drilling as the children went through—one could not have "drilled" the eye of a needle more carefully.

Barbara's gray eyes lit up with earnestness, and the hectic flame in Willy's cheeks burned a deeper crimson.

Spelling: so many odd words were "put out"—words they had almost forgotten were in the Spelling-Book; but though they might hesitate, it was hard to catch Barbara or Willy tripping. All the others missed, but they two held their ground.

At last the word "*pillory*" was given. Barbara spelled it with an "a" instead of an "o." She knew the mistake in a second, and Mr. Reynolds paused, willing she should correct herself; but no—Barbara was at once too proud and too generous.

The flash in Willy's eyes as he spelled the word after her was not one of triumph. He was really sorry that Barbara had not done better for herself.

Next came Arithmetic. This had always been Willy's weak point, and Mr. Reynolds at first asked questions slowly, to be sure and give him time to think. But it was soon evident that he knew very well what he was about, and could not be easily puzzled. To be sure, Barbara had gone over more ground, but this the committee would not have known if the teacher, Mr. Garland, had not informed them in a side whisper.

"Ah, yes, yes," said Mr. Reynolds, nodding his head and peeping over his spectacles at Barbara, as if he would have added, "Well done, well done."

In Geography, Willy and Barbara were well matched. If there was any difference, Willy excelled in giving long descriptions of places, for his verbal memory was unusual.

The committee were really surprised to find the two rivals so well informed, while at the same time they were puzzled how to decide the matter. They whispered to one another and smiled, and Mr. Reynolds rubbed his spectacles as if they would help him see his way clear, and Dr. Snow scratched his head, and Mr. Allen leaned back in his chair to reflect awhile.

The spectators felt somewhat as people do in a court-room while the jury are out making up their minds on a verdict. Willy's mother was there in her faded black dress, looking at her son from time to time anxiously, as if she feared the excitement would be too much for him.

All the while the prize was lying on the desk wrapped in brown paper. What it was no one knew, but it

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seemed about the size of a large family Bible. The scholars were growing uneasy, and the teacher himself walked the floor as if he thought it nearly time a decision was made.

At last, when Mr. Reynolds had finished rubbing his spectacles, he took from the brown-paper wrapper a beautiful rosewood writing-desk, and held it up to view, opening it to show the elegant workmanship.

"Now," said he, "I would like the attention of the school for a few moments. Upon examination, we find two of you so nearly equal, that it is no easy matter to decide which deserves the prize. Miss Barbara does well, exceedingly well. Her composition, which we have read, we consider superior to Willy's, and her copy-book is neater.

"The—ah—the truth is, we wish we had two prizes to give instead of one. But as that can not be, we have at last concluded to award this writing-desk to—William Harlow.

"We wish you distinctly to understand why we do this," continued he, placing the tips of his forefingers together. "It is because we think the progress he has made in Arithmetic, since the last examination, deserves a reward. He has always been a good student; but within the past few weeks his progress in Arithmetic has been remarkable."

There was a general hum of satisfaction. Poor Mrs. Harlow was fairly trembling with joy, and Willy looked as if a star had dropped from the sky at his feet.

As for Barbara, her heart was so full that she could hardly hold back the tears. They shouldn't fall, if she could help it—no, indeed; for of course nobody would guess she was crying for joy!

When Willy whispered to Barbara that night, "Barbara, I shouldn't have got it, if it hadn't been for you," it would be hard to tell which was the happiest—grateful Willy or noble Barbara.

Mrs. Blythe furnished the desk with the choicest writing materials. It gave her pleasure to do so, for nothing in her daughter's conduct had ever touched her like her disinterested kindness to Willy.

This writing-desk was Willy's greatest comfort for two years. He often said it was a brother and a sister to him. Dear boy! all that time he was fading away. Not the tender love of his mother could avail, though she would have poured out her life freely, if that could have saved him.

After he died, no one could look on his still face, so lovely in death, without dropping tears of sorrow. But as Barbara went with the other schoolchildren to take a last look at Willy, there was one sweet thought which softened her grief—it was the thought of the prize, which might have been hers if she had chosen.

Mrs. Harlow did not survive her boy many months. Before she died, she said to a neighbor:

"Give Willy's writing-desk to Barbara Blythe, and tell her to keep it to remember him by."

And Barbara WILL keep it sacredly as long as she lives.

"I FORGET a great many things which happened last year," said a little girl, the tears running down her cheeks; "but I can't forget the angry words I spoke to my dear mother, who is now dead."

THE man who was lost in slumber found his way out on a night-mare.

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THE BLACK SEA-LION.

THIS wonderful animal is now on exhibition at Barnum's Museum, in this city, and is one of the greatest living curiosities of the day. He was captured on the Pacific coast, 1,200 miles north of San Francisco, by the late J. C. Adams, extensively known as "Old Adams," and "Old Grizzly Adams," from his connection with grizzly bear hunting. This animal is unique, no other known animal bearing sufficient resemblance to him to be identified as belonging to the same species. It is supposed that he derives his name from the fact that he is distinguished by his peculiar roar, and as he inhabits the sea, is called the Sea-Lion. So far as known, he is the only inhabitant of the great deep that utters sounds of any kind—a fact that invests him with great interest. Although these animals inhabit the ocean, they are unable to live any great length of time under water, but are obliged to remain mostly upon the surface, and always rest and sleep on the rocks or shore. This is the only one ever exhibited east of the Rocky Mountains, weighs about 1,200 lbs., and is in itself worth the price of admission to the Museum to see.

Another animal of interest is the living seal from the Bay of Fundy. These animals are nearly as intelligent as dogs, and are capable of being taught many interesting tricks, such as turning a hand-organ, shouldering a gun, etc. This one is a very young specimen, and a very beautiful and interesting animal, and attracts very general attention.

There are also several grizzly bears to be seen in Barnum's Museum; but the Aquaria is an object of great at-

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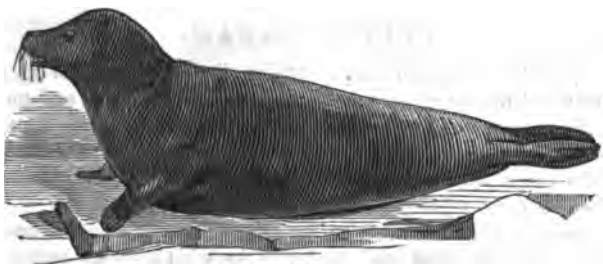

THE SEAL.

traction. It is a sort of an ocean or river garden, supplied with coral, rock, sea-weed, moss, shells, together with living plants and animals. There are a great variety of fish now in the tanks, with large turtles and small frogs in abundance. We have called the attention of the young Merrys to the Aquaria before, and hope all who can will avail themselves of the opportunity to see it.

The "angel-fish" has lately been added to the other varieties. It has nearly, if not quite, all the colors of the rainbow, and is universally admired.

THE SONG MY MOTHER SANG.

She sang her first song with the angels,
When the winter winds blew cold;
And the snow-wreaths fluttered and trembled
Among those hills of old.

She warbled her anthem of glory,
As the wail of the new-born year
Echoed through the shadowy forest,
With its tones so wild and clear.

She left us to roam o'er the valleys
Of that silent and holy land,
Where no vows are ever broken,
Or ever traced in sand.

Her spirit flew to that country,
Like a bird upon the wing;
O! how she longed to fly upward
To those purple hills and sing.

Serenely she walked to yon haven;
Down the deeps of the pathway she trod,
While the light of its glory beamed brighter,
And she knew it would lead her to God.

She saw the blue hills and still rivers,
Ere yet she slept the deep sleep;
Then why wonder she longed so to leave us?
Why sit so sadly and weep?

She hath crossed the river before us,
And, arrayed in a vesture of light,
Sits singing her anthems eternal,
So gloriously, radiantly bright.

And she's warbling her songs with the angels
To-night, as the olden year
Sinks deep in oblivion's river,
With its leaflets so brown and sere.

The death-shade no more shall encircle
My mother's pure, colorless brow;
Nor earth's cold shadowy raiment
Surround her pale form now.

She sings her anthem of triumph
From the side of the heavenly hill;
But she looks with loving and longing
On her earthly treasures still.

M. Jennie Secor.

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ALLIE'S DREAM.

LITTLE Allie Mead was tired out with play and a little cross, when she came home one afternoon during the summer term. Her roguish hazel eyes did not sparkle as usual, and her brown curls were tossed in confusion over her bare neck. Altogether she presented the most bewitching picture of tired beauty that any one could wish to see.

"Mother, dear, I'm so tired," said she; "may I lie down and rest a little while?"

Her mother gave the desired permission, and Allie threw herself gladly on the sofa, and in a few moments was resting in the arms of sleep. But her sleep was not perfectly peaceful, for she soon began to start, and turn, and even murmur incoherently. Hardly had she closed her eyes, when a tiny figure of more perfect beauty than she had ever imagined, stood before her. She was so absorbed in gazing that she did not think of being frightened, but looked and looked, waiting for this lovely creature to make itself known. Presently it said: "Allie, come with me." And Allie in her dreams rose up and went.

First, they entered a low cottage, which seemed to Allie very familiar, and in one corner of the little sitting-room was a little girl sobbing violently. She neither perceived Allie nor her guide, for the fairy's glamour made them invisible to mortal eyes. It was Mary Lewis, Allie's dearest friend, who seemed so afflicted.

Mrs. Lewis came in. "Why, Mary, what's the matter?" she cried. Mary ran and threw her arms about her mother, sobbing out, "Oh, mother, Allie Mead is so angry with me because I told the teacher that she had taken the ruler and hid it, and she said I was a tell-tale, and not fit for her to go with any more. But, indeed, mother, the teacher asked me if Allie did it, and, mother, I *couldn't* tell a lie and say No."

The fairy sang, in a low, gentle tone, like the wind moaning over the sea:

"Angry, unjust words, Allie,
Never, never say,
For they will smart in the poor child's heart
Many, many a day."

Leaving the mother to console poor Mary, they left the house, and wandered on, on, into a lovely meadow covered with meadow lilies, cowslips, and all the most beautiful wild flowers, and, to Allie's great surprise, they all seemed to be in the wildest confusion. They were all swaying hither and thither, and Allie heard a loud confused noise as of many voices in angry conversation. "Listen!" said the fairy, and in a few moments Allie began to hear some words very distinctly.

"Indeed," said a tall spike of golden rod, "it is coming to be nice times that little, proud Alice Mead has been scolding sweet Mary Lewis because she wouldn't tell a lie to please her. *Indeed.*" And golden rod swayed her head in highest indignation.

"Yes," responded a mild-eyed daisy; "and did you see how she cried when she came by here on her way home?"

"Oh!" burst in a white violet, "I cried for half an hour thinking of it. She is so good, and loves Alice so much! Oh, it was shameful!"

Just then a bright-winged oriole, in a tree overhead, sang to a little blue-bird, "How wicked it was to make poor Mary cry!" and the blue-capped

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birdling answered, "Cruel! cruel!" But a snow-white dove flew into the branches and warbled out, "She loves us all so well, that I flew on her shoulder and whispered my affection, till she dried some of her tears and rewarded me by a kiss." At this, all the birds and flowers cried out at once, "Bless you for comforting sweet little Mary!"

The fairy turned to Allie, who was by this time weeping bitterly, and said:

"Remember, Allie dear, what the birds and flowers say, and never, never grieve a child who is loved by the bright and beautiful of nature, for *their* affection never is misplaced. Alice Mead, be wise!"

She disappeared, and Alice woke with a start. She sprang from the sofa, and catching her bonnet, hurried from the house, and never stopped until she reached the little cottage she had seen in her dream. Little Mary was still now; she lay asleep upon the sofa with the tears yet standing upon her lashes and pale cheeks. She had sobbed herself to sleep.

Allie knelt by the sofa, and putting her arms round Mary's neck, kissed her till she woke. As soon as she was awake she said:

"Allie, darling, don't be angry with me, for I *must* tell the truth. I can not lie, even for you." Allie kissed her again and again, asking her forgiveness with the fondest terms of endearment, and assuring her that she retracted the cruel words which had so deeply grieved her.

Mary freely forgave her; and when Allie was tempted to say an unkind word, she remembered the words and flowers, and said to herself the verse which the fairy had sung—a lesson which she never forgot during her whole life. D. E. WILDWOOD.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

BY JESSIE LINWOOD.

Out on the stormy sea,
When the tall and stately mast
Bows its gallant head
Before the furious blast;
When the waters dash and roar,
And hurl at the ship their spray,
Then, sailor! bend the knee,
And bow the head, and pray.

Beside the bed of pain,
When the room is dark and still,
When the breath comes faint and gaspingly,
When sobs the sick-room fill;
When the willing, waiting soul
To heaven takes its way,
Then, mourner! bend the knee,
And bow the head, and pray.

Out where the battle dread,
Rages in awful power,
When death is hovering round,
When victims fall each hour;
When cries and groans are heard,
When they fight like beasts at bay,
Then, soldier! though you can not kneel,
Oh, lift the heart, and pray.

When sin would draw aside
Our feet from virtue's path,
When our nation suffering lies
Under God's heavy wrath;
When mirth attends our steps,
When sorrow clouds our way,
When friends grow cold and foes distress,
Then, let us kneel, and pray.

WHENEVER you find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, you may take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

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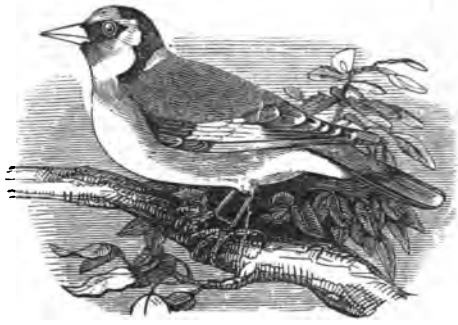
BIRDS OF NEW YORK—THE LINNETS.



THE GOLDFINCH.

TO the family of linnets belong some of the finest singing-birds, as the well-known canary-bird, English goldfinch, and our pretty little yellow-bird, which enlivens so much our cities by his sweet song. This family is called *Coccothraustinæ* by the closet-naturalists, who delight in composing the most outlandish compounds that can be, for scientific names of birds. But this name, *Coccothraustinæ*, is very appropriate, signifying seed-crushers, or grain-crushers; so we must acknowledge that scientific terminology, although quite puzzling, is very useful when understood. Besides the name *linnets*, this family is known as the family of *goldfinches*, so called from the general color of the birds, golden or yellow, as is seen in the case of the canary-bird, yellow-bird, and others. So our yellow-bird is a true goldfinch, and is sometimes called, in natural histories, the American goldfinch. In North America, there are about twenty-four species of this family, but twelve of which are properly goldfinches, and of these I have noticed five in New York State.

First, we have the genus *Chrysomitris*, or golden-belt. This is a significant name, as we shall see. This genus comprises the pine linnet and yellow-bird, which are found in this State, besides six Western species.

The pine linnet is a modest-colored little bird, about five inches in length, with a dress of olivaceous brown, spotted with dark brown. The sides and neck are lighter, and the wings and tail *belted* or banded with a beautiful golden yellow. So we see that its generic name *Chrysomitris* is well-chosen. The specific name is *pinus*, the pine-tree, so called on account of these trees being the resort of this species.

The pine linnet is not seen here during summer. It is found during that season at the far north, in the Arctic regions, where it breeds and rears its young in safety. We know nothing of its habits at that interesting period; its love-song, construction of its nest, and its eggs, are yet a desideratum.

But toward the close of October, the bird is no longer a mystery. At that time it appears in flocks, large and small, from the dreary north, and frequents our pine and hemlock woods.

On a visit to the evergreen woods in winter, we come upon a large flock of these linnets. The first we know of them, when among the tall hemlocks, is by hearing a subdued crackling sound around us overhead. On glancing upward among the branches of the evergreens, we see clusters of these little linnets, busily feeding on the seeds of the hemlock cones. These seeds they dexterously extract with their sharp bills, after crushing

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the cones, and while engaged in this they hang on the ends of the branches in every imaginable position, head downward, and topsy-turvy, clutching convulsively on the ends of the branches, which sway to and fro and bend with their weight; other individuals run over the snow on the ground in scattered flocks, picking at the fallen cones which lie in every direction on the surface and buried beneath; all are busily engaged and silent. But they become suspicious as you approach; a sentinel gives the warning, and off the whole of the vast flock fly, in an undulating manner, the air resounding with their quailing cry of *tè-wittet*, *chee-wee*, *tè-wittet*, *chee-wee*, etc. Shortly after they come whirling back again, and settling among the dark green foliage become silent as before.

The pine linnets are generally unsuspicious, and are especially so when the weather is severe, and food is scarce. If the supply of food gives out, they depart suddenly, and are so prompt, that not one individual is left behind.

Some winters, the last for instance, these birds do not visit us; food being plenty, probably, in their natal regions, they did not have any reasons for leaving.

As an instance of change of habits, I may mention that while collecting red-poll linnets, I obtained a solitary pine linnet among a large flock of the former. These red-polls frequent the open plains, while pine linnets prefer the pine forests, and I am at loss to know how the stray individual became mixed up with a flock of a different species. The calls of the two species are nearly similar, however, and both are *linnets;* these facts may afford some explanation.

The pine linnet feeds on the seeds of the pine, larch, etc. It has been noticed from Maine to Georgia in winter, and as far north as the 52° north latitude.

Of the other linnets we will speak hereafter. HENRY A. D.

"THE EYRIE," *June*, 1861.

INFLUENCE.

DROP follows drop, and swells
With rain the sweeping river;
Word follows word, and tells
A truth that lives forever.

Flake follows flake, like sprites
Whose wings the winds dissever;
Thought follows thought, and lights
The realm of mind forever.

Beam follows beam, to cheer
The cloud the bolt would shiver;
Throb follows throb, and fear
Gives place to joy forever.

The drop, the flake, the beam,
Teach us a lesson ever;
The word, the thought, the dream,
Impress the soul forever.

THE LAUGH OF A CHILD.

I LOVE it—I love it—the laugh of a child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;
Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush;
Like the trill of a bird at the twilight's soft gush;
Floating on the breeze like the tones of a bell,
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell,
Oh, the laugh of a child so wild and so free,
Is the merriest in the world to me.

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AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

WONDERFUL MINUTENESS.—Dr. Wollaston obtained platinum wire so fine, that 30,000 pieces, placed side by side in contact, would not cover more than an inch. It would take 150 pieces of this wire bound together to form a thread as thick as a filament of raw silk. Although platinum is the heaviest of the known bodies, a mile of this wire would not weigh more than a grain. Seven ounces of this wire would extend from New York to London. Fine as is the filament produced by the silk-worm, that produced by the spider's web, measuring four miles, will weigh very little more than a single grain. Every one is familiar with the fact, that the spider spins a thread, or cord, by which its own weight hangs suspended. It has been ascertained that this thread is composed of about 6,000 filaments.

THE BIRD KING.

Dost thou the monarch eagle seek?
Thou'lt find him in the tempest's maw,
Where thunders with tornadoes speak,
And forests fly as though of straw;
Or on some lightning-splintered peak,
Sceptered with desolation's law,
The shrubless mountain in his beak,
The barren desert in his claw.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT OF A METEOR.—On the 18th ult., about 6 P. M., while some gentlemen were driving on an open car, in the neighborhood of Binghamstown-Erris, County of Mayo, Ireland, they were overtaken by a storm of hail. It continued for about ten or fifteen minutes, and was succeeded by darkness the most profound.

At this moment, a ball of fire, about the size of an orange, and of a dull color, emitting some sparks, passed rather slowly between two of the party on the off-side of the car, and immediately exploded. All were instantly struck blind by the intense brilliancy of the light, and it was some time before they recovered sufficiently to continue on their road. A feeling of numbness and prostration was experienced more or less by each individual, which continued a long time, and the driver was quite unable to hold the reins, or see where he was going. A slight hissing sound accompanied this evolution of light, and appeared to proceed from the passage of the meteor through the air. A loud clap of thunder followed, but at a long interval.

FLATTERY is foolish and wicked, but praise, when deserved, is *due*, and ought to be paid, like any other debt.

FREDERICK, the conqueror as he was, sustained a severe defeat at Coslin in the war of 1755. Some time after, at a review, he jocosely asked a soldier, who had got a deep cut in his cheek:

"Friend, at what alehouse did you get that scratch?"

"I got it," said the soldier, "at Coslin, where your majesty paid the reckoning."

ENGINEERING OF SPIDERS.—Some days since, while writing in my office, my attention was directed to a small spider descending from the under side of a table in the corner of the room, where it had stationed itself unmolested. A large horse-fly, many times too large for the spider (which was very small) to manage, had by some means become disabled and lay on the floor. The spider descended to the fly, and, with some caution, began to entangle it in its web, and soon had it

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completely bound. The spider then ascended to the table, and soon descended again; and thus continued to ascend and descend for some time, fastening the fly more completely each time it returned. I was at a loss to know its object in binding the fly so completely on the floor. Soon, however, it ceased descending, and appeared to be busily employed at its station near the table. I could not conceive what its object was in passing about so very actively; but imagine my surprise when, in a short time, I saw the fly leave the floor, and begin to ascend toward the table. This was soon explained. The spider had attached a number of cords to the fly, extending from the table, and by stretching each to its greatest tension, and confining the upper end, the elasticity of all the cords (some fifty or more) was combined in raising the fly. By continuing the process of tightening one cord at a time, in some fifteen or twenty minutes the fly was raised to the table, and there deposited for future use.

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—A clergyman in a parish church, not one hundred miles from Poole, England, having put a notice into the clerk's hand a few Sundays since, stating that the services would in future be morning and evening, and morning and afternoon *alternately*, honest Roger improved upon it, and said that the service would be to "*all eternity!*"

JUDGMENT. — A faculty of which very few people have enough to discover that they want more.

MOUTH.—An instrument for rendering ideas audible and victuals invisible.

NONSENSE.—Sense that happens to differ from our own—supposing that we have any.—*Tin Trumpet.*

OLD Prof. S. was one of the instructors at Dartmouth College, years ago, and about as blunt and straightforward a specimen of humanity as ever walked, being considered a *little* crabbed by intimates. One day he was taking his usual stroll around the village, keeping his "eye out" for any "fast" student who might be off duty, when he chanced to meet Mr. Page, a sturdy farmer from East Hanover, with a load of wood, trudging along the dusty street, barefooted and coatless.

"Hullo! Mr. Page," growled the Professor, "I should like to know if all the people at East Hanover go barefoot?"

"Part on 'em do, and the rest on 'em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

A FABLE.—Dr. Paris has just been with me. Pulse languid: he has prescribed a tonic. He talked of the folly of patients prescribing for themselves, and quoted a fable of Camerarius: An ass laden with salt was crossing a brook; the water diluted the salt, and lightened the burden. He communicated his discovery to a brother donkey laden with wool. The latter tried the the same experiment, and found his load double in weight.—*James Smith.*

MAN is like a snow-ball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny fence of prosperity, and all the good that is in him melts like fresh butter in those days; but kick him round, and he gathers strength at every revolution, until he grows into an avalanche. To make a figure in the world you must keep moving.

CAPITAL.—The best capital that a young man can start with in life is industry, with good sense, courage, and the fear of God. They are better than cash, credit, or friends.

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Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

DURING the last month the sanctum has been invaded by quite a group of Merry boys. Oliver Onley, H. A. Danker, Wilforley, Sam Slick, and Tommy surrounded Uncle Merry, who surrendered at discretion. They at once made themselves at home, inspecting drawers and pigeon-holes, examining the mutilated remains of letters, feeling the temper of the hatchet, sounding the depth of the basket, and exploring the other mysteries of the sanctum. The interview was exceedingly pleasant. Aunt Sue and Uncle Hiram were also visited, and we were all glad to take them by the hand, and hope many more of the members of our numerous family will call whenever they are in this great city. But I must tell you what I saw on the "glorious Fourth." In company with some friends I visited Randall's Island to witness the very interesting exercises there in honor of Freedom's Day. It is a charming spot, situated just a little out from the noise and dust of the city, and contains some beautiful groves, to which I have been more recently with our Sunday-school. There are about one thousand children on the Island, and as they marched out to the shady retreat by the water's edge, with music and banners, they made a fine appearance. The "stars and stripes" never waved over prouder hearts, judging by their lusty cheers, as they marched into the grove and took their various positions. The exercises consisted in speaking and singing by the children, which were excellent, and an address by Simeon Draper, Esq., who was peculiarly patriotic and happy in his remarks. The glorious memories clustering around the "good old Fourth" were not forgotten, and I trust that the lessons of that day will long be remembered by that band of little ones. The children on Randall's Island were gathered up from the lanes and streets of the city, and sent to this quiet retreat, and placed under experienced wardens, and their neat and orderly appearance gave evidence that they were well cared for. Many of the children are taken from here, from time to time, and sent to comfortable homes in the West. Through the kindness of the chief warden, Mr. W. H. Stephens, our party were shown through the various buildings and grounds, which added much to the pleasure of our visit. The boys were drawn up to receive our Sabbath-school and friends, in true military style, and they went through the "drill" like old veterans. The music of the band was inspiring, and, in fact, all the exercises would have done credit to children of larger growth. But here comes one of our boys from old Massachusetts. Take the platform, Oliver — three minutes' speeches, remember.

SOUTH BOSTON, *July*, 1861.

"Hurra! The glorious old Fourth forever!! Hail Columbia!!!" "E pluribus Erin, Unun go bragh!" "Come, cousins, here's to the Fourth of July—long may it be celebrated!"

Well, Fleta, by the aid of Worcester Unabridged, First Lessons in French, and the use of an extensive library of books of reference, I have at last come to partially understand your letter. To be sure I'll come and see you, when that card is received, immediately, right off—sooner or later. Now, Fleta, *couldn't* you be induced to try a small quantity of that "desecrating" commodity? It's positively refreshing, occasionally, in homeopathic doses!

Girls, I've seen Wilforley, and pronounce him a "trump!"

Daisy E. W., glad to see you?—certainly! I'm inside the hall this hot weather. I do know your uncle (?), and will leave my card at his house, so that you may let me know when you are in the city, if you choose.

My dear Charlie, I happened to know of what I spoke, viz., Annie's age. Don't wonder now! Is it possible, Nannie, that you are a certain young

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lady who once offered me her parasolette, I having the sunny side of the carriage?

Yes, Stella, "Oliver" *only* is my "nom de plume." Dare say we are "doubly" cousins. Au revoir.

OLIVER ONLEY.

BROOKLYN, *July* 4, 1861.

DEAR CHATTERBOXES:—I shall endeavor to be short this time—*i. e.*, shorter than usual—so please lend me your ears; I won't keep them long, and promise not to shorten them any. (It all comes of eating strawberry short-cake—it's sure to make a fellow crusty.) I have rigidly abstained from all popping and banging to-day, not having discharged even so much as a torpedo, inasmuch as my brothers twain possess a pistol apiece, and can make noise enough to sustain our reputation for patriotism. * * * W. H. C., I am sorry for you, but *you* are shown up to perfection. Do you see what Jennie D. says in "June?" Ah, miboy! will you talk to me any more now about "masked batteries?" That little note does it up; by the most strictly logical deductions you are proved therefrom to be either a married man or, what is worse, an *old* bachelor! Think of it, and weep. As if that was not enough, Fleta Forrester pitches right on to your devoted head the whole bundle of my miss-demeanors, and thinks that *you* are *I*, Wilforley! To complicate matters, you yourself, I believe, or Sybil Grey—but I *think* you think that Aunt Sue has been playing a double part, and that *she* is W-y! I feel decidedly complimented by the latter supposition, but can't say so much for the first. What do you think about it, auntie? Oliver—the Onley one I know—did you get safely back to Boston? I wonder which are ahead now, your whiskers or mine? I think you had slightly the start of me when we saw each other in June. * * * Rose-Bud of Canton, if you're glad, I'm pleased; I hope you'll find some words. Thank you, Old Maid of Thirteen; I s'pose you call yourself so "for fun." Adelbert, old boy, did you expend all your spleen in that one splurge? What's become of you? Fleta F., *ma chère*, you have a way of slinging words around that is somewhat terrific. So you think I am—I mean, that *Aunt Sue* is, *meself*. I don't; ask Aunt Sue—she knows me. I don't like your way of "4 shortening" my name; it looks better at full length. H. B. Barroll, thanks for your especial barrel of love; same to you.

Cousins Annie Drummond and Sybil Grey, *mille grâces* for your kind responses to my request, which, by the way, had a piece cut off at each end and out of the middle by the hatchet, whence the shortness of its tone. Mine shall be forthcoming shortly—don't forget the reciprocity. Sam Slick, my thanks are renewedly due to you in this connection.

Stella Lightner, no apology was necessary for telling me—what you did. I'm sorry you should be vexed at our changed relation, but it really doesn't make a dif of bitterence; I was precisely the same person before that I am now—and so were you; so "what's the odds?" "I love you all the same." Please send me YOUR *carte de visite*, and I'll send you mine. Anything especially for me, addressed to the care of the MUSEUM, would reach me safely by favor of Uncle Merry. * * *

I wish you would try your hand, Uncle Merry, at *illustrating* this letter—just for once; that is, by putting a few *cuts* into it. WILFORLEY.

You see, Willie, we find no difficulty in regard to the cuts—and how admirably they *illustrate* the "subject in hand!" Uncle Merry looks very stern as the process goes on, feeling no inclination to check the cutter, or impede operations.

ST. ANDREWS, ORANGE CO., N. Y.,
June 8, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE:—"Remember the ides of April?" How about the ides of May? I have an *idee* THEY will not be forgotten. No wonder the hatchet "looked grim" when you penned that atrocious sentence: "Wilforley, you are as worse as Bess." Shade of L. Murray, Esq., do you hear that? Methinks 'twould fetch a groan even from the dictionary. Oh, Uncle! Good boy, Oliver. If Sybil needs a comforter, I know not where she will find a better one than you.

Yes, Wilforley (is that your first name, or second name, or whole name run together?), you have hit the truth regarding the "l. g." But I haven't got a "sick family" myself, so how can I send you one?

• Let me correct your printer, Uncle H. I said in my last, "This was the fatal *slip*," not *step*. WILLIE H. COLEMAN

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June 19, 1861.

I have been so very busy during the last two months, my dear cousins, that I have not even had time to reply to W. H. C.'s *last*. To accuse me of masquerading in Wilforley's style! to assert an account of one unfortunate expression, that I am sailing under false colors! But, Willy, I'll forgive you, because you are right. "No traveled *or untraveled* young lady of refinement" *should* ever forget herself so far as to use what are commonly called *slang expressions;* therefore having been detected in the act, I will come humbly forward, and by way of apology tell you a little more of Sybil Grey than you have known heretofore. Know, then, that, from a little child, I have always had more to do with boys than girls; my brother was always my playmate, and I was accused of being a "tomboy," when I was about ten years old, because I *would* skate on the lake with the "other boys," which was then considered very shocking and *improper*. So much for fashion. And when I grew older, I never forgot that "a woman can keep her own secret better than another's; *a man can keep another's better than his own*," and my confidential friends have never been young ladies. Having more than one young gentleman cousin, of whom I am very fond, and who like to tell me of some "*gay old time*" they have had, or of some "*gay old girl*" they know, can you wonder that notwithstanding my constant efforts to the contrary, I have for once forgotten myself so far as to use a slang expression? Will you now, cousins mine, accept my explanation, and promise never to think of me otherwise than as a "fillette," eighteen, tall, slight, with dark hair, and (shall I confess it?) *gray eyes!* But one word more for you, Will, since you so long for another discovery. I will confess that once Sybil Grey was known in the "Chat" under another name, and that you then gave her your hand, as belonging to the *brotherhood;* but concluding that, after all, the *girls have the best of it*, she quietly dropped her disguise, and none of you ever knew that Sybil Grey was an old friend under her proper name. I am glad, Wilforley, that you have enlightened me as to W. H. C.'s little girl, and I am also grateful to you for taking my part in the assault of that young gentleman. (By the way, a very good idea that of "Jenny D.'s," that he is no longer *young*.) Certainly you shall have my *carte de visite*. Just send your address, and inclose one of yourself, and then you will doubtless receive the portrait. * * *

And now, addio. SYBIL GREY.

WOODBINE LODGE, *June*.

DEAR UNCLE:—A stranger came to our place not long since, and while here showed us your magazine. We were so much pleased with it, that "we girls" induced father to take it for us. To-day sister Annie and I were sitting out under our "great elm," with our heads together reading the back numbers which had just come, when Annie said, "Isn't it funny, Wil, that your name happens to be just the same as that crazy-brained fellow's who seems to be so important in the Chat?" Now, I hope Mr. Coleman will not be vexed because Annie designated him as "crazy-brained," for (confidential) our family all call her "Crazy Coleman," because she is such a "romp," and always "in a scrape." "Now, Wil," urged Annie, "do write to the mag., and claim your name, and raise a breeze, and make that fellow mad, and —oh!"—she finished by clapping her hands, jumping up and down, and dragging me wildly into the house to write the letter. Well, now, to explain, my name is not "Will H. Coleman," but "Wilhelmena Coleman." But, "for short," the school-girls and friends, generally, write my name "Wil H. C." So that is why Annie thinks I ought to "claim my name." Mr. Coleman shall have all the glory of it, nevertheless, if he will not object to my signing it once in a great while when I write to Uncle and the cousins 20,000, since I do not like the custom of an assumed name, and should not feel natural to write over any other than my favorite one of WIL H. COLEMAN.

P.S.—Annie says I must give her love to the "great Will," and "some day she is going to write him a letter."

W. H. C.

Here's my hand, Wil; take a seat and make yourself perfectly at home, and come as often as you please. In regard to the "claim" to the name, I refer you to Willie; perhaps he may not object to allowing you to continue to sign it thus.

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GREENSBURG, KY., *June* 5, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES:—You have not, I see, forgotten your little Kentucky friend, for the MUSEUM continues regularly to come, notwithstanding I have been remiss in my duty, for the dollar which you here find inclosed should have been sent at least two months ago. I sympathize with you in the severe loss you have met with.

I read Jessie Linwood's letter in my June number with the deepest interest. I felt almost as if I were wandering about in those ancient rooms, so "grand, gloomy, and peculiar." By the way, I wonder if Jessie is for *Union*. Present her, if you please, with my double refined love, nay, I should have said compliments, and accept much for yourselves. From your young friend,

HUGHLETT WILSON.

Of course all the Merry family are for "Union." If Jessie is not, we will hand her over to Black-Eyes, who has had some experience, and will not hesitate to give her "Jessie."

GOUVERNEUR, *June* 8*d*, 1861.

DEAR OLD FRIENDS:—Now I'm going to speak, and what's more, I want to be heard. And first, here's a little morphine for Uncle Hiram; it won't hurt him; and now he's out of the way, I will proceed without fear of molestation.

Seems to me the Chat is getting to be an advertising medium for partners. Shouldn't wonder if it amounted to a regular warehouse, with a sign something like the following: "Husbands and wives furnished at the shortest notice. All warranted well tamed and docile." Guess you could make a heap o' money that way.

But hasn't Sybil got Willie in a tight place? Three cheers for our side, Sybil; for though I am only looking toward my eleventh birthday, and expect to keep in short dresses for half a dozen years yet, I still feel a great interest in feminine disputes, and am always glad when "we" get the best of the argument.

There seems to be another Jeannie in the Chat, only she spells her name without the *a*, which is truly Scotch, though my good mother hails from Dutch-land. So don't let us get mixed up, Jennie—it might make confusion.

G. Higbee, you and I are almost neighbors. Are you the boy that did "the spelling" in Ogdensburg the other day?

But I see Uncle Hiram is recovering from the effects of that morphine. Had a good nap, Uncle? Yours, etc.,

JEANNIE PARKER.

CHICAGO, *June* 1, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have just received the "June MUSEUM," and can not resist the temptation to write a long letter.

Son of the Evening Star, I spell my name with an "ie." Of course I found you out, but am sure none of the cousins would care about "getting a sight" at me, if it involves such a catastrophe.

Emily J. Hyer, I hope we shall get acquainted.

Wilforley, I have not had the *honor* of addressing you since your *début* in your "true colors." My cousins feminine have been very forbearing. Why, I expected a torrent of reproaches, but have seen only forgiveness. I thought that closing sentence of your "confessional," "with a calm assurance that I shall come out all right," would cause some indignation, but no one except Homely Face expressed any.

I must have been singularly insensible to that "ingenuous confession," for I don't feel at all like forgiving.

And now Wilforley asks if I will send him my photograph! Certainly, sir, if you will send me *yours* first. I confess I have a curiosity to see such a "*gay* deceiver."

Sybil, can't you give Wilforley some advice about spelling his own name? *I* would suggest Wilfully Wicked.

Oliver Onley, I am glad you are what you *seem* to be. Are you aware how old it makes you to be two or three years my senior?

What is it that I must guess? I am very anxious to know.

Black-Eyes, if you are coming West, don't forget me. I wish all the Merry cousins that visit Chicago would come and see me; I would be so delighted to meet them. I have often thought it was very unsatisfactory never to see any of the Merrys, except in the "mind's eye." And now Wilforley has proposed exchanging *cartes de visites*, why can't we all adopt it, as it is "the fashion?" I willingly offer mine. Now isn't that an inducement! Good-bye. Love to Aunt Sue. ANNIE E. DRUMMOND.

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PAYSON, ILL., *June* 15, 1861.

DEAR EDITOR :—I'll knock for admittance. I am not an "Old Maid of Thirteen," nor am I a young man of forty, but if you will let me in, my cousins will then perhaps find me out. I want to get Older, that is, I mean I want to get acquainted with Older. Please introduce me to him, and, indeed, to all the rest of the cousins, for I am real anxious to be counted one in this "Merry circle of 'Wide Awake' cousins."

Now, then, how shall I sign myself? something real captivating; but no; I will appear before you like Esther before the king, without ornaments. So then, without saying anything about a "first effort," I will just write

N. O. MOORE.

July 3, 1861.

DEAR AUNTIE :—Don't you really pity us *poor mortals* who send messages to you and the "cousins," and have learned to love all so dearly, with *never* a hope of seeing you? I think the "uncles" might issue an order for the photographs of their correspondents; don't you, auntie? That would afford satisfaction, at least to those who had it in their power to visit their "sanctum;" for if they could not see them in the body, they would have their "face-smiles," as Wilforley has it.

How very brilliant Fleta was last month! wasn't she? She appeared so happy, I think she *must* contemplate *matrimony*, or something else *more agreeable*. Don't you love her dearly, and Golden-Haired Effie, and all the other delightful "chatterers?"

Willie appears to doubt Sybil's identity—do you? Did you see Annie Drummond? what is she like? Nannie N. thinks that she and Oliver are making themselves mutually agreeable. But I dare say you are weary of my *gossip*, and besides, I must leave to put Charlie to sleep, a sweet little *olive branch*, none of mine, though. I am not, like Bella B. and Black-Eyes, *mater familias*, *mater* only by *proxy*. Emma has taught him to say *je suis fatigue;* so here he is. I am almost ashamed to send this, and to a stranger. With much love to you *and yours*, I subscribe myself,

NELL OF B.

I do not doubt Sybil's identity. Annie E. D. is like—well, *I* like her, though I have never seen her. A. S.

OUT WEST, *June* 2, 1861.

MY BELOVED COUSINS :—Won't some of you please say they are glad to see their cousin Ellian, who has been gone so long? I would tell, if I could, how many of my valuable epistles have been remorselessly flung aside to build morning fires or as material for candle lighters. I must be brief, I suppose; ah, how can I? I should scarcely have dared to show my blue dress and "shaker" here again, but one of my dearly loved cousins has actually expressed a desire to make my acquaintance. Emily, dear, it is I—Ellian? and now we have shaken hands, and I have taken a seat by you, and if Sybil isn't looking, I'll have a kiss. I'll bet, too, some of the gentlemen cousins wish they were in my place, not yours. Mr. Ben, I never sent you a kiss, and now I'm sorry. Where's Cornelius? Aha! my boy, don't you—don't you wish you were in my place? 'Cause why? I've had a letter from Effie, sir, and she lives in—and her name is—oh, I daren't tell; but I'll tell you what we've agreed on—we're going to call you Jack, because Cornelius is too long, and Cornie sounds like pickled beef, and (k) neil is too suggestive. I almost forgot to ask, are you agreed? Wilforley, dare I (I guess I dare) approach so bright a star with such a request? Won't you follow Effie's example, *i. e.*, write to me? Send it to Aunt Sue, who has my address; and my sweet Emily, ditto; cousins all, ditto, especially Adelbert.

Nellie Van, what has become of you? do you know I've taken a great fancy to you? Hattie and Daisy Wildwood, I'd like to "scrape acquaintance." What say you? ELLIAN.

We shall have to send you after Cornelius. He has been absent some months. The last time we saw him he was going out the south door of our parlor with a little bundle under his arm.

HAPPING TOWN, *June* 8, 1861.

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I wonder if the fire didn't take the temper out of the hatchet a little, so that we may expect hereafter a trifle more indulgence!

Do tell me, Uncle, what has become of Flib? I see R. is inquiring for her. Roland, you couldn't do better. I know something about that "little flower" up among the N. Hampshire hills—a bright-eyed blossom. Give my love to her and

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tell her I also am breathing the air of the "Old Granite State." Arn't it invigorating! She musn't become so absorbed in her music as to forget the cousins, especially you and myself.

Will Folly, you mentioned in the Chat that it was your aim to be a "bright particular star." I have read of stars that changed colors.

I would send love and kisses to some of the female cousins, but don't think it safe. "The thing you love may change," and I may find they have been wasted on a masculine.

It won't do to have two Minnies, so I will take a new name. CELESTE.

I do not see but that the hatchet works just as well as ever; what do you think about it? I fear Flib has deserted us, or else the air of the "Old Granite State has become too invigorating, and she transplanted to a more congenial clime.

BROOKLYN, *June* 6.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Do you wonder that a timid young creature like myself should stand trembling upon the threshold, not daring to enter amid the throng of Merry cousins? But there seem to be many bright eyes smiling me welcome, and many kind hands outstretched to greet me, so I enter with confidence, and seat myself among the Chatterers. First, let me gather all the cousins around me, and tell them something of that "bright particular" who has so long reigned supreme in your circle.

Homely Face, please keep watch, and see that W. H. C. (for it is he to whom I refer) is not observing us with his "twa" pair of eyes. I have some acquaintance with this young gentleman, and you may rely upon all I say. Girls, beware of him! His "little girl" is not confined to a "nearer and dearer one," but he has *many* that would come under that title.

Willie, one word in your ear. Is there but one way of deceiving? Are there no other means of deluding the 20,000 than that adopted by Wilforley? SOPHIE.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—The mail has just arrived, and I have been reading the "Chat," and am deeply interested in it. I have been longing to write to you for a long time, but never summoned *courage;* and I had got even so far as to write you a note, but consigned it to the flames. Please let me have a seat near my favorite cousin, Sybil Grey. My love to W. H. C.'s "little girl." Oh, I'm *so* sorry that "spicy little Bess" isn't really a *Bess*. Where is saucy Nell? I have a lot more questions to ask, but I believe you don't allow long letters, and I *think* I can already see you scowl. From

MARY E. STANLEY.

GERALDINE—If you will call at 111 Fulton Street, we will give you abundant evidence that you are mistaken. We would like to show you our drawer.

M. M—You will confer a favor by writing only on one side of your paper.

H. A. DANKER proposes that W. H. C. should furnish an algebraic problem, with a flaw in it, so that he can be attacked and routed.

BLUE-EYES brings two new cousins to introduce to the Chat, and promises a letter from them soon. Come in, we have room, and a welcome for all.

"ED. OF W." will please make himself at home. You are right in regard to the hatchet.

SAM SLICK presents a petition, signed by Aunt Sue and "others," for a change of name to Jasper, and promises to remain true to the "colors" hereafter. All right, Jasper.

HUDSON RIVER STEAMBOAT TRAVEL.—We always prefer steamboat traveling to rail road, but more especially on the route between Albany and New York. You can get on board at night in New York, quietly eat your supper on the boat, and after reading the evening news or having a social chat with friends, "turn in" and take a good night's rest, and find yourself in Albany or Troy in the morning. The boats Francis Skiddy, Capt. Christopher, and C. Vanderbilt, Capt. Farnham, comprise the evening line, and leave each night from the foot of Liberty Street, North River. Passengers for Albany, Troy, Saratoga, etc., will find this line one of the best. Good boats, well officered, and baggage checked through, are very important items to the traveler.

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Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

MARY A. E. has won the prize for June, having answered all the questions but three.

For a few remarks concerning another prize trial, see "A New Game," in the present number. I propose it in fear and trembling. I wish *D. P. and W. W. W.* would hold *H. A. Danker;* I *know* he will send me a whole ream "on Ants;" *Jasper* will send me another swarm, and, indeed, I begin to quake already! Well, don't be surprised if I secede next November.

Look at *Wilforley's* rash offer in "Notices to Correspondents."

Harry Bowles thinks the decision which awarded the prize (for May) to Busy Bee, and left him out, was not quite fair, and upon examining the books, I quite agree with him; his "pretty near" in 148 should equal B. B.'s "not quite right" in 145; therefore I award a prize to him also. If any one else has cause of complaint, I wish they would write and state it; I *try* to be fair (what female doesn't?), but we are all fallible.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

218. Flecking the meadows and dotting the hills,
Beneath the summer's soft sky,
Dappling the banks of each mossy rill,
Where 'neath the cool, dark firs they trill,
My first you may always descry.
Poets my second have witchingly sung,
And, reader, you well may believe,
That ever since time and Adam were young,
Man after man has his destiny hung
Thereon, lured by some dimpled Eve.
My whole—how sunny its glad, laughing eye!—
Is an emblem bright of sweet content,
Where beauty, worth, and modesty
In one harmonious whole are blent. *Fleta Forrester.*

219. A man's belief, of whatever name,
Which backward and forward spells the same;
My second you'll do to the "Drawer's" key,
Provided this puzzle too hard should be,
And like my first, it can truly claim
Backward and forward to spell the same.
The oil of a fragrant flower is the name
Of my third, spelling backward and forward the same.
My fourth for small children a nice little game,
Backward and forward spelling the same.
My fifth, an eatable valued can claim,
And backward and forward it spells the same.
The initials of these, put together with care,
Make a figure of rhetoric, according to Blair. *Minx.*

220. Add to the name of a "Merry," one word, and leave a name containing 26 letters. *Jim.*

221. Behead and curtail part of the body, and leave the same (in sound). *C. M. E.*

222. Entire, I am used to fashion many useful articles (candlesticks, boxes, and the like); behead me, and I am what lean people are sometimes called. *Orwin L. Adams.*

223. Transpose a measure into part of the body. *Harry Whitmore.*

224. My first is what my whole used to be made from when our grandmothers were young; my second is (in sound) a letter; my whole is an indispensable household article. *Lizzie H.*

225. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 8, 11, 13 is a fish.
My 9, 2, 6, 12 is a lake.
My 4, 7, 15 is an animal.
My 16, 3, 1, 10 is a boy's name.

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My 12, 5, 17, 14 is ornamental.
My whole is a celebrated monastery. *Ada.*

ANAGRAMS.

226. O! turn coal Co.

227. I sent a pale K. *Hattie.*

228. Tie a gallon. *Lizzie G.*

229. Can not I hear a bishop. *Tattler.*

230. What two letters of the alphabet, placed one upon the other, will express the name of a flower? *Krusa.*

231. My first is an animal, my second an animal, my third a pronoun, and my whole a bird. *K. C.*

232 What sweetens the cup of life, yet divested of its end, embitters the most grateful draught?

233. Transpose a sale into advice. *Venus.*

234. Transpose one girl's name into another. *Bob.*

235. Transpose a verb into its antithesis. *Frank.*

236. Transpose a fruit into a measure. *Harry B.*

237. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 3, 14, 8 is a useful household article.
My 9, 6, 2, 15 is an animal.
My 16, 12, 1 is a color.
My 13, 10, 5, 17 gives support.
My 9, 7, 4, 11 was a settler and marksman of this country.
My whole is a celebrated man. *Ike.*

238. If Uncle Merry wished to call attention to the age of his magazine, what moral quality would draw the observation? *E. W. Hall.*

239. Take a sensation, omit one letter, then transpose, and enhance the sensation. *Anna W. N.*

240. My first (in sound) is a nickname; my second (in sound) is to evade; my third is a vowel; my fourth (in sound) is a grain; my whole is a mine of vast wealth. *A. H. C. Arr.*

241. To find a certain post-office.
A vowel, the state of a toper, and an exclamation; give the state: a game and a Michigan statesman; the county: a term meaning a farm, part of the face, and a word denoting one; the township: and a color and part of a river; the P. O. *Uncle Joe.*

242. I am composed of 21 letters:
My 8, 21, 4, 11, 18, 7 is a plant.
My 18, 17, 9, 7, 18 is a natural cavity.
My 8, 21, 15 is a swamp.
My 16, 2, 19, 20 is one of an ancient tribe.
My 1, 6, 12 is a slight shock.
My 5, 3, 14, 10 is an interjection.
My whole is the name of a celebrated poet. *Mary A. E.*

ORNITHOLOGICAL ENIGMA. DEDICATED TO OLIVER ONLEY.

243. I am composed of 18 letters:
My 4, 8, 5, 7 is a land bird.
My 13, 14, 11, 15 is a marsh bird.
My 8, 14, 10, 15, 3 is a mountain bird.
My 6, 2, 17, 16 is a woodland bird.
My 12, 3, 3, 9, 3, 14, 13, 18 is a meadow-bird of Africa.
My whole is a great key. *H. A. Danker.*

Answers to Questions in June No.

153. Cornelius M. Gibbs.
154. Labyrinth.
155. Sassafras.
156. Procrastination.
157. William Cullen Bryant.
158. Florence Nightingale.
159. Wolf, fowl, owl, lo! flow, low.
160. Martinicus Island.
161. William; ill I am.
162. Parenthesis.
163. Ospray, spray, pray, ray, ay, y.
164. Riddle.
165. Camera obscura. (Kham, era, obscure a.)
166. Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding.
167. Zebra, bear, Abè.
168. Waistcoat.
169. Bell, ell, ll, l; bel, be, b.
170. Robert Merry.
171. Palma Christi.
172. Troglodyte.
173. Declamatory.
174. Hypercatalectic.
175. Guadalaxara.
176. Pleonaste, antelopes.
177. Chatterton (chatter on without the tea).

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178. Leap-frog.

179. Where? Here.

180. Pill, ill.

181. When she is stemming currents (currants).

182. Plenty makes dainty.

183. Rogue. (Trace the letters through on to thin paper; then fold them together horizontally, so as to form one word.)

Mary A. E. answers all but 165, 166, 176.

Bertha, all but 165, 166, 176, 183.

Alpha, all but 165, 166, 168, 176.

D. P. and W. W. W., *C. F. Warren*, *Lizzie H.*, *Frank*, and *Jasper*, all but 165, 166, 168, 171, 176.

Tommy, all but 155, 165, 166, 168, 171, 176.

K. C., all but 160, 161, 165, 166, 171, 172, 174, 176, 183.

Myrtle P., all but 155, 160, 165, 166, 168, 171, 174, 176, 177, 183.

Nedloh answers 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 161, 162, 163, 164, 169, 170, 178, 180.

Jim.—153, 154, 159, 161, 163, 164, 167, 169, 178, 179, 180.

C. M. E.—153, 154, 157, 161, 162, 164, 178, 179.

Ada.—157, 158, 161, 179.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wilforley offers a photograph of himself to those cousins who—not having seen or heard the puzzle before—send, within the usual time, a correct answer to the following charade:

"My first is a kind of butter; my second a kind of licker; put together, I am a kind of charger."

C. F. W.—I am inclined to think the "beefsteak" is on *your* side, with regard to *S. L. I* "shoot at a mark," and have "challenged" many a man—to a game of quoits, or billiards (N. B.—The billiard-table was in *my own house*), yet am I no man.

Nell of B.—You are not taking "too great liberties." "Liberty" is our watchword. I think "he" is a "very nice young man."

Bertha.—I was afraid you had deserted us; were you too "ill" to guess? and had you no friend to write for you?

C. M. E. would like *O. O.*, *H. A. D.*, and others to answer this question—if they have never seen it before—"What five Scripture names encourage corporeal punishment?

Jim.—Yes, keep the bottle corked.

Clara Burnham.—Of course I won't "forget you," although you forgot to send an answer to your riddle. I happened to guess it, but the answers should always accompany enigmas.

Jim (of Baltimore) gallantly regrets that "some of the girls" did not win the prize in the word trial.

Nedloh.—Your answer to 179 ("May? —ay") is pretty good, but not quite finished.

Harry Whitmore wishes to be introduced to all the cousins.

Sybil Grey.—On the 4th of last July I was requested to inform you that there was a letter in your P.-O. for Miss E. P. M.

J. P. B.—"Pencil" very excusable, under the circumstances. Accept my sympathy.

Harlan.—I *did* read it, and congratulate you on the possession of the little treasure.

Samivel.—Where do you find the definition you give for "turret?"

H. A. D.—"Jeff" gave me no opportunity to *carry out the figure*.

Rose-Bud sends love to all the cousins.

Frank.—Don't despair—you shall have it with your next prize!

Mary A. E.—Are you still in "Box 4144?"

Arthur (D. C.).—Did you find a letter for you in your P.-O., and has it stunned you?

Tommy.—You may be proud of your native city; handsome buildings, clean streets, beautiful rides, and a refreshing air of take-your-time-a-tive-ness about the people, which contrasted pleasantly with the clear-the-track and all-aboard-a-tive-ness of our go-ahead city. Oh! *didn't* I have a nice time!

Annie A. E.—You "ain't mad at me," are you?

Homely Face.—Did you receive a letter in the latter part of June from our section?

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Aunt R.*, *Minna Mervin*, *Ada*, *Minx*, *H. A. Danker*, *N. O. Moore*, *D. P. and W. W. W.*, *Nedloh*, *K. C.*, *Eddie*, and *Jim*.

Answers too late to be credited last month from *Archer* (24).

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THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

THE owl is a bird of prey; and a very dark and disagreeable peculiarity about him is, that it is by night he murders and steals his prey. Poor little mice, and moles, and toads, and frogs, and even rabbits, he snaps up, while they are sleeping. But he has one excuse, he must live, and his eyes are so formed that he can not see by daylight; so we will not be too severe upon him. However, he can not be a favorite with us, as he was with the Athenians, who venerated him as the bird of Minerva and the emblem of wisdom. After breaking with his beak the head and bones of a mouse, the owl swallows it entire, and in the course of a few hours rejects, by mouth, the hair and bones in the form of balls. The great quantity of feathers makes the owl appear larger than it really is. They are handsome, always spotted or freckled. It can bear heat and cold, and is found in the north and south of each continent, in Siberia and in Africa.

It seldom perches on trees, but haunts mountainous, rocky, and desolate situations, old towers, precipices, and crags. The cut is of the great horned owl. "The *horned* are such as have lengthened feathers on each side of the head resembling horns or ears, and can be more or less elevated at the will of the bird." Its nest is three feet in diameter, formed of branches interwoven with roots and covered with leaves. It usually lays but two eggs, sometimes three. They are as large as a hen's egg. Some varieties of the owl never build a nest, but just help themselves to one of some other bird—buzzard or magpie, the books say.

One owl, and the only one that I was acquainted with (I talked to him—he never did to me), I thought quite a remarkable owl, for he made his way into a city—not one of the largest cities, but yet a city—and took his station on the very top of a rain-conductor (pipe), just under the eaves-trough, where a sweet honeysuckle had climbed for years and expanded itself into an immense bouquet. He must have had an eye to his own

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honor, or safety, or something, for it was the very house of the Governor of the State; and for weeks, day after day, there he sat or perched.

We might laugh, or call, or shout, there he remained perfectly motionless; not a movement of the head, not a wink of the eye, not a ruffled feather, not a finger (claw) stirred—just like statuary he looked.

It was altogether such an uncommon thing that he should have come uninvited, and keep the same precise situation every day, till the frost nipped boys' toes, and opened the chestnut burs, and even till old Winter drove to shelter every living thing, that I could not (happening to see him frequently) help addressing some verses to him, which I will give you. I can only say he never seemed to care a straw about them, and made not a particle of reply.

What, ho, Sir Wisdom, drop a word!
Speak once, thou famed Minerva bird!
How shall I know if all is true
That has been said and sung of you?
So high your seat, I strain my eye,
Your knowing phiz just to descry.
There's *bump* of wisdom in that act,
And not a little shrewdness—tact;
Such "distance *does* enchant the view,"
And actions speak, though words are few.
Away up *there*, so whist and braw,
You look a sage from crown to claw;
And then so wisely snug your seat,
No Yankee owl that thought could beat;
Your lattice, honeysuckle leaves—
Your roof, the Grecian triglyphed eaves—
There's room enough, and none to spare;
You get no rain, but *do* get air;
To speak the truth is ever duty—
O, be not angered, good Sir Mute-y,
That *attitude* shows "eye to beauty!"
This all proclaims, upon my word,
At least thou art no fool of a bird.

LAURA ELMER.

IN SEARCH OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

UP with the snowy sail,
And ply the gleaming oar,
For we must conquer wind and gale,
To reach the shining shore.

Across an unknown deep—
Across an emerald sea,
Right onward to the goal will sweep
Our little argosy.

Like him of old we go,
Brave Jason—who from Greece
Sailed with the Argo's gallant band,
To win the Golden Fleece.

Our hopes are high and strong,
Our hearts are brave and true;
And while we shun the tempting wrong,
All that is good pursue.

The sirens from their caves
Their honeyed songs may sing,
But we will skim along the waves,
Like sea-birds on the wing.

The journey may be long,
And hearts may faint at last;
But, oh! the welcome of the throng,
When all our toils are past.

Bright beams the goal before,
And all our powers increase;
Soon we will reach the shining shore,
And win the Golden Fleece.

SAMUEL WILSON, JR.

DAYTON, OHIO.

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BIRDS AND THEIR SONGS.

They dwell and rejoicingly play in the ne'er-changing house of the Father;
For all there is room; the pathway of none is mark'd out, each goes where he listeth,
And through the house freely they move, both the greater and also the less ones.
Above they exult as they fly o'er my head, and my heart feels a yearning,
A yearning to join them on high.—*From the German.*

FROM the earliest time, birds have excited the admiration and attention of man. The delightful spring season would be mournful without them, just as winter is rendered more gloomy and desolate by their departure. What a tender picture is the very nest of a bird! That little downy bed hidden among the green boughs, and watched by careful affection, while songs of love float around it. And then the bird itself, what a beautiful, aerial, light form! Add to this its splendid coloring and plumage, the dots of changing hues, the blue, green, and gold, with the pure shining freshness of their white and black feathers.

What attracts us most is the wonderful power of flying, by which the feathery race is lifted far beyond the sphere of every-day life. Their majestic sailing and circling, the happy, graceful hovering and floating in the air, their soaring and falling,

"Now below, where the stream is gushing,
Now on high, where the clouds are rushing."

We pass over their migrations and wonderful instinct merely to mention their song. All, it is true, have not such a voice; still it is this power, more than that of flight, which elevates them above all other animals.

Song is the bird's mystery, and its different degrees are almost endless; some think they understand these sounds. What a range of tones between the cawing of the raven and the voice of the nightingale or the mocking-bird! The shrill cry of the osprey is terrible as he swoops upon his prey; but how tender and alluring is the cooing of the turtle-dove! Wonderful are the accents of a single bird's voice, now rapidly prattling, now drawn out long and soft, then fine with sudden stops, or again shrill and disjointed, expressing, in fact, the feelings of content or sorrow, the tender affection of love, or the rage of jealousy. Need I here refer to the delight which the earliest greeting of the lark awakens in us? We instinctively repeat,

"Hark, the lark at heaven's gates sings!"

and welcome that refreshing feeling which pervades the heart, when after

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the cheerless days of winter the spring sun beams. We have many songsters already in our beautiful land, and spring is the best time to hear the matin song of the year. The spring is the season when they make the whole country one orchestra. While the mornings are cold, there are only a few chirps, but enough of music in them for my ear to make me desire their repetition. As the day gets warmer, the air is filled with cheerful melodies, and you feel more joyful, and more lifting up of the heart than when any other music meets your ear. Many have amused themselves in making imaginary scales of birds' notes. This, of course, is a difficult matter, as no two persons can be exactly of the same ear and opinion on the subject.

The language of birds is a tongue language, hence they can sing or whistle, and it is among the most perfect of the lower or animal creation. King Solomon is said to have been versed in the language of birds. It is recorded of him that he knew every animal and every plant, from the hyssop to the cedar; and in the East he was esteemed the perfect ideal of wisdom. It is related of Benedict IX. that he understood the voices of birds. In former ages it was believed that their language could be learned by diligent study. Some fairy tales mention one who studied for three years the barking of dogs, the songs of the birds, and what the frogs say when they croak. Many persons, later, have studied for honors in this branch of philology. Toward the middle of the last century, a German scholar (Grossa) investigated the goose language, intending to write a *Goose Lexicon*. Another, so late as 1837, in an inaugural dissertation, gives some examples of the animal language, with its interpretation, and among others a conversation of cocks and hens.

MOTHER.

WHAT a world of meaning is contained in the short but beautiful name of mother! Who does not love that name, and who does not love their mother?

It is a mother that watches over us in infancy, and keeps us from all harm; it is she that would work day and night, and deprive herself of many necessities, to gratify our simple requests; yet how often we treat her with disrespect, and rebuke her with unkind words!

We do not know the worth of a mother until she has been taken from us. My mother has slept in the graveyard for many long years, yet I would give any amount of wealth, if it was in my power, to but just speak to her and ask her to forgive me if I have ever spoken unkindly to her.

"Be kind to your mother."

He who thinks he can do without others, is mistaken; he who thinks others can not do without him, is still more mistaken.

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THE BIRTHDAY GIFT.

BY TRUTH INMAN.

CHAPTER I.

"OH, I have had such a delightful visit!" exclaimed little Mattie Bond, as soon as she had kissed her mother and answered all inquiries concerning her health. She threw herself in the nearest chair, and without waiting to lay aside either bonnet or cloak, or scarcely stopping to take breath, she continued: "Let me tell you all about it, mamma. You know Aunt Martha asked me to spend last week with her, so as to be on the spot to help keep Clara's birthday. And what a grand birthday it was! Uncle John gave us a long sleigh-ride in the morning, and when we came back there was such a nice dinner ready for us—everything just as Clara had chosen. Aunt Martha allowed her to choose just what she wished for dinner, and to give her own orders to the cook. We had soup, and roasted chickens, and custard pudding, and cranberry tarts, and figs, and Madeira nuts, and I can't tell what else! Then there was a party in the afternoon. Thirteen little girls besides myself were invited, all just about my own age."

"Did you have a pleasant party?" Mrs. Bond inquired, taking advantage of the first chance her daughter gave her to speak.

"Oh, yes! very pleasant," replied Mattie; "we played games all the afternoon, and when tea was over, before the parents of the little girls came to take them home, we sang songs, and Aunt Martha told us a beautiful story about Cinderella and her glass slipper."

"Altogether," said Mrs. Bond, "it was enough pleasure for one day to satisfy any reasonable little girl."

"Yes, indeed," said Mattie, with emphasis, nodding her head as she spoke; "but I have forgotten to tell you the best part of all. You know you and papa put my birthday presents on my pillow before I wake, so I can see them as soon as I open my eyes. Now they don't manage things that way at all at Aunt Martha's. Birthday presents were not even mentioned until we went in the dining-room to breakfast, when all eyes settled in a minute on Clara's corner of the table. Why, mamma, her plate was covered with a pile of things a yard high!"

"A yard high?" repeated Mrs. Bond, measuring three feet with her hand; "that is a yard, Mattie—was the pile on Clara's plate as high as that?"

"Oh, no! not nearly!" replied Mattie, quite astonished at her mistake; "yet it *was* a very high pile, as I am going to tell you. There were two new picture-books, and a glass jar of prunes, and a large box of paints and brushes and pencils, and a pack of geographical cards, and a small basket of oranges, and a sweet little canary-bird in the handsomest cage you ever saw. Now, mamma," Mattie went on quickly, "next Wednesday is my birthday, and I wish to know if instead of putting the presents that you have for me on my pillow, you will not lay them on my plate at the breakfast-table, just like Clara's?"

"That can be done very easily," said her mother, smiling, "but I warn you not to expect an array of fine

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things such as you have just now described. Your Uncle John is wealthy, and can afford to give Clara every thing that he pleases, while your papa has only money enough to buy what is quite necessary for his little girl."

"Oh, I know papa is not rich, like Uncle John," exclaimed Mattie, "so I will not ask for anything besides a canary-bird in a cage. If I can have that, I will give up all other presents, or a nice dinner, or a party, or anything else that Clara had."

"A canary is a very expensive plaything," said Mrs. Bond; "much more so, I am sure, than your father can afford, particularly at present, when there are so many little things to buy for our new house."

"But I mean to try and coax him to afford it," replied Mattie, "for you see, mamma, it is not like a doll, or any other toy. It can answer me when I speak to it, and will sing sweetly all day to amuse me."

"I own, my dear child," said her mother, "that its music is sweet; but think for a moment, if it is not cruel to keep as prisoner in a cage, simply because you like to hear him sing, a poor little creature who is longing all the while to be flying out in the sunshine. Suppose some person were so fond of hearing you sing your little songs and hymns as to shut you up in this room, for instance, for the rest of your life, in order that he might always enjoy your singing, do you think, my dear, you would like that very much?"

"Oh, no," said Mattie, sadly, "I never thought of that."

"We must try to find something else," her mother continued, "that will please you quite as well as the canary, and perhaps even better."

CHAPTER II.

"Have you decided yet, mamma, what my birthday present is to be?" was a question that Mattie asked of her mother very often during the two or three following days. At length when her mother replied that she had arrived at a conclusion upon the subject, the little girl's joy was very great. It was soon lessened, however, by the impatience which she felt to know in what shape the present would really make its appearance.

Her mother's remarks on the cruelty of keeping birds in cages had silenced, for a while, her desire to possess a canary like her cousin Clara's. But now that her own birthday was approaching, her wish revived to have one.

"I would be so kind to it," she thought, "that I am sure it would not mind very much being kept in the cage; and then how delighted I should feel to have it perch upon my fingers, and hear it sing and chirp. Oh, I can not help hoping to have one!"

The anxiously expected Wednesday came at last. When Mattie awoke in the morning she found no birthday gift upon her pillow. She felt sorry at first that she had requested her mother not to put it in its usual place, for she now had another hour to wait before she could have her curiosity respecting it satisfied. When the breakfast-bell sounded, she lost no time in obeying its call. She scarcely seated herself at the table before she commenced trying to peep into the white paper parcel which lay upon her plate. Her eager fingers soon removed the wrappings and disclosed a beautiful little brown wooden cottage, five or six inches high. It had a bay window on one side of it, and the door opened upon a tiny rustic porch. Altogether

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it was exceedingly pretty, and Mattie admired it through the whole of breakfast-time, quite forgetting that she had set her heart on something very different.

About an hour afterward, Mrs. Bond's attention was drawn from her morning's employment, by an exclamation of discontent from her little girl, who sat looking very disconsolately at the cottage which she held in her hand.

"What is the matter, Mattie?" her mother inquired.

"Oh, mamma," was the answer, "I am so disappointed in my birthday present. It is very pretty, but I am tired of it already. I do not care to play with such a toy. It does not please me at all, as a bird would have done. A bird, you know, could amuse me all the time with its little tricks. Besides, mamma, you promised to get me something that I should like even better than a canary."

"Are you quite sure that I have not done so?" asked Mrs. Bond.

"Oh, yes, quite sure," replied Mattie, decidedly. "This house is only good to look at. The doorway is not large enough for my smallest doll to pass in. Even if I should squeeze some of my tiniest pieces of furniture through it, I should never be able to get them out again, nor could I put my fingers in to arrange them."

"The house is not intended for dolls," said her mother, "it is meant for birds to live in."

"For birds to live in," echoed Mattie, brightening up at the mere mention of such a thing.

"Yes, dear," said her mother, "for little wrens. It is a wren's house. When we move into the country in April, you must get your father to fasten it securely into some tree for you, and I think I can safely promise you that it will not be very long before some little birds come and make it their dwelling."

"Oh, mamma, did you ever know of their doing such a thing?" exclaimed Mattie.

"Yes, often; when I lived in the country we had a number of such houses about our place, and I took great pleasure in watching them build their nests, and in listening to their songs."

The prospect of really having something to do with living birds was so delightful to Mattie, that she looked once more with admiring eyes on the little brown cottage. However, this was only February, and April seemed to her very far off. Besides, I am afraid she was rather a fickle-minded little girl, for at the end of about a week she went to her mother with complaints of dissatisfaction with her birthday present, desiring her mother to take it back again. This Mrs. Bond declined to do.

"You had better keep it for yourself, in case you should change your mind," she said; "you may put it away, however. I think the high shelf in the china closet will be a good place for it. Set it behind those two tall pitchers, they are not moved often, and are large enough to hide the wren-house from your view."

Mattie clambered up to the high shelf and placed her present behind the pitchers; as directed, and soon after seemed to have forgotten it entirely.

CHAPTER III.

When April came, the Bonds removed to the country. Their house was new, and there were various little matters about it that still remained

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to be finished by workmen, so that it was a number of weeks before the family felt really settled in the new house.

One day early in May, as Mrs. Bond was unpacking a large box of articles that had not yet been called for in the housekeeping, a little brown cottage with a bay window and a rustic porch made its appearance in the midst of the contents of the box. Mattie, who chanced to be in the room, seemed well pleased to see her almost forgotten birthday present once more.

"Take it—it is high time for it to be in its place, if you wish to find tenants for it," her mother remarked, not alluding to the discontent which her daughter had displayed the last time it was mentioned.

"But, mamma, are birds not too much afraid of being disturbed to build in such a house?" asked Mattie.

"They certainly resent being meddled with after they are settled in their home," Mrs. Bond answered. "Yet when they are house-hunting, they are such trusting little creatures that they do not seem to consider the possibility of being interfered with; a comfortable shelter from storms is all then they appear to require. I have known them often, for want of a better place, to build their nests in crevices in fences, or in cracks in the outer walls of houses and barns."

Mattie ran away to beg her father to fasten the little brown cottage in a proper place. It took her a long time to decide upon the most appropriate spot. She finally selected a tree directly in front of her own bedroom window, so that she could watch the house and its occupants without any trouble, and should be awakened early by their music.

No wrens came near it that afternoon. Next day it rained so hard that all little birds were glad to remain in whatever shelter they happened to have for the time, and did not venture forth in search of any other. When the sun shone once more, Mattie kept a close watch on the little brown cottage, but to no purpose. To be sure, several birds flew into the porch at different times, and thrust their heads inquisitively through the doorway. But this was all. They flew away again, and Mattie began to despair. She sprinkled some Indian meal on the floor of the porch, which was a sufficient sign, she said, that birds would be welcome within, although her little brother George told her that she ought, by all means, to write, in large letters, upon the side of the house:

"Rent low, to a good tenant, and will be taken out in music!"

Several days passed thus, and Mattie was wearying once more of her birthday present. She grew so indifferent that she would even pass under the tree without looking up.

"Mattie! Mattie! come here and look!" cried her brother George one afternoon, "here is something that you will like to see."

Mattie ran quickly in the direction of her brother's voice, for she knew that it came from the neighborhood of the tree by her bedroom window. Sure enough, there was a little wren

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hopping briskly in and out of the house. Very busy did he seem taking in bits of stick and straw, which he carried in his bill. Once he brought a twig that was very much larger than the doorway. The many attempts that he made before he succeeded in getting it through, amused the children very much. Before long, his mate, quite as industrious as himself, came fluttering on the scene of action. When they grew tired of building their nest, they would sit in the porch or on the boughs of the tree, and sing and chirp to each other in a way that was very sweet to hear.

In the course of time the nest was completed, and soon after one of the wrens began to set upon the little tiny speckled eggs which she had deposited within it. By-and-by some young birds made their appearance, and Mattie's rapture knew no bounds—it was so interesting to watch the parents searching for food, and feeding their young.

As the summer advanced, and the little birds grew old enough to take care of themselves, they were brought out one by one into the porch by the father and mother, and taught to fly, a short way at first, and a longer distance as their wings grew stronger.

Mattie was now often heard to declare that no canary-bird in the world, imprisoned in a cage, could possibly have given her half the pleasure that she had found in watching her little wrens, working and enjoying themselves as nature taught them to do, and rearing their young in the fresh, open air.

TIME never passes so slowly and tediously as to the idle and listless. The best cure for dullness is to keep busy.

THE SCHOOL-GIRL'S CONFESSION.

BY MRS. L. D. SHEARS.

A FAITHFUL teacher she had been;
  And when the parting came,
My little, childish voice could scarce
  Articulate her name.

But soon the tear was brushed away,
  The last good-bye was said,
Teacher and scholars parted,
  And to their homes they sped.

We laughed, and sung, and danced,
  We all were tired of play; [until
But all things have an end, so had
  Our two months' holiday.

And then I sought the school again,
  Resolving in my mind
To love my teacher more, and be
  More studious and kind.

I looked for her I loved so well;
  But, oh! she came no more
To hear us read, and sing, and say
  Our various lessons o'er.

And I thought of many a bitter word
  I wished were now unsaid;
But, oh! too late repentance came—
  Our teacher dear was dead.

God hears the humblest mortals when,
  In deep sincerity,
They ask his help; to him I prayed
  A better child to be.

And I am sure my prayer was heard,
  For never since that day
A harsh, unkind, or wicked word
  Have I been heard to say.

GOOD ADVICE.—Never retire at night without being wiser than when you rose in the morning, by having learned something useful during the day.

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SQUIRREL IN THE OAK.

"OH, see, mother!" cried Jamie, "only look—a squirrel in the big oak-tree!" Isn't he a little dear? Oh, Clara, do you see him? He has an acorn in his hands, and holds it just like anybody!"

"See, mamma, see birdie in the tree," cried baby May, while her little finger pointed to the squirrel.

"Oh, mother," said Clara, "May thinks he is a birdie. Well, he is as pretty as a birdie, baby May; but birdies don't have four feet, little dear."

"Don't you think he is very tame, mother?" said James. "I thought he would drop his acorn and run when he saw us. He knows we want him. See what bright eyes he has! You are safe, Mr. Squirrel—never fear."

"He knows we can't reach him, Jamie," answered his mother. "Any way, we will not try, for his nimble little feet give him quite an advantage over us. He can move almost as quickly as a bird can fly. Let us look at him while he sits up there so cunning, and see what he is like. Should you think he looked anything like a hare or a rabbit? and yet squirrels are classed as animals of the hare kind in their habits. In the form of the body, shape of the head, they are alike. This little gentleman in the oak-tree is what we call a red squirrel. You know there is a great variety of squirrels. You see he has shorter ears than a rabbit, and what a long, bushy tail he has! He often uses his tail as an umbrella, to protect him from heat or cold.

"Now look a little closer. He is of a reddish brown, and his breast of delicate white. Can you see his ears? They are ornamented with a tuft of hair a little darker than that on his body. His legs are short like a rabbit's, but his claws are sharper; and his eyes, you can see, are 'large, black, and lively.' Squirrels are gentle, harmless little creatures, and very easily tamed; but I love to see them best in the woods, free to play about at will.

"Their usual food is nuts and acorns, and they always sit erect on their hinder legs, holding their food in their fore-paws, as our little squirrel is

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doing. They almost seem to fly sometimes—leaping the distance of thirty or forty feet from one tree to another.

"They generally form their nests among the upper branches of a large tree. It is made of moss and twigs and dried leaves, and so completely combined together as to resist the impressions of the most violent storm. In this nest there is a little opening at the top, just large enough for the little creature to enter, but over it is a canopy which projects out beyond the ingenious little dwelling, and makes it secure against rain. In the same tree where the squirrel builds his nest, he has his pantry in the hollow of the tree, where he always lays in good supply for his winter's store."

"Oh, mother, is that all? Don't any animals ever come to catch the squirrel and spoil his house?"

"Yes, my dear; the marten, which is an animal of the weasel kind, that don't know how to build a house for herself, often finds the squirrel's house, destroys the little fellow himself first, and then takes possession of his abode.

"In Lapland and the cold countries of the North, squirrels migrate as the winter comes on. Rocks, forests, rivers, and mountains are crossed by these curious little creatures. If they find the waters too wide for them to attempt to pass, the whole company (sometimes thousands of them) all return to a neighboring forest, and each provides himself with a piece of bark, and the little fleet push to sea, each fanning the air with his bushy tail. Sometimes they can not contend with the fury of the waves, and the whole of our little fleet of mariners find a watery grave."

"Oh, thank you, mother! how interesting all this is! How I should like to see them when they sail out to sea."

"We will thank Mr. Red Squirrel for the nice chat we have had, and now we will bid him good-afternoon, hoping no weasel will find his snug home in the big oak-tree."

—*Well Spring.*

DOMESTIC FAULTS.

HOMES are more often darkened by the continual recurrence of small faults, than by the actual presence of any decided vice. These evils are apparently of very dissimilar magnitude; yet it is easier to grapple with one than another. The Eastern traveler can combine his forces and hunt down the tiger that prowls upon his path; but he scarcely escapes the mosquitoes that infest the air he breathes, or the fleas that swarm in the sand he treads. The drunkard has been known to renounce his darling vice—the slave to dress and extravagance, her besetting sin—but the waspish temper, the irritating tone, the rude, dogmatic manner, and the hundred nameless negligences that spoil the beauty of association, have rarely done other than proceed till the action or disgust and gradual alienation has turned all the current of affections from their course, leaving nothing but a barren track, over which the mere skeleton of companionship stalks alone.

THE widow of Walfert, a celebrated musician, had inscribed upon his monument, "He is gone where only his music can be excelled." The widow of a pyrotechnist saw this, and had inscribed on her husband's tomb, "He is gone where only his fire-works can be excelled."

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THE AMERICAN BOY.

"Father, look up and see that flag,
How gracefully it flies!
Those pretty stripes—they seem to be
A rainbow in the skies."

"It is your country's flag, my son,
And proudly drinks the light;
O'er ocean's waves, in foreign climes,
A symbol of our might."

"Father, what fearful noise is that,
Like thundering of the clouds?
Why do the people wave their hats,
And rush along in crowds?"

"It is the noise of cannon, boy—
The glad shout of the free;
This is the day to memory dear—
'Tis Freedom's jubilee."

"I wish that I were now a man,
I'd fire my cannon, too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest—
But, father, why don't you?"

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"I'm getting old and weak, but still
My heart is big with joy;
I've witnessed many a day like this—
Shout you aloud, my boy!"

"Hurrah for Freedom's jubilee!
God bless our native land!
And may I live to hold the sword
Of Freedom in my hand!"

"Well done, my boy!—grow up and love
The land that gave you birth;
A home where Freedom loves to dwell
Is paradise on earth."

GENIUS AND LABOR.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON once said to an intimate friend: "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this—when I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort I make is what people are pleased to call the fruits of genius. It is the fruits of labor and thought."

Mr. Webster once replied to a gentleman who pressed him to speak on a subject of great importance: "The subject interests me deeply, but I have no time. There, sir," pointing to a large pile of letters on the table, "is a lot of unanswered letters, to which I must reply before the close of the session [then three days off]. I have not time to master the subject so as to do it justice."

"But, Mr. Webster, a few words from you would do much to awaken public attention to it."

"If there be so much weight in my words as you represent, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject till I have imbued my mind with it."

Demosthenes was urged to speak on a great and sudden emergency. "I am not prepared," said he, and obstinately refused.

The law of labor is equally binding on genius and mediocrity. The mind and body rarely visit this earth of ours so exactly fitted to each other, and so perfectly harmonizing together as to rise without effort, and command in the affairs of men. It is not in the power of every one to become great. No great approximation, even toward that which is easiest attained, can ever be accomplished without the exercise of much thought and vigor of action; and thus is demonstrated the supremacy of that law which gives excellence only when earned, and assigns to labor its unfailing reward.

JOSEPH THE SECOND OF AUSTRIA was fond of traveling incognito, and one day he reached a little inn on his route before his retinue came up. Entering a retiring-room he began shaving himself. The inquisitorial landlord was anxious to know what post his guest held about the person of the emperor. "I shave him sometimes," was his majesty's reply.

"MAKE you a coat, sir?" said a suspicious tailor to a suspected customer. "Oh, yes, sir, with the greatest pleasure. There, just stand in that position, please, and look right upon that board, while I take your measure." Customer reads the board—"Terms, cash."

THE human heart beats about seventy-two times in a minute; or in a life of sixty years, two thousand millions of times.

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THE HUNTER'S ESCAPE.

A SKETCH OF CAMP-LIFE ON THE BORDER.

ONE day, in a certain year which now shall be nameless, we were riding along on the banks of the river Gila, in New Mexico; and as it was getting dark, and we were near a beautiful valley containing a spring of water, our guide concluded to camp there. We set our tents, eat our suppers, and, being very much fatigued, soon after lay down to sleep.

The next morning I perceived an unusual stir in the camp, and asking one of the hunters what it meant, he told me they were making up a party to go to Silver Lake (a beautiful sheet of water which lay eleven miles off, and was surrounded by the most beautiful and picturesque scenery) to shoot deer, for they often came there to drink of its pure water. As I had nothing particular to do, I joined the party, expecting to have a very nice time. At last we were all ready, and when I mounted my tough little pony, there were ten men in their saddles waiting for the signal to start. At last it was given, and we set off on our journey. I found myself riding by the side of Ned Barder (who was one of my particular friends), and during the journey we amused each other with tales of our previous adventures. In a short time we reached the "lake," and separating into groups of two or three each, hid ourselves in the brushwood near the border of the lake.

Ned Barder and I happened to be together, and we lay silently behind a large gum-tree waiting for the deer to make their appearance. We had not waited long before we heard a rustle in the brushwood near us. We eagerly gazed in that direction, and saw the antlers of a deer protruding from a large bush. In a few minutes we saw his head; I fired, and he fell dead on the shore of the lake. Hearing several other shots, we came out from our concealment and saw about a dozen more of the poor animals flat on the ground. We soon dispatched all those which were not dead already, and then proceeded to skin them and cut them up into steaks, several of which we had that night for supper. By the time we were ready to start back, it was getting dark, and our guide thought we had better wait till morning, to return to the camp. We accordingly put our venison in a safe place, and soon after kindling our night fires and appointing our sentinel, lay down on the grassy carpet to sleep. The lot for sentinel fell upon Bill Bent, who, after taking up his rifle, commenced to pace with a firm but noiseless tread the soft turf at a short distance from the camp fire. I happened to awake during the night, and seeing the fire was very low, I tossed several logs upon it, and was laying down in my place again, when I heard a cry which chilled the very blood in my veins—"The Indians!—the Indians!" and springing up I beheld about twenty red-skins rushing down the hill upon us, howling like mad panthers, and looking for all the world like so many demons. The hunters, who had all been awakened by Bill's cry, sprang to their feet and hastily drew together behind a group of large gum-trees. The guide seeing there was a strong wind blowing in the direction of the Indians, drew out his tinder-box and soon had the long, dry grass all in a

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blaze. It rapidly spread toward the Indians, and we soon heard their dying shrieks as one after another was caught by the devouring element and perished in its embrace. But the danger was not yet over, for we saw as many more Indians on the other side, where the fire could not reach them, riding swiftly toward us! Our party seeing there was no use to stand and fight, sprang to their horses and galloped toward the camp. The Indians were nearly upon me before I could mount my pony, but I soon reached Bill Bent, who had almost miraculously escaped from the Indians and the fire. (When he saw our guide setting fire to the grass, he also drew out his tinder-box and burned the grass off quite a large space behind him. Into this he stepped, and when the fire reached the place where he first stood, it spread out on either side, and consequently did not touch him, there being no grass [where he stood] to burn.) But it was evident that we were not gaining much upon the Indians, and just as we came in sight of the camp, we were overtaken and bound by them. We were led back by the same way we had come, and as we passed the grove, the Indians pointed to the charred and blackened remains of their friends, and shaking their tomahawks in our faces, gave us to understand that they would have terrible revenge. At length we reached a large cave. We were thrust into it, and a guard of several Indians was left to watch us.

The next morning we were taken out and conducted to a large ravine, where nearly the whole tribe had assembled. I saw a large log balanced over the precipice. The Indians would indeed have terrible revenge. "We had to walk out upon the log!" Bill had to go out first on account of his giving the signal to our party on the night of the attack. Seeing that resistance would be useless, he folded his arms, and after saying to me, "Good-bye, Charley," in such a sorrowful tone as to bring the tears to my eyes (for he was one of my best friends), calmly commenced his terrible walk. When he reached the other end, three Indians, who had held down the end of the log, now let go, and with a wild shriek he fell and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. I was now bid to walk it also. The three Indians now took their places again, and trembling greatly, I commenced to tread the fatal log. Just as I reached the middle I heard a shrill whistle. I stopped and looked up; I saw nothing, but just then a sharp report burst on the air, and an Indian fell to the earth. In a few minutes I saw the heads of several of our party on the opposite bank of the ravine. Shot followed shot, and in the confusion I jumped back upon the ground, and climbing down a rocky path soon found myself in the midst of my companions. Our party having the greatest number, and nerved to action by the death of poor Bill, drove back the Indians, who, so soon as they could find a chance, took to their horses and rode swiftly away. We soon found the body of poor Bill, and amid the sighs and tears of the hunters —for he had been a favorite with all— buried him in a rocky grave.

EDWARD W. DAVISON.

SAY nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

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THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

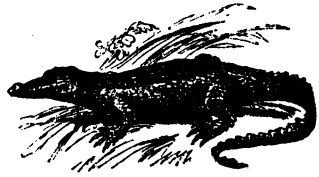
A LIVE species of this wonderful animal is now on exhibition at Barnum's Museum, in this city. It was captured in the River Nile, in Egypt, taken to the Royal Zoological Gardens in London, and purchased from there for the enormous sum of twenty thousand dollars, and brought to this country, and is the only one in the United States. Of course Barnum has it—a valuable addition to his other innumerable curiosities.

A large tank has been fitted up in the basement, where he sports in his native element, entering or leaving the water at the command of his Arab keeper. Of course crowds will flock to the Museum to see this interesting animal. He is well worth a visit. Such another opportunity may never occur again for beholding this marvel of creation, as the expense of bringing it to this country was so very large.

An Arab, Salaama by name, is the keeper of the animal, who administers to its wants, and to whom it seems much attached. At his bidding he opens his enormous mouth, to the extreme delight of the spectators, who feel that they are at a sufficiently safe distance from the young Hippo.

Large as he is, he is only about three years old. One writer describes him as follows: "He is a comely gentleman, fair and beauteous to look upon; and the strange loveliness of his countenance can not fail to captivate the crowd. His youth, too, gives him a special claim to the consideration of the ladies, for he is a little darling of only three years—a very baby of a hippopotamus, in fact, who, only a few months ago, daily sucked his few gallons of lacteal nourishment from the fond bosom of mamma Hippo, at the bottom of some murmuring Egyptian river. The young gentleman is about as heavy as an ox, and gives you the idea that he is the result of the amalgamation of a horse, a cow, two pigs, a seal, a dozen India-rubber blankets, and an old-fashioned horse-hide covered trunk. Big as he is, unwieldly as he is, strange, uncouth, and monstrous as he is, he appears, after all, to be most mild and even-tempered. In truth, he is no more vicious than a good-natured muley cow; and if by chance he should hurt anybody, he would have to achieve it much in the same manner that such a cow would, by running against him, or rolling over upon him."

The other curiosities of the Museum, including the aquaria, grizzly bears, sea lion, alligator, seals, etc., remain as usual. We hope all the Merry family will avail themselves of the present opportunity to pay it a visit.



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ANNA HATHAWAY'S TALES.—No. 6.

"DEAR Miss Anna, won't you tell us, please, another story?" asked Della of Miss Hathaway, two or three days after the completion of "Ellen's Visit."

"If you are not busy," put in Susy.

"Don't tease Miss Hathaway, children," said Mrs. Eastman; "it can't *always* be convenient to tell you stories."

"Oh, yes—come on," said Anna; "I'd just as lief tell you a story this evening as not;" so they followed her up stairs. Susy let down the curtains, while John stirred the fire, which gave so bright a light, they concluded not to light the lamp. Then, drawing up close to the fire, they listened very attentively as Miss Hathaway related the story of

ADDIE'S TEMPTATION.

The long vacation was at an end, and the "Fall term" of the old Academy was about to commence. A number of little girls, from twelve to fourteen years of age, had "come early" to secure desirable seats.

"You'll sit with me, won't you, Fanny?" said Addie Durham, a little black-eyed girl, to her friend Fanny Gilman; "see! I've got this nice seat by the window."

"I can't, Addie," said Fanny, reluctantly, "I've got to sit with my cousin this term."

"Your cousin—who is she?" asked Addie, pouting.

"I've never seen her," said Fanny; "but she's coming here to school; her name is Belle Appleby."

"When is she coming?" asked Mary Dickson.

"This afternoon," replied Fanny; "but I do wish I could sit with you, Addie."

Addie Durham was a motherless child; her father was wealthy, and Aunt Matty, who resided with them, and took care of Addie, had, to use a common expression, "no government," so Addie always had pretty much her own way. Aunt Matty, to use her own words, "didn't pretend to have any control over that child." The servants were always careful to keep on the right side of Miss Addie; and at school she had acquired a sort of influence over the girls, and it was a very common thing to consult Addie Durham before adopting any new measures, so when she gave her short black ringlets a decisive shake, and said, pettishly, "I shan't like her," the girls all thought of it a minute, and said, "No, they shouldn't like her."

Poor Belle! an unpromising introduction this among those who were to be her schoolmates. Afternoon came, and with it Fanny Gilman and the "new scholar," a fair, gentle-looking girl with short golden curls.

"She's pretty," whispered Mary Dickson.

"Yes, she's pretty," said Addie, slowly, "but she's so stiff, I shan't like her;" and again the girls agreed that they shouldn't like her.

No unprejudiced person could have called Belle's easy and graceful movements stiff, but Addie was, as we have said, a willful little thing; she couldn't bear to give up to any one. Belle had deprived her of the one she preferred as a seat-mate, consequently she was prepared to dislike her and think her disagreeable. Fanny had just time enough to introduce her cousin, when the bell rang, and all took their seats.

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At recess, the girls made no advance toward the little stranger; they were diffident, and had nothing to say.

"I suppose I might as well be civil," said Addie; so she advanced and entered into conversation with the little girl.

A pretty contrast they made: Addie, the very picture of health and gayety, in her bright dress and silk apron, and Belle, very pale and sweet, in her black dress.

"Belle is an orphan, Fanny had said, and I suppose I must be ever so attentive to her."

"I can't help liking her, Addie," said Fanny Gilman, a few days afterward. Addie looked cross.

"I suppose, Fanny," said she, "you will soon like her better than you do me."

"Oh, no, Addie," replied she; "you know *you* are my dearest friend."

No, the girls couldn't help liking Belle Appleby; sweet-tempered and unassuming, she gradually found her way to their hearts, and Addie soon found that she was losing her sway over them.

About two weeks from the commencement of the term, Professor Woodford gave out what were to be the prizes at the end of the term.

"Three in the primary department," said he; "one for the best and most finished composition." At this, all eyes turned toward Fanny Gilman, who, as Addie enthusiastically declared, wrote *splendid* compositions. Another for the best drawing."

"Addie Durham, of course," whispered the girls.

"And the third for the best behavior throughout the term."

Here their opinions varied, but *all* meant to try.

"Addie, of course, will get the drawing prize," said the girls among themselves; but it was the rule for all to try, so at a reasonable time before the close of the term, the pictures were commenced.

Each chose a difficult copy, and all worked industriously, although, as I have said, all expected Addie to gain the prize; but as the pieces advanced toward their completion, they began to notice Belle's, how delicate the foliage, how true the outline, how fine the shading! and when the work was completed, it was plainly to be seen that Belle's was by far the most meritorious.

This was so unexpected, it filled poor Addie's cup to overflowing; she couldn't help many bitter thoughts against poor, unoffending Belle. But what wounded Addie more deeply still, she saw Fanny Gilman turning from her and making a confidant of Belle Appleby. Addie did not reflect that the irritable mood she had displayed for a few days, was partly the cause of Fanny's estrangement.

In the afternoon recess of the day when the pictures were finished, the girls all ran out for a frolic in the snow, and Miss Hatch had stepped out to have a chat with one of the other teachers; Addie Durham, for some cause, had not been to school yet that afternoon. She came and peeped in at the door.

"No one here!" she said, a little surprised; for usually at recess some of the girls remained, in preference to going out in the cold. Belle's drawing laid on her desk, and Addie advanced to look at it. "It's beautiful," said she, sighing, "prettier than mine." She took it up, looking enviously at the delicately penciled foliage. "I wish she would lose it!"

There was a step in the hall. Hard-

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ly knowing what she did, Addie hastily placed it in her own portfolio, and ran out at the other door. Frightened at what she had done, she dared not remain; she stole out without being observed, and ran home again.

"No one will know I was there," said she to herself, and she soon formed the wicked resolution of keeping it.

The next day the prizes were to be awarded. The bell rang, and the girls came flocking in. Belle did not exactly remember leaving the drawing on the desk, and did not think but that it was in her portfolio. Before school was dismissed, Miss Hatch said to her pupils:

"Young ladies, you are all aware that the prizes are to be awarded to-morrow; you will please give the drawings to me to-night."

Fanny Gilman, Mary Dickson, and all the girls, took their drawings to Miss Hatch. Belle opened her portfolio; it was gone! She looked under her desk—but no picture; she thought some of the girls must have taken it to look at.

"Miss Appleby, where is yours?" asked Miss Hatch.

"I can't find it!" replied Belle.

"Isn't that a little careless? Where can it be?" asked Miss Hatch, in surprise, for she had seen it there that afternoon.

"Young ladies, look in your desks for Miss Belle's picture."

The girls looked, but still no picture. After school, they searched in every possible place for it, with, of course, no success. Belle gave it up as lost. She shed many tears, for she had taken great pains with it, and was almost sure of the prize.

In the afternoon of the next day all were at school in their holiday dresses, Belle looking very sad. Addie was ill at ease; she had the drawing in her portfolio, but she was careful to keep it locked.

"Miss Addie," said Miss Hatch; Addie trembled, but she only said, "you were not present last night; you may bring me your drawing now."

When Addie returned to her seat, Miss Hatch said, a little severely, for she, too, had been proud of her pupil's fine performance, "You, Miss Belle, have by your carelessness lost your chance for the prize."

Addie could stand it no longer; her natural honesty and nobility of character triumphed. "Don't say that, Miss Hatch!" cried she; "here is Belle's picture! I took it; I meant to keep it, so that I might get the prize."

She put the portfolio in her teacher's hand, and hid her face in her apron. Poor Addie! she fully expected the scorn and contempt of all her schoolmates. Just then the bell for recess rang. Miss Hatch motioned to the girls that they had better leave her alone, and she herself gathered up the drawings to take to the committee. The girls all ran out, and the room was quiet; still Addie didn't look up. Some one put an arm around her neck and sat down beside her; it was Belle.

"Dear Addie," said she.

"Oh, Belle!" broke in Addie, "don't you hate me? don't you despise me?"

"Hate you, dear Addie? Oh, no!" said Belle; "let us forget this, and be friends."

"If you can forgive me, Belle," said Addie, lifting her head.

Belle kissed her, and from that time they were the very best of friends. Fanny came in just then, and her loving kiss told Addie that she was the same dear friend as ever. The bell

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rang, and the girls came flocking in. Mary Dickson whispered to Addie, as she passed her on the way to her seat, "Dear Addie, we aint any of us going to tell."

"How kind the girls are!" thought Addie. "I'll never be cross again."

"Young ladies," said Miss Hatch, before they started for the hall where the compositions were to be read and the prizes awarded, "young ladies, Professor Woodford has seen fit to offer another prize—for the best performance on the piano."

The girls all looked glad; they knew Addie would get that, for she was unquestionably the best performer in that department. Good, kind-hearted Miss Hatch had told the Professor the whole story, and persuaded him to add this entirely on Addie's account.

According to the usual custom, the parents and friends of the pupils had been invited to be present, and quite an audience was now gathered in the old Academy hall. As the girls had expected, Fanny Gilman's composition was the one judged to be worthy of the prize, but several other productions, Addie's among the number, were pronounced excellent, and the committee requested to have them read. Papa and Aunt Matty both felt very proud of their little girl, as with curls flung back and cheeks still flushed, she read her really beautiful composition, and Aunty couldn't see why it wasn't just as good as Fanny Gilman's. Then came the test of musical skill; Addie was excited, but she played well, as also did the other girls. But when the prizes were awarded, Miss Addie Durham was declared entitled to the pretty coral bracelet which had been offered. Belle's prize was a handsome case of drawing pencils, and Fanny's a beautiful edition of the poems of Sir Walter Scott. The exercises were soon concluded, and—"Another term finished," said one to another. Belle walked as far as Addie's home with her, and as they parted at the gate, "Dear Addie," said she, "shall we not be always friends?" and Addie smiled and said, "Yes, dear Belle, always friends."

"I'm sorry it's done," said Susy, when Miss Hathaway stopped; but as it was getting late, they, after thanking her for the story, bade her "Good-night." ELLIAN.

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.

WHO is lovely? It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as she passes along; who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty; who never scolds, never contends, never teases her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase, her happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, or precious stones, as you pass along the street? But these are the precious stones which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this, you will be sure to be beloved.

THE noblest powers of nature stand in need of the nurturing hand of education. The uninstructed mind resembles the unpolished diamond.

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THE DATE-PALM.

The Date-Palm.

THE trees of the Eastern World have always attracted the attention of travelers, and much has been written in regard to them. The date-palm, with its cylindrical columnar stem and crown of leaves, is a singularly graceful object in the deserts of the Old World. Seated in their cooling shade, surrounded by beautiful groves of tall waving trees, the newly arrived traveler seeks to define the various emotions which crowd upon his mind, as for the first time he enjoys the hospitable abode of the palm-tree groves, and breathes the balmy atmosphere with which they are filled. Under their natural shelter, the orange, the lemon, the pomegranate, the olive, the almond, and the vine grow in luxurious abundance, producing the most delicious fruit. And here, while the eyes are fed with the endless variety of flowers which deck these sylvan scenes, the ears are at the same time ravished with the melodious notes of numerous birds, which are attracted to these groves by the shade and the cool springs and the food which they there find. The date, the cocoa-nut, and the sago-palm are of vast importance to mankind, for the nourishing food they supply, and their extraordinary fecundity, which led to the assertion of Linnæus, that the region of the palm was the first country of the human race, and that man was essentially palm-nivorous.

These trees appear in great magnificence in equinoctial South America, fascinating and imposing to the traveler as he beholds them on the plains of the Orinoco, or on the higher lands of the districts beyond.

The cocoa-palm produces annually, during the greater part of a century, one hundred of its large nuts; but the sago-palm of the Orinoco is said

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to yield eight thousand fruits at a crop. A single spatha of the date-palm, the broad sheathing leaf which incloses the flowers, contains twelve thousand, while each spatha of another species has two hundred and seven thousand flowers, and the individual plant six hundred thousand.

The produce of the banana, or plantain, another inhabitant of tropical climes, is still more enormous, a plant which requires little cultivation, and is to immense numbers of the human race what rice is to the Hindoos and Chinese, and wheat to the Europeans. According to a calculation of Humboldt, upon the same space of ground, the weight of the yield in the case of bananas will be forty-four times that of potatoes, and one hundred and thirty-three times that of wheat.

The Plantain.

The importance of the date-tree is one of the most curious subjects to which a traveler can direct his attention. A large portion of the inhabitants of Egypt, Arabia, and Persia subsist almost entirely upon its fruit. They boast also of its medicinal qualities.

Date-tree and Fruit.

Two gentlemen, noted for their fondness of exaggeration, were discussing the fare at different hotels. One observed that at his hotel he had tea so strong it was necessary to confine it in an iron vessel. "At mine," said the other, "it is made so weak it has not strength to run out of the teapot."

WHEN is a sick man a contradiction?—When he is an impatient patient.

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AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

LOAFER.—This is a thing too familiar in its reality, but very unexplainable in its name. The learned derive it from the Hebrew word *Loph*, to wander, to idle, to hang about. Domestic antiquarians think it akin to inter-*loper*, one who comes where he has no business, as applied by our Dutch ancestors to their Yankee visitors. Others derive it from *Loaf* (like *lucus a non lucendo*), because Loafers are often without a loaf of bread. Others, again, make it a corruption of Low-fellow, thus: Low-fellow, Low-feller, Low-fer, Loafer.

How to Keep Babies Quiet.—"As soon as the sweet little creature awakes and begins to squall, set it up in bed, propped up by a pillow, if it can't sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses; then get half a dozen feathers into its hands, and it will at once commence picking the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep. As soon as it wakes again, more molasses and feathers should be applied immediately, and in place of the nerve-astounding yells of the little dear, there will be a sweet and calm silence, producing the most profound enjoyment and rapturous domestic felicity. A teacup with molasses can be kept at the head of the bed, in a stand drawer, ready for use."

The books in the library of the British Museum occupy twelve miles of shelf.

"Oh, she was a jewel of a wife," said Pat, mourning over the loss of his better half; "she always struck me with the soft end of the mop."

Love-letters are generally only a species of *noose*-paper.

To Wash Hair-Brushes.—Take a piece of soda, dissolve it in warm water, stand the brush in it, taking care that the water covers only the bristles. It will almost instantly become white and clean. Place it in the air to dry, with the bristles downward, and it will be as firm as a new brush.

A modern tourist calls the Niagara River "the pride of rivers." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall.

The Battle of the Dictionaries.—Considering the differences in spelling and definition, cited by the respective adherents of Drs. Webster and Worcester, hadn't their stately quartos better be called the *contradictionaries?*

The Dauphin was the title of the heir apparent to the French throne, under the Valois and Bourbon dynasties. Guy VIII., Count of Vienne and Grenoble, is said to have been surnamed *Le Dauphin*, from a dolphin borne as an emblem on his helmet or shield. The surname remained to his successors, and their country was called Dauphiné. The last of the Dauphin dynasty, Humber II., ceded his sovereignty by treaty to the French King Philip de Valois in 1349. From that time the heir of France was styled Dauphin, as the heir of England is Prince of Wales. Since the deposition of the elder Bourbons in 1880, the title has been disused. The last Dauphin was the Duke of Angoulême, son of Charles X.

Out West.—"Ann Arbor!" cried the conductor, looking in at the door. Mrs. Partington looked round, and, seeing nobody move, she resumed her knitting. "Ann Arbor," said another

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voice at the door at the rear end of the car. "Well, I declare," said the old lady, "I hope he will find her. Can you tell me, sir," said she, reaching over the back of the seat, and speaking to a gentleman with a plush cap on, and a ticket sticking in front of it, "who Miss Ann Arbor is?" "*Nein ferstan*," replied he. "Well," she continued, "I didn't mean nothing contemptible, and it wouldn't have cost you anything to have given a civil answer." The man looked persistently out of the window, and the cars moved on, Mrs. Partington consoling herself with the reflection that Ann Arbor must be in the other car.

LEGAL QUERY. — Can any of the Merrys tell us whether there are laws in any of the States which forbid a man's marrying his late widow's sister?

WHEN it is said of a man that he "can not contain himself"—is it because he is too large or too small?

STRAINING the eyes is not a good way to clear the eyesight.

A LESSON OF SOLOMON.—The old man was toiling through the burden and beat of the day in cultivating his field with his own hands, and depositing the promising seed into the fruitful lap of yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shad of a huge linden-tree, a vision. The old man was struck with amazement.

"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice. "What are you doing here, old man?" "If you are Solomon," replied the venerable laborer, "how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious and to gather. What I then learned I have followed out to this hour."

"You have only learned half your lesson," resumed the spirit. "Go to the ant, and learn from that insect to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."

VINOUS.—If old wine is good, is elder wine better?

WHICH is the oldest piece of furniture? The multiplication table.

WHAT is the difference between the man that keeps watch on board a ship and a phrenologist? One looks out ahead, and the other looks in a head.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, honorably performed; daily life being the quarry from which we build it up, and rough-hewn the habits that form it.

FRIEND, imitate the example of a locomotive. He runs along, whistles over his work, and yet never takes anything but water to wet his whistle with.

A BOY in Sunday-school was once asked by his teacher what economy meant. He promptly replied, "Paring potatoes thin." The answer was received with a smile, but the definition was right, as far as it went. The lad had got a just idea of the matter; his rule only wanted carrying out, and applying to things generally, to be perfect.

AN eccentric, wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, upon which was painted the following: "I will give this field to any man who is contented." He soon had an applicant. "Well, sir, are you a contented man?" "Yes, sir, very." "Then what do you want of my field?" The applicant did not stop to reply

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Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

I OFTEN receive letters from my little friends, saying they do not write for the Chat, or send answers to puzzles, because others write so much better than they do, or send more answers than they can, and so they do not send any. I have several such letters this month, but do not like to see them. I always feel like taking all such little ones on my knee, and say to them that they should not be so easily discouraged, that they must *be themselves, act themselves*, and not try to be *somebody else*. You may try to imitate others who are better than you are, but all you are expected to do in this world is to do the *very best* you can, and to do it at all times, and in all places.

It is only by constant diligence and hard labor that you can accomplish anything in life; that mountain which you seem to see right before you, proves only an empty shadow when boldly approached, and you find difficulties quickly disappear before earnest toil and labor. If you try as hard as you can, and then can not solve all the answers to the puzzles, you should not fail to send what you have found out, for then we know that you have tried to solve them.

The very act of *trying your utmost* has done you much more good, perhaps, than all those who have solved many more than you have, yet who have not had to *try* half as hard. The consciousness of knowing that you have done the *very best you could*, may be worth more to you than the prize others will receive for sending the most answers. And so of writing letters; do not feel obliged to write as long letters as some others do; leave off all apologies, and come directly to the point.

We are always glad to hear from *all* of our large family, and hope that many others who have never written will report themselves to Uncle Merry's sanctum for active service.

Short letters must have the preference this month, though we have several long letters, which are very good, but which must lie over.

DETROIT, *July* 9, 1861.

The first attempt having been graciously received, I feel encouraged to try again. But first, a word to you, Fleta, who have so kindly extended to me the right hand of fellowship. Yes, indeed, here is a kiss, and I'll turn and look again. But stop! Are you *sure* you are a star, and no comet? Is there no danger of my worshiping Mars instead of Venus? Wilforley, did you ever wear "gaiter boots?"

Uncle Hiram, I am not in the least inclined to try the temper of your hatchet, but shall try to ingratiate myself with you by exclaiming—

"United we stand, divided we fall—
Our motto for ever shall be"—Brevity and wit. KATE.

Here's our hand for "Union," brevity, and wit. Of course we could not "divide" such a short and good letter as yours. If all would act on your motto, Hatchet's "occupation" would be gone.

TOWN OF D——, *July* 3, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES AND AUNT:—I have been making a visit to the country, or perhaps I might have had more or all the puzzles worked out. There are so many older ones in the Chat, that we younger ones feel almost afraid to speak, and think we can not work out as many puzzles as they can. I wonder if Busy Bee is as busy as her name indicates. I think so.

You should come and visit our town. It is very pleasant, and there are many things that might interest you, should you stop when passing through some time. Good-bye in a flutter.

MYRTLE P.

Read our opening Chat, Myrtle, and send along what answers you have. One of the young Merrys, who has just called at our sanctum, neglected to send his answers in this month, and so lost the prize. He had more answers than the winner.

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July, 1861.

Where, Uncle Hi, oh, where *is* the hatchet? It must be *alarmingly* dull. Such l-e-n-g-t-h-y letters—*whew!* Don't tell me that the writers are *feminine*, and, of course, can't be expected, etc. I know all about *that!* But nevertheless, Uncle, *if* they *will* persist in *spreading* themselves so *outrageously*, "they must and shall be"—*coerced*. So please hand along the hatchet.

Nannie Nightingale, "*young* gentleman," and then "vide *Venerable San?*" Did you mean to say that? If so, I suppose I must consider myself a *young* venerable gentleman, or perhaps a *venerable* young gentleman. How is it, "my Nannie O?" Fleta, welcome. Glad to see you back again.

VENERABLE SAN, H. S.

RUMNEY, N. H., *July* 8, 1861.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—W. H. C. thought Sybil Grey needed looking after, on account of sundry expressions written, perhaps, without thinking. For the same reason, I think we have another "wolf in sheep's clothing" in our midst. I mean "Stella Lightner."

Fleta, you are "slightly beefstaken" in regard to W. H. C. No "old hulk," or "wolf in sheep's clothing," but a regular individual of the genus homo, living—shall I tell where, Willie? I was just "coming down" on *you*, when I saw "I at least," etc., when I stopped. Are you "in earnest" about that? Don't like to be kissed! Why? I think you must be a regular nonsuch. "Desecration!" Ain't you ashamed? Please observe my message to Adrian in July, 1861. Same to you. Enough for now.

C. F. WARREN.

GRANITE HILLS, *July* 5, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:—My bashfulness has subsided in a degree, and as I very fortunately escaped the hatchet, I will write a few lines this morning.

Annie E. Drummond "wouldn't be surprised if O. Onley and Fleta were old married people!" Fleta has spoken for herself; declares she isn't. O. O. said he was not. Being acquainted with said Oliver, I will vouch for the truthfulness of the assertion which he has given.

C. F. Warren—Yes, I live about seven miles from P—th, in a pleasant, quiet valley. Are you acquainted in P—th or vicinity? Should you ever come this way, please call and see us.

Dear me! Girls been sending kisses to a *young man* who has been dressed in the garb of deception. I have the privilege of knowing I did not send any to him. When you consider what deception you have used, does not your conscience smite you? But remembering that "big basket," and that 'orrible 'atchet, I will close. Truly,

MINNA MERVIN.

BROOKLYN, *Aug.* 7, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—May I say a word or two in explanation of some obscurities in my last letter? First, where I said to Willie (not *Wil*) H. C., "I *think* you think," etc., it should read, "I think *you* think," etc. Again, I must take back what I said to Fleta F. about thinking that Aunt Sue was I. She said nothing of the kind. That was the result of answering her remarks (!) from memory; the Mag. was temporarily mislaid. And that's all at present from

WILFORLEY.

YELLOW SPRINGS, O., *July* 13, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE HI:—I should like to know when I am to have that chance that you have been talking about. I've been waiting here at the door for you to tell me to come in this long while. So you are going to hide the hatchet when Jessie Linwood comes, are you? Now Uncle, that isn't fair. What do you mean to do with Wilforley? I say forgive him, as she—I mean he—is so very penitent. Black-Eyes, why don't you write longer letters? Uncle Hi wouldn't be so cruel as to clip you. Fleta wants to know where the "favored few" are, just as if she didn't know. Let her look in her mirror, and she will see one of them.

Black-Eyes, I believe I saw you at the Ohio State Fair a year ago. Didn't I? And isn't your name Fanny? Uncle, I have found five Merry cousins out here, but they are all afraid of the hatchet. One of them, whose initials are J. G., says she is going to call on you, as she is going to New York soon. Give my love to Busy Bee and Nanny Nightingale.

NELLIE VAN.

We shall extend a cordial welcome to J. G. and all of the cousins who will call to see us. We hide the hatchet

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sometimes, only to strike the harder when least expected. Remember, the good soldier never shrinks when marching up to the post of danger. Fear not the hatchet, though you expect to try its metal and feel its edge. Come often.

BOSTON, *June* 19, 1861.

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—This is the first time I have ever written, and I am rather afraid to now, but I think the Chat is so very interesting, that on the whole, I rather think I will try it. I am always very glad when father brings me the MUSEUM home, and I am very impatient to find a chance to read it. I want to get acquainted with Aunt Sue, Fleta, Eva, Rose-Bud, Hattie, Homely Face, in particular, and all the other cousins. Your affectionate niece,

LILY J. R.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Here I am again asking admission into the Chat, as it is so pleasant that I can not keep away. I fully agree with Busy-Bee in thinking it the pleasantest place that any one was ever in. Ours must be a charmed circle, don't you think so, Uncle Hi?

Why, Willie, how could you? You will have Sybil down on you *instanter*. I should think *you* would be the last one to molest *her* after the "cutting down" she once gave you.

Uncle, I generally try to be accommodating, and as you don't like long letters, I will please *you* and close. So good-night, and may happy dreams attend you, and bright angels hover over you, is the wish of LIZZIE G.

HAMPTON COTTAGE, *June* 27, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES:—Oh, Bess!! "who'd ha' thought it of you?" And you are really one of the *genus homo?* What a *miss-take* it was, though. The picture *was very* natural, and I must confess exceedingly amusing; but where were your *blushes*, sir? But, after all, I must say that I like Wilforley better than Bess. I fear if Willie H. Coleman is not on the lookout, he will be eclipsed before long. I like you, Sue Laigh—let us shake hands. I've foresworn *kissing* for the *present*. Imogen Latham, did you attend Dr. B.'s seminary at Saratoga a year ago? If so, I have heard of you there. Nannie Nightingale, I like your sentiments—let us be friends. SAUCY NELL.

You see, Nell, we cut you short like all the rest this month. Many thanks for your words of sympathy.

PROVIDENCE, *July*, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Here I am, ready to take a seat by your side, as you have so kindly offered to "have an eye on me." Well, Uncle Merry, I have been off cruising since I obtained an entrance into the Merry family—way off in the country, where my eyes did not once behold our MUSEUM; and how eagerly did I grasp it upon my return, to see what the Merry cousins had been doing during my absence! Now, Busy Bee, if you please, we will have that game of "tag." I think it hardly fair to stand so much in advance, and with that "kiss" for the prize, I am bound to catch you. Then I shall be ready to sit down by Jim, who desires my assistance. Jessie Linwood, you wish to see who will stand teasing the longest. If I thought I should "catch Jessie," I should be tempted to "walk over." Daisy Wildwood, I am happy to see you in the Chat once more, as well as in the Sabbath-school, where I behold your face almost every Sabbath morning. And Nellie Whiting, I know where you live, though I do not know you, and I have some cousins who do not live many miles from you. CHARLIE.

Your game with dear little Busy Bee will have to be postponed, as she is deprived for a time from meeting with us in the Monthly Chat. How much we miss her from our loved circle! but hope ere long she may be restored to our "Union" in the MUSEUM as well as of the States, never more to be broken. A recent letter from her, by express, bearing the motto, "Charity never faileth," shows that she still remembers the MUSEUM with affection and love; and though her State for a time may seem to have forgotten the good old memories of our fathers and the blessings of a once glorious and happy Union, yet we trust the time is not far distant when returning reason and charity shall restore the old bonds, replace

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the old flag, and re-unite dissevered and alienated hearts in the former bonds of fraternity and love. God speed the glorious day.

BROOKLYN, *July* 25, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS:—I think as the MUSEUM has been such a frequent visitor at our house since 1849, that I might be admitted. So, if you please, I will make myself acquainted without any introduction, though I am naturally bashful. Wilforley, will you not give me your address? and Tommy too—you are from Brooklyn—may I not hope to make your acquaintance? Sybil, may I sit by you? I'll promise not to tell any secrets that you have a mind to tell me. Hawthorne, I hope you will not leave us now. Oliver Onley, when I come to look at Ben Franklin, I will come and see you, and then won't we have a good talk about old times, when you were a boy?

Hattie, what do you think of Bess? Don't you think it was dreadful? But I forgive him. Fleta, let me hear some stories of foreign parts. Give my love to the girls, my respects to the boys.

Ever yours, MARY.

ST. ANDREW'S, *Aug.* 8, 1861.

"Forward to Richmond, by way of Bull's Run!" General Coleman's army will not retreat, though swept by forty masked batteries like that commanded by Sophie. But, I confess it, the fire has been terrible. The enemy is in possession of information which was supposed to be known only to the commanding officer, thereby placing his forces almost at the mercy of the foe. But nobly they have fought, nobly they shall fight, until they plant their colors behind the last intrenchment, or fall wrapped in its folds. Sophie, I *deny* the assertion in your second paragraph; I *demand* an explanation of the third. I know nothing of "other ways of deceiving," of "other means of deluding."

Daisy, my marrow-bones creak in acknowledgment of your sympathy and confidence in the midst of so much unjust suspicion and accusation. "How far your tiny candle throws its beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world." In striking contrast are the sentiments of Fleta Forrester in the letter immediately following. My saddened soul makes no reply.

Have I been wrong, Sybil Grey, in directing suspicion toward you? You *confess* to having "sailed under false colors" not long ago. But no matter; let us drop these mutual recriminations, and be friends. Will you? I need some faithful supporter. Scarce any one defends my character or believes me straightforward, yet I know not what I have said or done to cause this coldness.

There are so many italicized words in Stella Lightner's letters, that I am at a loss to know which are the emphatic ones, italic or Roman. Stella, you are as bad as Mrs. Paradise Southworth.

My hand to you most heartily, Wil H. Coleman. Use the name freely, only leave me the *lie*, and send a photograph to prove identity. You know there is another claimant to the title in Texas.

That *carte de visite* question is becoming very prominent, and demands consideration. The good-looking folks, so far as I know them, seem delighted with the idea, and are ready to give and take. But there are some others who *squirm*. I do, for one. Never gave me "photo" to any one, even my "most intimate;" don't like to have my phiz criticised any more than can be helped; think the original is enough of a *cuss*, without multiplying it; *but* I *do* want the cartes of some of my beloved cousins, and therefore, after much thought and consideration, I have concluded to exchange portraits with such of the Merries as desire it, on *one* condition only—that I receive their photographs *first*. Exchange to be made through Uncle Merry, I suppose. So Black-Eyes, Sybil Grey, Annie E. Drummond, Nip, Fleta Forrester, Stella Lightner, and the rest of you, make ready. WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

BALTIMORE, *Aug.* 6.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—The August number of the "Chat" was so interesting, that I feel as if I must say a few words to you all.

Aunt Sue, suppose the prize trial should be a composition on *Aunts*, and we should take you for a text, I think H. A. D. and O. O. ought to follow the example of Barbara Blythe, and help others to the prize. (It wouldn't do, Jim, because not one of you could send your *love* to me.—A. S.)

Now, Mr. Wilforley, I've guessed your puzzle, so hand over that *picter*; no tricks; it must be genuine—can't trust you.

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Uncle Merry has put me down "Jim of Baltimore," and it seems to be the impression up North that all Baltimoreans are rebels, but that is not so, for the stars and stripes float from the top of our house, and I am as strong for the "Union" as O. O. himself. I see one of the cousins is no more ("N. O. Moore"). When did he or she depart this life? JIM.

Three Union cheers for Jim.

CEDAR POINT, CHASE CO., KANSAS.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS:—I take the MUSEUM, and of course am very fond of it. Living in the Far West, on the very border of civilization, I fancy that a little "chat" from here, describing the country and Western life, might prove interesting to you all, and particularly those of your number unacquainted with "wild Western scenes."

We live near the western boundary of Chase County, by the beautiful river Cottonwood. The country is truly charming. Extending from the river from one to three miles, the "bottoms," as they are called here, gently sloping toward the stream, covered with a luxuriant growth of wild grass and prairie flowers, seem to possess inexhaustible fertility, and forcibly suggest themselves to the industrious husbandman. Timber of oak, black walnut, hickory, coffee bean, and hackberry skirt the river banks. Almost inexhaustible quarries of stone of excellent quality for building purposes, and easily accessible, abound in the neighboring bluffs. These bluffs are quite rough and precipitate in many places. As you recede from the river the country grows less rugged, and only a mile or two back the rolling prairies is good farming land. From the more elevated of these bluffs—these romantic prairie hills—scenes of indescribable beauty and grandeur present themselves to the beholder. At your feet glides smoothly along, over a pebbly bottom, the clear, sparkling waters of the stream I have mentioned. It is enameled with stately trees and bushes, whose ample foliage kiss the passing waves. Beyond, stretching far away on the horizon, rise in promiscuous and fantastic forms, range after range of rolling prairie, most exquisite to the view.

The climate is salubrious, delightful. The bland southwest wind that generally prevails in summer, is cool and exhilarating. This Cottonwood Valley is as yet but sparsely settled. We are a good ways off (150 miles from Missouri River), but the country is hardly surpassed, nevertheless.

I might say more, but for fear of that direful hatchet.

Should any of the uncles or cousins come this way, I hope they will call and see us. Yours,

LAWRENCE DRINKWATER.

SAN JUAN, CAL., *May*, 1861.

The Merry family, I believe, numbers some Californians, though I have seen but few names among their correspondents.

I have often hoped to see descriptions from some pleasant pen of our beautiful country, but whether the young cousins have not ventured to write, or their parents have not made the effort, I don't know, but no such attempts at opening an acquaintance have been made.

So many vague, incorrect ideas prevail in the Atlantic States about their fair young sister of the Pacific, that I propose writing you an occasional letter with notes of matters and things which I think may interest you. And first, let me tell you there is a charm about life in California which it possesses in no other country—a nameless *something* which every one feels, but no one can explain. There is no home-sickness here. Although many are living in the country isolated from all friends save their own immediate family, yet (with the exception of an occasional grumbler who would hardly be contented were he to find himself in Paradise) you seldom hear one wishing to return. Many do go East for a visit, but generally long again for the land of their adoption, and yearn for our sunny skies and smiling landscape. "*Once* a Californian, *always* a Californian," has been said most truly, and I think the sentiment will find an echo in the heart of many a one who *would* return here if he *could*. If any of my Merry cousins should be induced to come and see for themselves what there is so pleasant in California life, I shall be very happy to see them, and venture to predict, that, so far from being disappointed, they will exclaim, "The half has not been told me."

HESPERIA.

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MATTIE BELL.—We miss you of late from our circle; shall be glad to hear from you; let it be soon.

C. M. E., Jacksonville, Ill.—We will exchange your numbers for bound volumes, either cloth or library edition, for 50 cents each yearly volume.

—— A letter from Auburn desires us to "send the June and July numbers," but as there is no name signed to the letter, and we have a large list in that place, we shall have to wait "further instructions." Do not write to us, forget to sign your name or give your address, and then blame old Robert Merry because you get no answer.

O. H. P. incloses one dollar, and writes: "Times are hard, but our little Mary says she would rather do without a new dress than without the MUSEUM." Many thanks to "our little Mary." I hope you never will regret your decision.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

I NEVER thought about July and August being such warm months, or I would have given you all *milder* enigmas. I miss several accustomed faces this month; I hope none have melted away.

CHARLIE F. WARREN appears to have been the most enduring, and wins the prize for July, having answered 22 out of the 34 puzzles.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

244. Down-trodden, humbled, and oppressed,
My first—though useful in its way,
And boasting oft rare loveliness—
Uncared for lives its little day.

Hush! 'tis the hour of evening prayer,
And softly now a voice we hear,
Whose grateful words the hushed winds bear
Up to the Almighty Father's ear.

One word—my second, full of praise,
We note 'mid others, as they rise,
While saints repeat it, as they raise
Their loud hosannas in the skies.

How dread the silence all around!
All Spain's proud beauties faint with fright—
E'en knighthood's inured pulse doth bound,
And chill with horror at the sight!

In the last agonies of death,
Outstretched in the arena, lies
My whole; and near, with labored breath,
His recent foe beside him dies.
Fleta Forrester.

245. I am composed of 18 letters:
My 10, 15, 11 is a lad that likes my 12, 1, 5.
My 12, 15, 9, 18 is a passion akin to 8, 4, 6, 11, 17, 14.
My 14, 7, 8 may be quelled by the use of my 8, 9, 10, 11.
My 16, 3, 2, 17 may be found in the 8, 13, 4, 11.
My whole is echoed in the heart of every American patriot.
Milton Goodenow.

246. Three animals (less the final letter) will name a celebrated place.
Clara.

247. My first is part of the body; my second a sensation; my third is found in the ocean; and my whole is an animal. *Ada.*

248. I am composed of 15 letters:
My 7, 3, 8, 9 is an animal.
My 10, 5, 12, 2 is part of a building.
My 1, 15, 14, 6 is expressive of time.
My 13, 11, 4 is a number.
My whole was a noted naturalist.
Busy Bee.

249. If I shoot at three pigeons on a tree, and kill one, how many will remain? *Aunt R.*

250. My first means more than one; my second means a solitary one; my third is highly popular now (with boys more than with their parents.—A. S.); and my whole you are to guess. *Harry H.*

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251. What letter turns a church into a pastor, and by its omission makes a married life a miserable one? *Minx.*

252. Entire, I am of bloody mien,
And spread destruction all around;
Beheaded—cheerfully I'm seen
Where pleasure's votaries are found. *Jeannie Parker.*

253. Why should a brigadier-general, with his troops, be able to cross any river? *Aunt Sue.*

ANAGRAMS.

254. Tom can pet lions.

255. Main race. *Myrtle P.*

256. Spoil a board.

257. Amy's purple net *H. A. Danker.*

258. Lo! a slop.

259. O! hark! *Nedloh.*

260. My first, second, third, and fourth are always found in Aunt Sue's bureau; my fifth and sixth may always be found in every large city; my whole is desired by many. *Clara Burnham.*

261 Why is a pail of milk like a pair of boots? *K. C.*

262. Join a verb and conjunction, and make a noun. *Lizzie G.*

263. Join a conjunction and a noun, and form an adverb.

264. Join a noun and adjective, and make a verb. *D. M. W.*

265. I am composed of 24 letters:
My 8, 8, 9 is an animal.
My 20, 17, 7, 23, 15, 6, 1, 22, 4 is a bird.
My 14, 12, 21, 5 is a fruit.
My 11, 10, 18, 2 is a title.
My 20, 18, 19, 16, 6, 23, 24, 12, 5 is a title.
My 13, 24, 8 is an animal.
My whole has made himself famous. *Jasper.*

266. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 1, 12, 3 is a nickname for my whole.
My 6, 2, 15, 11 is to merit.
My 13, 10, 5, 17 is useful in kitchen gardens.
My 9, 7, 14, 16 is useful to navigators.
My 8, 4 is an adverb.
My whole was a celebrated man. *Cornelia.*

267. My first, second, and whole are deer. *Oliver Onley.*

268. Find five letters capable of being transposed into five different words: two nouns, two adjectives, and a verb. *C. F. Warren.*

269. I am a word of three syllables; my first member is one of the family of fruits; my second component part is an article in very common use, at once a receptacle for the most valuable and the most useless things; my last member is an interjection. Entire, I am a substance employed in writing and drawing. *Wilforley.*

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

270. Who cowardly a prince did kill?

271. Who built a city on a hill?

272. Whose son profane his life did lose?

273. What Persian queen preserved the Jews?

274. What Jewish king a leper died?

275. Whose wicked mother "Treason" cried?

276. The initial letters, joined aright,
A famous Jew will bring to light.

Tell the names, and where the events are mentioned. *Uncle Joe.*

Answers to Questions in July No.

184. Amanuensis (anagram).

185. "Ven he pronounce it ver' bad."

186. The philosopher's stone.

187. Cane—Caen.

188. Swell—wells.

189. Wales—swale. (C. F. W. gives Nevers—Severn.)

190. A rag—Agra.

191. Chart, hart, char.

192. Nil desperandum de Republica.

193. The acrochord of Java.

194. Warsaw.

195. Leghorn.

196. Barmen.

197. Tournay.

198. Courtray.

199. Brighton.

200. Marshall.

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201. Moorehead.
202. Bradbury.
203. Benton.
204 IMMIX.
205. Tube-rose.
206. Skunk's cabbage.
207. Oceola.
208. Love and good neighborhood.
209. Constantinople.
210. Stone-crop. (Many have given "Wall-flower," which I credit.)
211. Tape—ape.
212. Shore—horse.
213. Sus, suus, sumus, summus.
214 In cider (inside her).
215 Oolooloo ("the mermaid of the Riding Rocks"). (Sam T. K. gives "XSS—excesses." Mary A. E. gives "LXX—Alexis.")
216. Don Ramon de Mesonero y Romanos.
217. My son, hear the instruction of thy father.

CHARLIE F. WARREN answers all but 184, 185, 186, 192, 193, 196, 197, 206, 208, 214, 215, 217.

Hattie, all but 184, 185, 186, 189, 192, 193, 196, 197, 201, 206, 208, 214, 215, 217.

Bertha, all but 184, 185, 189, 192, 193, 197, 199, 201, 206, 208, 210, 213, 214, 215, 217.

Mary A. E., all but 184, 185, 187, 189, 192, 193, 199, 201, 206, 208, 210, 213, 214, 215, 217.

E. W. W., all but 184, 185, 189, 192, 193, 196, 197, 198, 206, 207, 208, 213, 214, 215, 217.

Frank, all but 184, 185, 189, 191, 192, 193, 195, 196, 197, 201, 206, 208, 212, 214, 215, 217.

Nedloh answers 186, 188, 189, 190, 191, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 211.

Hal B.—184, 185, 187, 188, 190, 194, 195, 200, 202, 203, 211, 212

Lizzie H.—190, 191, 194, 195, 197, 211.

E. N. de L.—186, 194, 200, 210, 211, 212.

Sam T. K.—186, 194, 195, 200, 209, 211.

Ada.—186, 191, 210, 211, 212.

Buckeye Ike.—186, 190, 194, 195, 211.

Clara.—194, 195, 205.

Wilforley.—212.

Eddie.—209.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. N. Rouse.—Tell your "little sister" to write to me (*Aunt Sue*) her own self.

Clara.—You and *Bella B.* are more than welcome.

Milton Goodenow.—Your spirited sketches are admired and appreciated. Don't you think if some of our fair chatterers went to the war, they would secure many a prisoner? They have such *taking ways*.

K. C.—Is that conundrum original with *you?* It is capital.

Wilforley.—I have studied your question on page 57. You want to know if I think that you think that I think you think. *W. H. C.* thinks that you and I are identical; is that it? Well, I think not.

Anna W. N.—See remarks following late answers.

Nedloh sends love to all the cousins, but especially to *Annie D.* and *Clara*.

Lizzie H.—The "sugar-bowl-ful" is accepted at once. Send the address. *Lizzie* wishes she had *O. O.'s* or *H. A. D.'s* brains. So do I, Liz.; I should be very glad to fill up some of the cavities in my cranium with their overplus.

Busy Bee.—I sent your prize by Adams' Express; wonder if you will ever see it! Oh! here's your letter; all right. Indeed we won't forget you.

E. W. W. sends his (?) love to *Jeannie Parker*. Answers to be credited in time must be sent in by the 12th of the month following the issue of the Magazine.

Mary A. E.—Sent as desired.

Ned W.—Do you think I don't know?

Sybil Grey.—Did you find a letter in your post-office last month? Not to Miss "E. P. M." this time.

Hattie.—I was just giving you credit for having won the prize, when Charlie F. W.'s letter arrived, giving two more answers. Boston carries the day still.

Cousin Fannie answers *Wilforley's* charade with "buttermilk;" but that won't quite do, little *Fannie*—it is "ram-rod."

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Eddie*, *Buckeye Ike*, *Wilforley*, and *Nedloh*.

Answers too late to be credited last month from *Ned W.* (26), *E. W. W.* (25), and *Anna W. N.* (26). Parties competing for the prizes must in future send in their answers by the 12th of the month. Answers to this month's puzzles must reach me by the 12th of November.

AUNT SUE.

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WHAT THE LITTLE FLOWER SAID.

LITTLE reader, come and see
What a flower said to me.
Brightly blooming by the way,
Fragrant, beautiful, and gay,
Scarce would garden flowers most fair
With this little one compare;
Yet it wastes its perfume sweet
On the dry and dusty street.
And when I thought to ask it why,
Thus it seemed to make reply—
"He who made me bright and fair,
He who guards me still with care,
He it is who placed me here
That I might the wayside cheer
Oft the traveler, passing by,
Casts on me a thankful eye,
And I know his happiness
God hath made me to increase.
Then I tell him of the love
Of the One who rules above,
And sometimes his heart will raise,
Taught by me, a song of praise.
Then I tell him of God's skill,
How its purpose to fulfill,
He hath made each little thing,
How each doth His praises sing,
How the God who made the sun,
Made of flowers the smallest one,
And assigns to each its place
In the field of usefulness.
Thus I to the traveler preach,
Thus of God I strive to teach.
Not alone for happiness
Do we fill on earth our place;
There's a work for each to do,
Go; there is a work for you."

ADA.

THE idler is a sponge on society, and a curse to his own existence. He is content to vegetate merely. He never troubles himself to produce a single thought, and his hands are never concerned in the fashioning of a single article of use or ornament.

YOU need not talk much to get a reputation for good sense. One good remark is better than twenty dull or common ones.

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ANNA HATHAWAY'S TALES.—No. 7.

"ANOTHER story? Well, I declare!" said Miss Hathaway's pleasant voice, in reply to a very common request from the Eastman children: "Would Miss Anna please tell them another story?" "Well, come in, my dears," said she, "and we'll see if there's one left in the treasury."

"Shall you *ever* get out of stories, Miss Anna?" asked Susy.

"Oh, I don't know—I guess not," said Anna, laughing. "There's *one* left *now*, at any rate, and if you will keep very still, I'll tell you all about

GRACIE'S REWARD.

Away among the hills of good old Connecticut, near the little village of Greendale, lived — as novel-writers would say—my heroine. Indeed, I am not sure but a very respectable novel might, with considerable embellishment, have been founded on the story of my little Gracie More. You should have seen the rustic home where she lived, the only help and companion of old Granny More, for Gracie's parents both had died long years before. The low porch in front was covered with the luxuriant woodbine. The latticed windows, with their white curtains, always looked clean and pure and cool from the road, a few rods distant. Behind, the roof sloped down to the low back door, near which stood the great pear-tree; from its branches hung Gracie's swing. Farther to the side was the well, with its high, old-fashioned sweep, and in front a smooth grass plat, with the two great elm-trees. The low paling next the road was overrun with wild vines and berry bushes. The staid old pussy on the door-stone, in the sun, completed the quiet picture. The village children called Grandmother More "a cross old thing." She often spoke sharply; her staid, severe aspect was enough in itself to terrify the boys who had an eye on her pears and her sweet apple-tree. She was not a very lively companion for Gracie, as she sat by the door spinning—spinning from morn till night, and Gracie was her only help and comfort. It was she who swept the floor, who got and cleared away the frugal meal, and milked their one cow—Cherry. She was all Grandmother More had to love; and in her heart she loved, although she often spake harshly to the little girl.

Sometimes her grandmother would go out under the trees after the day's work was done, and Gracie would bring out her doll and have a quiet talk in the shade. Gracie always went to school. But in the warm summer months there was a long vacation, and almost every day she went to gather the sweet wild strawberries that ripened early in the open places, and lingered long in the more shady spots.

After her return, one day, from one of these expeditions, just before sunset, as it began to grow cool and pleasant, she took her seat under one of the elm-trees to prepare her berries for supper. Squire Corning's carriage came leisurely down the road—Squire Corning's was the finest vehicle in the neighborhood; so Gracie knew in an instant whose it was—and the strange lady with Lizzy Corning must be their guest from the city. As the carriage drew nearer, the lady exclaimed, "What a lovely child! Stop a moment, Jim," to the coachman. "Who is she? I must speak to her!"

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"Oh, that's Granny More's little girl," replied Miss Lizzy, a miss of fifteen, with a little toss of her head. She evidently considered herself of infinitely more importance than simple little Gracie More.

"How much like my darling Luly," continued the lady to herself, unmindful of Miss Lizzy's airs.

"*Your* little Luly?" asked Lizzy, in some surprise; but she got no answer, for Mrs. Thorne had already sprung from the carriage and was talking with our little Gracie.

Self-possessed woman as was Mrs. Thorne, she hardly knew what to say after obeying her sudden impulse to speak to our little girl. "What is your name, little one?" she asked.

"Gracie More," replied the child, with an admiring gaze—she saw very few fashionable ladies in Greendale.

"Will you bring me a glass of water, little girl?" said she, after a

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moment's pause. Gracie bounded off. "Very, very lovely," said Mrs. Thorne, as Gracie stood by the well, her hair shining golden in the sunlight. She was soon back, and Mrs. Thorne would have spoken longer, but Lizzy Corning, tired of waiting, came running up, and she turned abruptly back to the carriage.

Gracie had much to say that evening about the beautiful lady with her rich silk dress, her beautiful dark eyes and wavy hair, and grandmother would say, "Fiddlestick! child—one would think you'd never seen fine clothes before." And Mrs. Thorne, on the way back, learned from Lizzy all Gracie's history.

The next afternoon, when the sun had got around into the "west window," Squire Corning's carriage again drove up. This time the lady was alone, and had come to visit Granny More. Gracie was behind the cottage, in the swing, with kitty in her arms; but she soon heard Mrs. Thorne's clear, sweet voice calling—"Gracie—little girl—I want to see you." She dropped kitty, and ran. Grandma looked sadly troubled.

"This lady wants you, Gracie," said she; "do you want to go with her, my little Gracie? You would have silk dresses, and ride in a carriage, and be a lady, and she would love you, Gracie; no such cross words as you get from me. Go if you want to, child." Grandmother More spoke quick and nervously. She saw the advantage it would be to Gracie; and at the same time she saw what the little girl never thought of—that in the winter, when her rheumatism was so bad, the poor-house would be her only refuge.

With Mrs. Thorne's soft, dark eyes beaming kindly on her, with the enchanting prospect of "learning everything," and, better still, of having such a loving friend before her, was it any wonder that Gracie placed her hand in Mrs. Thorne's and nestled for a *moment* at her side? Grandmother turned away to hide the tear in her eye, and only said, "It is natural."

But Gracie had already *thought*, and resolutely putting aside the beautiful picture, said, simply, "Grandma needs me—I can not go."

Mrs. Thorne kissed her, and said, while a tear glistened in her eye, "I don't like to give you up, my little girl; but I was selfish in asking grandma for you."

Grandma laid her hand caressingly on Gracie's head. "Run out doors, child," said she. "I would like to speak to the lady." When she was gone, she said, "I am an old woman, Mrs. Thorne—I can't live very long. When I die, what will become of my little Gracie? Will you come *then* and get my little girl?" And she promised. Grandmother More was kinder to Gracie after that; but the tears would come to the child's eyes when she thought of the beautiful home she might have had; and the void Gracie might have filled was still in the heart of Mrs. Thorne.

The hot months were soon over, and she returned to her beautiful but lonely city home. Autumn and winter passed by. One wild, stormy March night, when the rain, borne by the keen northern blast, beat against the window-pane, a timid knock was heard at the door of the warm kitchen, where good Mother Blake and her daughter, Martha, sat by the cheerfully blazing fire.

"Who can it be?" said Martha, as she proceeded to cautiously open the door. The rain drove in through the

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open door, and the wind threatened to extinguish the candle on the stand, near which sat Mother Blake with her knitting-work. "Dear me!" cried Martha; "it's little Gracie—and dripping wet! Come in, child. What brought you out such a night as this?"

"Oh, Martha, grandma is very bad. She said, 'Get somebody.' Won't you come—please, Martha."

It would have been hard for any one to resist Gracie's tearful eye and pleading look. Martha Blake looked out at the window—"Dark as pitch!" "But you can't go back alone, child." She bustled about and was soon ready to accompany her back through the pitiless storm.

Grandmother More was indeed very sick; but the girls could do little more than keep a warm fire; and in the morning, when Doctor Lyman called, he found both Martha and Gracie asleep, wearied out by their long vigil, and Grandmother More was—dead!

* * * * * *

In the old bureau drawer was found a letter with the superscription, "For Mrs. Elizabeth Thorne—when I am dead." Doctor Lyman mailed the letter immediately—for he conjectured that it had something to do with Gracie; and in the mean time took the little girl to his home. Mrs. Thorne had not forgotten the sweet little country girl, nor her promise, and answered the letter in person.

"Yes, take her, Mrs. Thorne," said Doctor Lyman, when she called; "she is a sweet child, and I would like to keep her myself, but she is yours by right."

Gracie just then entered. "Will you go with me *now*, little girl?" asked Mrs. Thorne, with a cry of delight.

Gracie sprang to her side; it had been a sore trial to her to refuse before; *now* she could say Yes; and in a few days she went with her adopted mother to her city home. And how delighted she was with the greenhouse, the canaries, and the little white rabbits! how engaged in her lessons, her music, and drawing! and above all, how happy in having *some one to love her!* Mrs. Thorne was a rich but childless widow, and Gracie soon became very dear to her—the light of the household. And now Gracie had her reward for her self-denial, for *now* she could enjoy all this, with the consciousness that she had done her duty.

"Thank you, Miss Anna," said Susy, when Miss Hathaway had finished.

"You're perfectly welcome, my dear," replied Anna; "you must come up again soon."

"We certainly shall," was the reply.

It was getting late as they said "good-night" and went down stairs.

ELLIAN.

MY TEACHERS.

My teachers are the rocks and rills,
The clouds that cap the far-off hills,
The flowers, the sturdy forest trees,
Each blade of grass, each whispering breeze.

And from their study shall accrue
Lessons which will my heart imbue
With love to God and love to man,
Whenever I his works shall scan.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

I SEE no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread;
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.

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ABOUT BIRDS.

I SUPPOSE all the little girls who read the MUSEUM recollect the story of "Ruby," our pet robin, and *perhaps* the boys; and now I will tell them that the same pair of robins came back last spring to their old nest in our hen-house, repaired it in the nicest order, and I can assure you they were welcomed with shouts of joy by their old friends, the children, who would gladly have assisted them, if they had been able; but children are not quite wise enough to build bird's nests.

After four blue eggs had been deposited in the nest, and they had been hatched by the loving pair, and we had begun to count the days when we could take another Ruby to our *hearts*, our cat took them all to her *mouth*. Was it not cruel?

Not quite so bad, however, as something I can tell you. Sissy found a small nest in a peach-tree, with three skeletons of young birds in it; they had apparently starved to death. Perhaps puss could have told what became of their mother.

She brought the nest for me to see,
That I might weep for them.
There lay the starved young nestlings
Within that nest so trim. [three
Half fledged they were, poor little things!
Their feathers still were there;
Their feet drawn up, as if in pain,
And all their bones were bare.

Puss caught a bird last week that had a tuft of saffron-colored feathers on its head—*very* beautiful. I did not know its name, and as she had not hurt it much, I let it fly away. Oh! how beautiful the birds all are. Boys, don't kill them; the girls love them, and will *not* love you, if you do! The trees are full of them now, and we can hear their sweet music from earliest dawn till evening draws her curtain about. Soon they will take their departure to sunnier skies (but not to the war!) AUNT MARTHA.

NONE LIVETH FOR HIMSELF.—God has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air—upon the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the rain-drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon its deep chambers—upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun, which warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in its light—upon his works he has written, "*None liveth for himself!*"

THINK nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, minutes make the year—
Trifles are life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you learn to live.

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ABOUT FARMERS' WAYS.

"WHEN you told me *about life in the country*, dear papa," said Rufus Herbert, "you promised to tell me more at another time. You did not tell me much about haying and harvesting, and about the cows, and about the butter which you called golden. Did you get up early, papa, and go with the hay-makers to the field by sunrise?"

"No," said Mr. Herbert, "I can't say that I did. I used to be sent with the lunch-basket sometimes; and it was pleasant enough to see the tired and hungry workmen fall to when the basket was opened — pork, and bread and cheese, and doughnuts and huckleberry pie, were always there. The good farmer wives like to make something nice for the men that labor in the burning sun with the hay and grain. Some shady spot of tree or wall was their dining-room, whither they repaired, wiping the sweat from their heated faces.

"That makes me think of the way the boys carried their dinners to school in the country. That is a rare time, I assure you. I often wished that I lived farther from the school-house, that I might carry my dinner every day. I staid on stormy days occasionally, and there was fun. The varied eatables from the many baskets, though of a coarse kind, appeared to me far beyond my mother's dainty cooking. The gipsy-freedom way of taking it made it as attractive as a play. My sister Alice, your own auntie, sometimes remained with me at school in a storm, and our mother would send us a dinner by a waiting-man; and when we would find in a great covered basket a delicate pudding on one dish, and a sauce in another, with spoons or forks and napkins, we felt as if there were no charm about it, and the deep yellow pumpkin pie of the farmer boys, with a *crust* that might have been rolled up and *pinned* together, excited our envy, for there lay the strangeness and sport.

"But on the hay-field, swing goes the great scythe, and down fall the bright red clover blossoms, honey and

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all—how quickly all are laid low by that keen edge! A few stray bees, and now and then a great *bumble-bee*, goes fizzing away quite in dudgeon. Daisies and wild columbines, and many beautiful little flowers, are all prostrate among the grasses as the scythe moves on. If you will only take some of these tiny blossoms, which we call *weeds*, in your hand, and examine, you will see that I tell you the truth, that they are *very* beautiful. This mowing is very hard work for the men, and the perspiration almost rains from their brows; then comes the turning over and shaking up the grass with the pitchfork, which is almost a resting-time. The delight of the whole, Rufie, is a ride on the top of a real country load of fragrant hay, almost a stack on one load. When we drove into the barn-yard gate, grandfather, and often grandmother, too, would come out and cheer the men, and then there was a swinging of hats and hurrahing. In some mountainous countries they make the goats draw small wagon loads of short and fine grass, that makes it all seem like toy play; but it is the best which they can get, and is very good for those that like it."

"Tell me about the milking times, papa; did you get up to see them?"

"I shall be obliged to confess that I did not; but I was an interested spectator among the cows at evening as long ago as I can remember anything. At the quiet hour of sunset, a pleasant sound it was all the way from the rattling strokes of the streaming milk on the bottom of the empty pail, changing and changing to the rich muffled sound, as the foam rose to the brim. Ours were favored cows, as I ever thought; they had plenty of great trees for shade; and the prettiest of brooks was Willow-Brook, where they could drink and wade as they liked. We are in the habit of thinking that cows can not do anything but eat and drink and sleep; but I can tell you that they know more than you think for, though if you look in their bright brown eyes a few times, you will believe that they are not stupid. I will tell you a true story of one of ours. The barn at one time took fire, and was quickly in a blaze—two fine horses were burned in

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it. The cows were in the yard, and, all terrified, were trying to escape. At last Cleopatra, the oldest, broke a part of the fence with her horns, and then stepped one side of the gap, till her daughter, Spirelle, and her granddaughter, Finnie, were safely out, when she followed, and all were safe. I don't think even a horse could have done more, if as much as that.

"Nora would take the pails of milk, and strain all into pans, to *set* for cream; and I have watched the churning, and have been invited to take hold and work also, when your Aunt Allie was around; and as sweet as roses were the butter lumps, and the exact color of my watch, and so I called them golden. Real little cheeses she could make too, about as big as a dining-plate, and quite eatable, as father said, and he knew as much about cheese as any rat or nibbling mousie. Allie would press upon the cheeses a wreath made of fresh sage-leaves, and cut from leaves the initials of her name, and press them on. Nora showed her how to turn the curds, and then she pressed on the ornaments. Ours was not a great dairy farm, and the cheese-making was done by Allie in a toy press. Dear Allie, she ornamented everything she touched, I think. In that respect she was like October, good old October, ripening all the apples, which, in their gay colors, were heaped under the trees, and where I could help myself much more to my satisfaction than I now can in the city from the stand of some *soiled* old fruit-woman, while some poor child looks wistfully on. Then we could give away baskets of them, but here they are too costly for that.

"The chesnuting-time was a joy to us all. Such a scrambling for the nuts among the brilliant colored leaves, after Jack Frost had been out with his paint-brush a few times. All through the woods it was like a gay carpet, and the shining nuts were like the figure-dots, which elated us till we were half wild; and we shouted and tumbled, filled and spilled, and filled again our baskets. The little birds

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are gone by this time, and the squirrels are in full parade, tails up, and hunting nuts, as well as the boys.

"Ah, the sweet summer is gone—the yellow butterflies, almost gold color, are out on the sunny days now; but at the coming of the first dark cloud, they disappear. The flowered amaranths and altheas; and the hollyhock stems, bare of a single cup; and the black crows, cawing and flapping their wings in the sky, all say it is the autumn—the year is closing.

"But no matter, all these changes of the seasons are beautiful—think of them, Rufie, and learn to love them all."

LAURA ELMER.

GRANDMOTHER'S STAR.

LITTLE Annie's grandmother seemed to regard her as a bright star given her by Heaven to cheer the evening of her life, and never for a moment seemed to think that one so beautiful and beloved could be taken from her. But in a day when she looked not for him, consumption entered her dwelling, and instead of laying his hand upon her whose frame the storms of life had bent, and whose head had been bleached by the snows of many winters, he blasted in the bud this lovely flower. Soon it was seen that the destroyer was at work. No remedy which wealth could command was wanted. But all in vain. After some months of lingering illness, which she bore with the fortitude and resignation of a Christian, they one day laid the child, still beautiful as the opening rose of summer, upon the bed. She said, "Sing for me, grandma; sing 'I want to be an angel.'" They gathered around her bed-side, and she joined her sweet voice with theirs. When the song was ended, with a smile of seraphic sweetness she pointed upward, exclaiming, "Grandma, don't you see those beautiful children? Don't you hear them sing? I want to go with them!" She dropped her hand, closed her eyes, and the loving child had gone "to be an angel, and with the angels dwell."

ONE day is worth three to him who does everything in order.

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DON'T BE AFRAID TO TELL THE TRUTH.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

SMASH! went a pane of glass in the window of a small drug store, as an iron hoop came bouncing against it. Up jumped the old gentleman, who sat behind the counter reading a newspaper, and ran to the door, with the intention of catching the offender; but he was not so quick in his movements as the unfortunate owner of the hoop, and all that Mr. Beebee, the druggist, saw, as he looked out, was a pair of heels flying around the corner.

"You young rascal," said he, as he shook his fist in the direction of the fugitive, "just let me catch you, that's all!"

But while he is wasting his wrath on the air, let us follow poor Charley Mann (for that was the window-breaker) as he ran toward his house.

As soon as he caught sight of his neat little home, with the clean white muslin curtains, and a face behind them which he fancied was his mother's, he stopped, and said to himself, "This isn't right—pshaw! what was I thinking of?"

Then turning round, he slowly retraced his steps toward the druggist's.

Mr. Beebee was not in a very amiable mood when Charley went in, and the hoop which the latter still held in his hand did not help to mend matters.

"Are you the boy that broke my window?" asked Mr. Beebee, getting up, and seizing his cane in a very threatening manner.

"Yes, sir, and I came to say that I was very sorry for it, and to know how much I must pay for a new pane of glass."

"You pay for it!" exclaimed Mr. Beebee, "I don't believe you ever had so much money in your life as would pay for that glass."

"I've got two-and-ninepence, sir," at the same time putting the money on the counter, "and I'll work for you and earn the rest, if you'll let me."

"Can't your father pay for it?"

"I have no father, sir," answered Charley, rather sadly.

"Well, can't your mother pay for it?"

"She is very poor, sir, and I should hate to ask her for the money."

"What made you run away, when you broke the window?"

"Why, at first," said Charley, hesitatingly, "I was afraid I should get a beating."

"What made you come back again, then?"

"Because I felt that I was acting like a coward, and I knew mother would be vexed with me, and I thought I had better do right and run the risk of your cane, than do wrong and make mother sorry."

"Don't you call it doing wrong to break my window?"

"Yes, sir, because it was careless of me. Mother says we are apt to do wrong, and when we do, we should atone for it; and I don't know what I can do, except to give you all the money I've got, and try to earn more."

And poor Charles looked sadly out of the broken window.

Now the fact was, Mr. Beebee was not half so cross as he looked; he was very much pleased with Charley's conduct and only questioned him.

"What is your name?" inquired he.

"Charles Mann."

"Where do you live?"

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Charley told him.

"What does your mother do?"

"She takes in sewing, when she can get any, but she hasn't had any to do for a long while."

And Charley looked wistfully at the two-and-ninepence.

"Perhaps she will be angry with you for giving me that money."

"Oh! no, sir. I know she would rather I would."

"How old are you?"

"Twelve years old, sir."

"And what do you do for a living?"

"Mother wanted me to go to the public school, as long as she could earn enough to support us, but this morning she said she was afraid I would have to look around for something to do, as she couldn't get enough work."

"Well, Charles, I believe I will take you into my store, until you earn money enough to pay for the window; but I am almost afraid you will be breaking the bottles or jars every day."

"I'll try to be more careful, sir."

"Well, we'll begin to-morrow morning; and now go home to your mother."

"Shan't I go to the glasier first?"

"Yes, do."

And off went Charley; the heels flew just as they did before, but it was to very different music this time.

In the mean time Mr. Beebee walked toward the farther end of the store, and opening a door which led to the dwelling part of the house, he called his housekeeper, Mrs. Morgan. A trim, bustling little body appeared, and desired to know what he wanted.

"Mrs. Morgan," said Mr. Beebee, "did I not see you making some shirts for me the other day?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many have you made?"

This question rather flurried the little woman; she had never known her master to make such inquiries before, and she was afraid he thought she did not get on fast enough with his work, so she answered with rather a frightened look.

"Only three, sir. I have had to go so often to widow Brown's since her little boy was sick, that I—"

"How many more have you cut out to make?" asked Mr. Beebee, interrupting her.

"Three more, sir."

"Well, I am very glad you have not made more than three. Now, Mrs. Morgan, I want you to put on your bonnet, take a basket, and fill it with some tea and sugar, and crackers, and any other little things of that kind you may happen to have in the closet, and take it to Mrs. Mann's, with those three shirts for her to make."

"Don't I make your shirts neat enough, sir? To be sure I can't see quite as well as I used to when I was young; but when I get on my magnifying glasses, I see to stitch pretty well."

"You made them a great deal too neatly, Mrs. Morgan, and I think your eyes can be much better employed. Now I want you to use them on this errand, and when you come home tell me all they have seen."

"Who is Mrs. Mann, and where does she live, sir?"

"She is a poor woman who takes in sewing, and she lives in Norfolk Street, the first little white frame house on the left, with a green door."

"Yes, sir; I suppose it won't hurt if I put some eggs and a little butter in the basket, too," said she, with a smile.

"I see you know just exactly what to put in much better than I do," said

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he, with a nod of approbation; so saying, he went into the store again, and took up his newspaper, while Mrs. Morgan prepared a basket full of good things, that would have made a poor family happy any Saturday night.

When Charley left the store, he hurried to the glazier's, but he lived at some distance, and it was late before he reached home.

"Why, my son," said his mother, looking up with a sunny smile when he entered, "what has kept you so long?"

"I met with an accident, mother."

Mrs. Mann looked anxiously at him to see if any bruises or wounds were visible, but his smiling face re-assured her, and he proceeded to relate all the occurrences of the afternoon.

She commended his conduct, but gently chided his carelessness by saying—

"Well, Charley, we have neither of us got much money now; if you had been a little more careful, we might have had a cup of tea to-night, but as it is, we must make milk and water do; and I am sorry to say we have no more sugar."

"Mother, are you sorry I gave Mr. Beebee the money?"

"No, indeed, dear, I would rather drink milk and water, instead of tea, all my life, than have you do anything mean: and let me tell you, Mr. Charley, *some* poor people have not got any milk; we ought to be very thankful that we have; and here is nearly half a loaf of bread; then to-morrow I hope to get some sewing, and perhaps you will be able to earn a little money—so I dare say we shall get along finely."

But although the widow spoke cheerfully, a sigh finished the sentence.

They were just going to sit down to tea, or rather to milk and water and bread, when a gentle rapping was heard at the door. Charley went to open it, and there stood a little woman with a basket on her arm, and a smile on her countenance, so bright and pleasant, that I am sure she must have saved candles wherever she lived.

"Does Mrs. Mann live here?" inquired she, entering, and setting down the basket. (She must have been a strong little woman, for the basket was pretty heavy.)

"Yes, ma'am; will you walk in and take a seat?" said Charley, as he placed a chair for her.

"Thank you," said she.

Then turning to Mrs. Mann, she said,

"Mr. Beebee, the druggist, requested me to bring you some sewing, some shirts to make."

"I am sure I am much obliged to him, for I have found it very hard to get work lately."

"And he told me to bring you a few things in the way of tea and sugar. I suppose they won't come amiss," said Mrs. Morgan, as she began to unpack the basket; and as her eye glanced over the tea-table, she felt sure that she had come just in time.

The tears came into Mrs. Mann's eyes as she thanked her, and Charley couldn't say a word; but the little woman cut short all thanks and bustled out, bidding them good-evening, and promising to call again soon.

"Mother," said Charley, as soon as they were alone, "my two-and-ninepence would not have bought all that," and he pointed to the contents of the basket.

"Honesty is the best policy, Charley."

How nice that cup of tea tasted, and

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what a pleasant evening they passed, as Mrs. Mann busied herself with her work, and Charley talked over his plans for the following morning. And after the chapter in the Bible was read, and the nightly prayer repeated, how full the widow's heart was as she kissed her boy good-night!

Next morning he was up and dressed bright and early, his breakfast was ready for him, which he was not long in dispatching, and after kissing his mother good-bye, he set off with a light heart for the drug-store.

A little girl was sweeping it out, Mrs. Morgan was superintending the operation, and as Charley entered, the latter bade him good-morning with a cheerful smile, and said, "You are to be our errand-boy, are you?"

"Yes, ma'am; shan't I sweep out the store?"

"Well, yes, I suppose that will be a part of your business now—so, Bridget, you can give Charles the broom, and go and see about breakfast."

Bridget did not seem at all loth to yield the broom, and Charles began sweeping in good earnest. Mrs. Morgan followed Bridget out, leaving Charles all alone. He made the place as neat as he could, and was thinking what else to do, when Mrs. Morgan came in again. She praised him for his "notion of keeping things tidy," as she expressed it.

Mr. Beebee was a widower; he had lost three children when they were quite young, and now he had no one to care for, and no one to care for him, except good little Mrs. Morgan, and he never should have a want if she could help it. And now she was at the head of the table, waiting to pour out his coffee.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Morgan," said Mr. Beebee, as he came in and took his seat at the table; "I had no opportunity of speaking to you last night; did you find Mrs. Mann?"

"Yes, and I got there just in the nick of time; they were sitting down to tea, and there was nothing on the table but some dry bread and a little milk and water."

"Has Charley come yet?" asked Mr. Beebee, after some time,

"Yes, sir; I think he is a real nice boy, and will save you lots of trouble."

"What is he doing now?"

"I left him washing windows."

"Bless my heart! I must go and see he does not break everything."

"I don't think you need be afraid, sir," said Mrs. Morgan, smiling, as Mr. Beebee went toward the store.

Charles was putting the things carefully back into the window when Mr. Beebee went in, and the old gentleman seemed to think that Mrs. Morgan was right.

During the day Charles made himself useful in several ways; he was naturally a bright, active boy, and now gratitude to Mr. Beebee, and the idea of benefiting his mother, made him work with double energy. Mr. Beebee began to wonder how he had ever got along without him. He soon earned enough to make his mother comfortable, and his truth and honesty made him respected by all who knew him.

"Mother," said Charles one evening as they were sitting down to tea, and a plate of hot biscuit was smoking between a glass dish of sauce and a plate of smoked beef neatly shaved, "mother, the best day's business ever I did was breaking Mr. Beebee's window."

"No, Charles; the 'best' was owning up to it honestly, and not being afraid to tell the truth."

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BESSIE, THE TEACHER.

BY LAURA ELMER.

Come, kitty, no fooling—
  Look right on the book—
You see the straight letters,
  And letters that crook.

Don't play while you're learning—
  Be still, kitty, dear—
Unless you are quiet,
  I'll tap your soft ear.

These crooked big letters
  Your patience will try;
But I know them, kitty!
  O yes! that do I.

'Tis time that you knew them;
  So stop all your play;
A task I shall give you—
  Begin now with A.

You don't say it plainly—
  It sounds just like *mew!*
You mustn't keep *mewing*
  The alphabet through.

We'll take a short recess,
  And cake we will munch—
I've got teacher's headache!
  Ahem! I need lunch.

THE BEST MEDICINE.

Take the open air—
  The more you take the better.
Follow nature's laws
  To the very letter

Let the doctors go
  To the Bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin,
  The brandy and the whisky.

Freely exercise—
  Keep your spirits cheerful,
Let no dread of sickness
  Make you ever fearful.

Eat the simplest food,
  Drink the pure cold water,
Then you will be well,
  Or at least you ought to.

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A SUMMER TRIP EASTWARD.

BY WILFORLEY.

OPENING REFLECTION.

BOSTONIANS who have not been to New York, and New Yorkers who have never visited Boston, ought to be scarce; and during the past summer I have reduced the number of the latter by—not one half, but, better—by *one*.

WANTS TO GO TO BOSTON.

Not less than three months ago, I became conscious of a desire to go to Boston, succeeded by the conviction that I *ought* to go to Boston, that duty as well as inclination pointed in no other direction than toward Boston, and to Boston I determined to go when time and opportunity should offer. The thought that I—a benighted Gothamite, who derived my principal ideas of refined literature, morals, and ethics from the "Atlantic Monthly," and acknowledged the authority of the Autocrat—that I had never yet seen that abiding-place of the Muses, the Athens of America, became insupportable; so when time

GOES.

and opportunity, in the shape of my two weeks' summer vacation, came along, to Boston I went.

THE START.

Behold me, then, on a certain afternoon in July last, speeding away from the metropolis on board the "Metropolis"—five o'clock Fall River boat—through the East River, with its picturesque shores and islands, through Hell Gate—standing open at all times—past the pleasant villages on either side, past Fort Schuyler—commanding the entrance of the Sound—and then around fairly into the Sound itself. It was rather monotonous sailing through the Sound, as we met but few vessels of any kind, and the shores, being from eight to ten miles distant on either side, were decidedly uninteresting. Distance could not lend enchantment to *that* view, for it was too far off to be seen.

ON THE WAY.

I fell in with a gentleman on the boat, from Portland, Maine, who proved a pleasant traveling companion, and what with conversation, looking at a very fine sunset, supper, and more talk, we whiled away the hours until "turning-in time," when I did turn in—but not to sleep. (Query, when a man turns in, what does he turn in*to*?) In this case I turned in-to a state-room, but when laid out in state, failed in all my attempts at wooing "balmy sleep." "Tired nature's sweet restorer" was not for me that time.

HIS REST IS BROKEN.

An inexperienced traveler, I had taken a room too near the engine, and could *not* get used to its jarring. I felt somewhat as Mr. Sparrowgrass must have felt when his patent "wake-up bedstead" began to creak and shake beneath him. (For the full account, which will make you laugh, see the S. papers; they are *all* funny.) The engine shook the boat, and the boat shook the state-room, which shook the berth, which shook me, and we all shook together until about four o'clock in the morning, at which time—although earlier than my accustomed

GETS UP.

hour of rising—I perforce got up, and went on deck to survey the rosy dawn. But Aurora was not in a smiling

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mood that morning; drifting banks of fog slowly rose from the glassy surface of the water, through which our noble boat swiftly plowed her way toward Fall River, now in sight in the intervals between the fog-banks.

"THE METROPOLIS."

One word about the "Metropolis" before I leave her altogether. She is really a splendid vessel, one of the very finest of the fine fleet of Sound steamers—a good *sound* boat. Until quite lately she was also the fastest of them all, but the new "City of Boston"—as an engineer of the M. informed me—beat her by *two minutes* to New London on a recent trip.

"GOAK!"

I believe Boston has not had the reputation hitherto of being a fast place, but when it gets ahead of the Metropolis—be it ever so little—I think the world ought to know it.

ANOTHER!

Fall River brought the voyage to a close. (I suppose they don't call it Fall *Town* because it would sound too much like *fall down*, who knows?) Having debarked from the boat, I committed myself to the cars of the "Old Colony" railroad, observing that a "Pilgrim," in the shape of a loco-

MORE OF THEM!

motive, was to draw us to the city of the Sons of the Pilgrims; and he did it well, not going so fast but that I had time to admire the numerous pretty and thriving places which lay along the road, some of them, I noticed, having churches with extraordinarily tall steeples; only one, I doubt not, of their many attractions—not merely to lightning.

BOSTON.

Well, the train brought me into Boston at about half-past six A. M., but even at that comparatively early hour the hackmen seemed glad to see me, and immediately began asking me questions. Then I knew I had got to the right place. I finally accepted a pressing invitation to ride, and getting into a coach was speedily whirled to the Parker House, the best one, I believe, for bachelor travelers. Its location is very central, being in School Street, between Washington and Tremont, opposite the side of King's Chapel, the City Hall, Franklin's statue, a reclining statue in a garden, and the other side of the way. (I paid my bill, allow me to say, so that this is entirely disinterested.) After securing a room, I immediately repaired to it, and feeling less hungry than sleepy, laid me down to have a little "calm and undisturbed repose" before breakfast. Then, having fortified the inner man with something substantial, I consulted my guide-book—a necessary thing for strangers in Boston—and sallied forth to see the city and find a friend. I found one in Broad Street, a street much like its namesake in New York, in its curves, general appearance, and the kind of

HE LOOKS ABOUT.

business carried on there. Together, my friend and I made an ascent toward the upper regions on a steam elevator, landing at last—not in the seventh heaven, but—in the seventh story of the store. Thence we ascended to the roof, and looked down upon Boston and down the harbor. The sloping roofs—so unlike the New York flat ones—struck my eye, and took my fancy; they had a very picturesque effect. I think it must trouble burglars somewhat to enter a Boston store by way of the skylight.

BOSTON ARCHITECTURE.

Speaking of roofs, nearly all the new buildings in Boston—and some not so

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new—have the *Mansard* or French style of roof, which, to my notion, gives a much more architectural finish than the ordinary cornice with nothing above it. And speaking of buildings, some of the recently erected warehouses in the new business part of the city are fully equal, if not superior, to anything of the kind in New York.

Having gazed our fill upon housetops, spires, and harbor, my friend and I went down by the same way we came up, though this time the steam arrangement was more properly a depressor instead of elevator. Setting

HE KEEPS LOOKING.

foot once more on terra firma, we walked around by the Custom House, through Quincy Market, into old Faneuil Hall—the liberty-cradle—and looked at "Webster addressing the Senate"—a very large painting—and several portraits of Revolutionary worthies. Then, parting from my friend, I took a car for Charlestown, stopped at Bunker Hill, looked at the Monument, and then ascended it. How I wished for two or three Merrys when I got to the top, to express my feelings to! I did not count the steps, though conscious of the fact that there were a good many, but *did* admire the view, which was very fine on each of the four sides; neither did I meet a Merry up there, to my knowledge, among the four or five others who were there at the same time, but *did* meet a fellow Brooklynite—not Brooklíner—whom I had not seen for seven years. Singular, wasn't it?

LOOKING YET.

I won't describe the view, suffice it to say, that when I stood at the south window and looked out upon the City of Notions, Cambridge was at my right hand, the Navy Yard and harbor at my left, while Chelsea lay behind me—and had there been a ten-inch columbiad up there, mounted on a traverse, I could have swept all four places—not that I *would* have done it, but I wanted to call the Bostonians' attention to the necessity of securing so important a strategic point while they have it in their power.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

AN old schoolmaster said one day to a minister who had come to examine his school:

"I believe the children know the Catechism word for word."

"But do they understand it? that is the question," said the minister.

The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began.

A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment—"Honor thy father and thy mother," and he was desired to explain it.

Instead of trying to do so, the little boy, with his face covered with blushes, said, almost in a whisper:

"Yesterday I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw they were bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy me shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."

TRIFLES! each one hath a part
In our pain or pleasure,
Making up the daily sum
Of our life's brief measure;
All unnoted as they pass,
Scarcely worth our heeding,
Yet a trifle it may be,
God's own work is speeding.

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MAJOR-GEN. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

THE name of McClellan is now a watch-word all over the land. It is the praise of all good men, the hope of the country, and the terror of all evil-doers.

We give a portrait of this wonderful man, who just now occupies so much of the attention of the public. He has the command of the Union army in and around Washington, for the defense of our national capital and the restoration and preservation of our Union. At the age of sixteen he entered the West Point Academy, graduated at twenty, and entered immediately into active service in the Mexican war. He devoted himself with untiring zeal to the service, and distinguished himself in the siege of Vera Cruz, the battles of Cerro Gordo and Cherubusco, as well as at the storming of Chepultepec.

His brilliant services were rewarded with rapid promotions, and he was placed in important positions, among which was that of making explorations and surveys to ascertain the most practicable route for a railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean; and among other duties, he made the reconnoisance of the Yakima Pass among the Rocky Mountains,

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and the most direct route to Puget Sound.

To this engineering service succeeded, for three years, other duties, which largely raised the reputation of Captain McClellan. After executing a secret service in the West Indies, and receiving a commission in the United States Cavalry, he was appointed one of a military commission of three officers, to proceed to the Crimea and Northern Russia for observation on the existing war; and his report "On the Organization of European Armies and the Operations of the War," evinced so much grasp of the subject as to add to the reputation of a brave and efficient officer in the field, that of a large comprehension of the science of war.

He was General Superintendent of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad when the present war commenced, and was tendered the place of major-general of the Ohio State troops, and was afterward assigned to the department of Western Virginia, when, after a short but brilliant career, he was called to command the forces in and around Washington.

We have said that this officer was a wonderful man, and will now tell you why he has so risen from one step to another, until he is among the first in the nation. He has an indomitable energy, undiring industry, and rare fertility of resource. His power over his men consists in attending to the details of the soldier's life, and seeing that their wants are supplied as far as possible. He *cares* for the men—looks after their best interests, and demands implicit obedience to general orders; but he sees to it that the commands and orders are right and just. The soldier's life and fare are his, and by his sympathy he wins their esteem and love. The total prohibition of intoxicating liquors from the camps and from the reach of the soldiers was a long step in the right direction. The use of liquors is one of the greatest curses to the soldier, unfitting him for life, and hastening him on to death. This order came just in the right time, and we sincerely hope it will be fully carried out. His last proclamation to the troops, for the better observance of the Sabbath, shows that he comprehends the great issues of the contest, and realizes from whence cometh all our help. His confidence is in the God of battles. We wish we had more such officers. His private life is as beautiful and unsullied as his public career has been brilliant and solid.

We have great faith that all will yet be well with our country—that the principles of civil and religious liberty will shine with a brighter luster and a clearer light when the smoke of battle shall be over and the clash of arms shall be hushed in the permanent triumph of truth and right.

LIFT your heads with faith—the morrow
Dawneth brighter than to-day,
Angel hands will lift the shadows,
Chase the gathering gloom away.
Lift your heads—the day is breaking,
Soon the morning will appear;
See the earth from slumber waking,
Lift your heads—the day draws near.

What though wars and earth's commotions
Try your faith and cause dismay,
God, your Father, rules the nations,
He will send a brighter day.
Look! e'en now the morn is breaking,
See the shadows flee away;
See the earth from slumber waking,
Lift your heads—behold the day!

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AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

IN these days, when long striped trowsers, and now and then *straps* on the shoulders, too, are all the fashion, our Merry cousins may be glad to know how to distinguish a Major-General from a First Lieutenant and a Captain from a Corporal. The shoulder-straps of a Major-General bear two silver-embroidered stars, one on each end of the strap.

A Brigadier-General — one silver star.

A Colonel—one silver spread-eagle.

A Lieutenant-Colonel—two silver leaves.

A Major—two gold leaves.

A Captain—two gold bars at each end of the strap.

A First Lieutenant—one gold bar at each end.

A Second Lieutenant—no bars at all.

The cloth of the strap by its color distinguishes the arm (not to say *shoulder*) of the service. For General and Staff Officers, it is dark-blue; for Artillery, scarlet; for Infantry, sky-blue; for Riflemen, green; and for Cavalry, orange color.

Corporals have upon the sleeve two stripes in the shape of the letter V. Sergeants, three.

Orderly-Sergeants—stripes on the sleeves in the form of a diamond.

Sergeant-Majors—a triangle, base up.

MISTAKING AN ADVERB FOR A NOUN.—A gentleman traveling in the West, stopped at the house of a pious old woman, and observing her fondness for a pet dog, ventured to ask the name of the animal. The good woman answered by saying that she called him "Moreover." "Is not that a strange name?" inquired the gentleman. "Yes," said the old lady, "but I thought it must be a good one as I found it in the Bible," "Found it in the Bible!" quoth the gentleman. "Pray, and in what part of the Bible did you find it?" The old lady took down her Bible with the utmost reverence, and turning to the text, read as follows: "*Moreover*, the dog came and licked his sores."

NONSENSE.—The wig of the head of the family was laid off for the night, and the close of day hung on a chair by our bed, as usual, while the snorings of a foot asleep began to be audible, when we were suddenly roused from our slumber by rude Voices of the Night. On looking out of the window we saw three drunken soldiers, from the battle of Brandywine, demanding admittance. We told them our cottage was a mere shell, the timbers were moonbeams nailed together with tax; how, then, could we quarter them? But they were welcome to the best bed in the garden, also to a few feathers from the wing of the house for a pillow, and for a bedstead we would hand them out the big, heavy lid of a box on the ear. Upon this they flew into a violet passion. One tore up our beautiful rose-that-all-are-praising by the roots; another said it was a pretty way, indeed, to treat a peach kernel; while the third pompously told us that he was a regular contributor to the *Gunpowder Magazine*, and would give us such a setting down, or, rather, such a blowing up, some day, as would make martyrdom on a spool-rack infinitely preferable. Terrified at this, beyond measure, we at once consented to be At Home to them; but, alas! they entered but to rob. From our poor pantry they stole the cream of the milky way, and an enormous cold

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Adam's-apple dumpling, which was to have been our breakfast. They also devoured the sweet tooth of a honey-comb. In an hour's thyme their ravages were complete, and we were left penniless to meet the blasts of adversity. One of the wretches then mounted our old nightmare, and rode off at a gallop, but I'll warrant she threw him into the first ditch she reached. Another blew the Horn of Plenty in our ears till we were deaf, as a parting salute, and went off with a Drawing of Tea by an eminent Chinese painter, in a splendid guilt frame, under his arm. The third drove off our sheep in phlox, till soon naught but the distant tinkle of a blue-bell was all that could be heard of their whereabouts. With goggle eyes, from behind a pair of blue spectacles, ruin stared us in the face. Not so much as a pinafore was left for the child of circumstances to wear, and the cream of the joke being stolen, the baby that was nursed in the lapse of ages set up a scream that was the finishing touch to our misery.

FATE OF POETS.—Pegasus is a horse that carries many to the poor-house.

DRAWING THEM OUT.—There are some men whose strength is not known until, like tea, they have been awhile in hot water.

ELOQUENCE.—When you find a person a little better than his word, a little more liberal than his promise, a little more than borne out in his statements by his facts, a little larger in deed than in speech, you recognize a kind of eloquence in that person's utterance not laid down in Blair or Campbell.

NOT FAIR.—All people find fault with their memory, but few accuse their judgment.

SOUR GRAPES.—Pedants who proscribe pleasantry are like cripples who decry dancing.

BAD LUCK AND GOOD LUCK.—Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets and his pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck, with his sleeves rolled up, and working to make it come right.

BIBLICAL CON.—What newspaper takers are mentioned in the Bible? Cain took A-bel's life, and Joshua ordered the Sun.

FRIENDSHIP IN FISH.—I once had occasion to observe the strength of friendship which can exist between fish. I was accustomed to keep some golden fish in a large glass globe. I do not think that I should do so now; for whatever care I might take of them, still it was a state of imprisonment to which I was dooming them. It so happened that, from some cause, the nature of which I do not now recollect, my stock was diminished to two. I gave one of them away. The other, from that moment, refused to eat; he lay motionless at the bottom of the water, and, as I thought, was evidently pining away. It struck me that he was mourning the loss of his companion. I shall never forget the evident joy and strange antics to which he abandoned himself when his companion was restored to him.

WORTH KNOWING.—"Cold sores," or fever blisters, as they are sometimes called, can be prevented by applying a piece of saltpetre to the affected place, when the feverish sensation is first felt. Simply moisten the lip, and apply the saltpetre. It is a sure cure *if applied* when the burning sensation is *first* experienced. I have tried it.

A. S.

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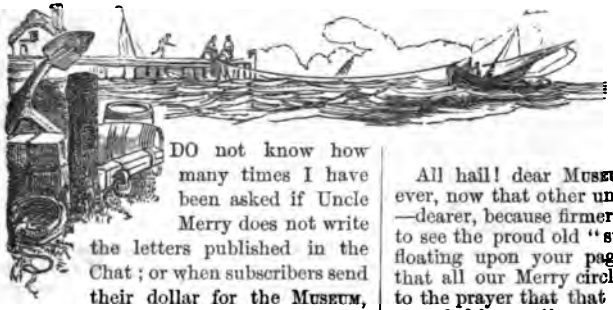
Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



DO not know how many times I have been asked if Uncle Merry does not write the letters published in the Chat; or when subscribers send their dollar for the MUSEUM, they ask if the letters are *really* written by those whose name are signed to them. If those who think thus, could only look into our sanctum, when the Chat is made up for the printer, and see the great number of letters to open—how welcome the well-known handwriting of many of the Chatterers is, and how perplexed both Uncles are to know how they can possibly get in all the little messages sent, and how hard it is to cut off much which they would love to let be said—their doubts would all be removed at once, and their questions answered. If any one will call at our office, we will give them undoubted evidence that these letters are all written, as they purport to be, in different parts of the world, by those whose names are attached to them. And we are proud to feel that there is not another such wonderful family in the world, nor another list of subscribers so talented or loyal, or so devoted to the Union, as are the union of hearts and of hands in our Monthly Chat.

Long live the Merry Union!

But here comes Black-Eyes; we must christen her as the Goddess of Liberty, and thank her for her efforts in our behalf and good wishes for our prosperity. If all our subscribers would do what they could now to increase our circulation, it would help us in our greatest hour of need.

Sept., 1861.

All hail! dear MUSEUM—dearer than ever, now that other unions are shaken—dearer, because firmer, I hope. I love to see the proud old "stars and stripes" floating upon your pages, and I know that all our Merry circle will say amen to the prayer that that same old "star-spangled banner" may soon triumphantly float over every foot of soil in our once happy Union.

Why don't I write longer letters, Willie? Now, dear, have you forgotten the rule, and that the hatchet's motto is "enforcement of the laws." Don't believe you saw me at the State Fair. My name is not Fanny. When you supposed yourself to be looking upon my face, I was at home—an invalid. Are you disappointed?

Have we really lost Busy-Bee? Then let us down on everything that so unceremoniously and heartlessly robs us of our friends.

Probably, Sir W. H. C., others have the same reason as yourself for withholding photographs. Then, too, what would Mr. B.-E. say if I should—oh! I gave those cheers for Jim, and added a "tiger."

And now, cousins all, come over in this corner while I talk just a minute. Don't let Uncle hear. You know we have had a goodly number of Southern cousins. Recent circumstances must have cut them adrift from the dear old MUSEUM. Let us fill their places with new faces, faces that in time will grow as dear as theirs. Uncle can't serve us every month with a stock of fun and information, and afford us abilities of meeting each other, for nothing. I know the times are hard—I've heard it often enough to know it, anyhow. But there are a great many who can spare one dollar and never miss it. A great many of us will spend more than that in nonsense, and when the holidays roll round we will spend ten times that much to gladden little cousins or friends whose

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eyes would brighten longer over the MUSEUM than over the costliest toy we could give them; now, friends and cousins, let us determine and work, and swell Uncle Merry's list for 1862 to more than its ante-rebellion size. Let us deny ourselves some useless purchase and send the book to a little friend. Let us talk to fathers and mothers, elder brothers and sisters, and get them to introduce a new era in their Christmas presents. Won't you? Let us work now, and work until the week of the holidays, and then pour the fruits of our labors in upon Uncles Bob and Hi to an amazingly astonishing extent. BLACK-EYES.

IN THE COUNTRY, *Aug.* 31.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Once more I am here asking admission into the Chat, where you so kindly introduced me nearly three years ago, though I may not be so warmly welcomed as before. I have not forgotten any of my cousins. I think Willie H. C. needs friends; I wonder if he will let me *act* in that capacity. I want him to be friends enough to send his photograph.

There have been some new comers since I visited you last. Will you introduce me? Uncle Merry, I have just reached my thirteenth year, so, of course, do not know, but do *you* think it quite right for any of the cousins to "sail under false colors," as W. H. C. says? One would think from his letter there was *dinnion* in the camp.

I am trying to get some subscribers for next year, and think I shall succeed, though they don't believe in the Chat, and think you write the letters. I told them to take the magazine and try for themselves, and if their letters were interesting, they would soon find out whether you did or not. Do you offer any prizes for next year?

Uncle, I am going West, and may not write again, but I hope, though absent, you will FORGET-ME-NOT.

Three years is a long time to go and not speak to your Uncle or Cousins; you must come often enough to need no introduction. We shall offer a new list of premiums for the coming year. The Puzzle-Book we shall give as usual, and will send pencils, bound volumes, or whatever you may desire that we have previously offered for premiums.

ADDISON, *July* 7, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE:—Will you accept another niece? I have been standing at the door a long time, but I have not ventured to come in till now: it is a strange place; I never was in such a large room before. I must say, now that I am here, that the MUSEUM is the best book I ever read. I must also tell you about my cat, Sam. He is a beautiful cat, and I like him much, but I do not like to have him catch the birds. Some little swallows have built their nests in our barn; they build there every year: it is very pleasant to get upon the haymow and watch the progress of the little creatures, and see them bring in the young ones' food, and watch which one they give it to, and see them open their mouths and cry peep, peep, peep. But I am very much afraid Sam will catch them; he has come very near it two or three times. I suppose it is no more harm for him to catch birds than it is for us to catch fish. One day Sam brought out two little mice from under the shed; they were very small, and almost dead: my sister gave one of them a little meal and he began to revive; but the cat caught him again, and ate him up, and so he did the other one too. But I did not see that the hatchet was so near; I must be off, or it will be the death of me. DOWN-EAST GIRL.

BATAVIA, *Aug.* 8, 1861.

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Will you admit a wild, harum-scarum girl to your Monthly Chat? I am very much afraid you will say no, and if you do, you will not lose a valuable acquisition. My sister, Blue-Eyes, has often urged me to write, but I have never mustered courage till to-day, when the rain forbids either walking or riding—I concluded to write to you. Black-Eyes, I should like a seat by you; do you ever ride on horseback? I consider my morning ride, on my slick little "Rob Roy," as important as my breakfast. I once tried to make the "staff of life," and *I forgot the yeast;* the result may be imagined. Fleta, I like you—oh, so much! Come and see Blue-Eyes and me, and we three will have a grand time. Busy Bee, I should like to make your acquaintance; but it seems to me you must be older than ten. Here I, a great girl past sixteen, and standing five feet six inches in my slippers, can not write such fine long letters. Wil H. Coleman, I am well acquainted with

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you, but I won't disclose myself to you till some future time. Annie E. Drummond, can I have the pleasure of your acquaintance? Ellian, I like you; should be happy to see you at Batavia. Wilforley, I am "acterly" afraid of you; don't let him come near me, Auntie. Oliver Onley, if you want a kiss you may have it. And now I believe I must go, as Hiram is raising the hatchet. So, with love to all, I will sign myself

Your loving niece, BROWN-EYES.

BOSTON, *Wednesday*, 7, 1861.

MY DEAR AUNT SUE:—Will you allow me to intrude myself once again, by answering some questions of my cousins of the Chat? C. F. W., I did not mean you; but if you call yourself a *tease*, and as I like your looks quite well, I will include you.

Minna Mervin, I would like to "scrape" acquaintance—are you willing? Ellian, I would like *to* very much—*comprenez?* O. Onley, where do you think I have seen you? You and C. F. W. put your heads together, and guess. Put T in the place of *H*, and that would be quite appropriate for you—ha! ha! Fleta, why did not you and Annie E. D. find me out and give me a call when you were in Boston, "going the rounds," as O. O. says? Sybil Grey, I am satisfied—let us be friends. C. M. E., is your answer, Adam, Seth, Eve, Cain, Abel?

Adieu. HATTIE.

Hattie, you must have seen the Hall in which Oliver is found. It is a tall specimen of architecture.

DEAR UNCLES:—Have I forfeited the seat that you gave me a few months ago, by absence? If I have, please give me another; and, Uncle Merry, if teasing Charlie has no objections, I should like a seat by him. He says: "Which cousin do you think would endure most patiently my persecutions?" I think that *I* can endure *his* persecutions *quite* as patiently as *he* can *mine*. What think you, cousin Charlie? Shall we try?

Nannie Nightingale, I feel as you do about becoming a *young lady*.

"A merry farmer girl am I, and my songs are gay and blithe,
For in my humble country home I lead a free, glad life."

If you *only could* go out into the woods with me now! Such nice times as we would have! They look *very* green and tempting. Won't you come?

Poor Uncle Hi! It's *too bad* that the ladies aren't going to invite you to any more strawberry festivals. Just you come and see me, and you shall have all the strawberries, with fresh sweet cream and nice white maple sugar on them, that you want; and when you have eaten enough, you and Nannie and I will go out into the woods, and—oh! I wish you *would* come. Wouldn't we have a good time? But you know, "If wishes were beggars, horses would ride," and I suppose—oh, Uncle Hiram! how *can* you shake your hatchet so threateningly, when I am wishing such pleasant things!

LIZZIE H.

PITTSBURG, *Sept.* 4, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE HI:—Will you accept a new contributor in your inimitable Chat?—another cousin in your "Merry family?" If so, I earnestly beg to be that favored one; but if you consign me to that big basket, or cut me off with that terrible hatchet, I shall feel miserable for a month—until the MUSEUM comes again. When *it* comes, farewell to everything for awhile. I always turn to the Chat first; it is so interesting, I can't wait to read anything else. I'd rather read it than eat my supper at any time. Now, dear Uncle, if your budget of cousins is not full, why, just count me one; but if it is full, please act as 'bus driver for once, and make room for just one more. HUGO.

Your credentials are correct, and if you are for the Union—can be mustered into active service at once. There is still room for recruits.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, *Aug.* 5, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES, COUSINS, ETC.:—If a cousin wishes to be introduced to another in the Chat, do they have to go through with the usual preliminaries? Hurrah for General McClellan. What do you think, Hoosiers and Buckeyes, what do you think of Wil-4-ley's charge? do you think it will make a great racket among the cousins? The last time I was at the Chat, I sat in the sick corner with C. M. E., but I am well now, and I don't like to set in a still corner anyhow. C. M. E. (as I have had an introduction, I suppose I may say something), I hope you are well by this time; how

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do you like sitting in the still corner? Uncle, will you tell that other Ike to please make himself known, unless he wants to be brought before the Chat, for taking *my* name in the second degree? Uncle, has A. Older seceded? Give my love to all. BUCKEYE IKE.

Sept. 2.

DEAR UNCLE:—The cousins Merry, when they appointed Willie H. Coleman general, were not aware of the impediment that prevented that "star" from making a good commander. Imagine that bright luminary mounted on a prancing charger with—shall I say it?—"specs" upon his nose. Ye gods! what a fall from the sublime to the ridiculous! Certainly the days of chivalry have flown, when a young gentleman "*demands*" an explanation from a young lady (for *I* rejoice in that appellation). Couch your request in more respectful terms, Willie, and *then* I may comply. You *now* can well deny the first accusation, for will you believe it, girls, this male flirt has finally condescended to let his affections rest upon *one*, so there may be hope for him yet.

Wil H. Coleman, accept a salute from me. Judging from your letter, I should think there was no deception about *you*, but in these war times we can not be sure of any one's identity. SOPHIE.

I 'spec you have seen Willie by your description. He *knows* what he sees, and seldom overlooks his specs. You will notice him frequently taking observations.

CHERRY HALL, *Sept.* 1.

UNCLE MERRY:—Will you introduce me to the cousins? I have taken a great interest in the MUSEUM, and all that pertains to it. There are several whose acquaintance I desire, among whom are Sybil Grey, Annie E. D., W. H. Coleman (both of them, that is), and, in fact, all. Every month I read the MUSEUM with great satisfaction, but I take particular interest in the *Chat*.

Of course an *introductory* letter must not be too long, so I sign myself,

MOLLIE MYRTLE.

SPRUCEBROOK, *Aug.* 6, 1861.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I am going to write to you this time, and see if you wield the hatchet as unmercifully as Uncles Hiram and Robert. I have written to both several times, but each and every one helped to build the morning fire, I have no doubt. At least I never heard of them again. Now, Aunt Sue, *you* surely will not be so cruel; be forbearing, and I promise not to write again till next time. With love to the Merrys, I am your niece, COUSIN FANNY.

NEWPORT, *Aug.* 17, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE:—I write now for the express purpose of informing Black-Eyes that she needn't be sharpening her "talons" preparatory to "pitching into" me. It will be labor lost, for I am most decidedly for UNION—so she won't find a job here, unless, indeed, she gives *you* a "dig" for threatening to "hand me over" to her before you knew my sentiments. If that's saucy, *I am sorry for it.*

Hughlett, your love—a marvelously small bundle, however—has "arriv." Please accept mine in return. I wish you could have been with me during my *trip*. And, by the way, I wish some of the "boys" of the Chat could have been with me when we visited Blarney Castle, in Ireland. If they had spunk enough to kiss the Blarney Stone, they would have been able to make themselves "interesting" to the ladies ever after. So you see, boys, what you missed by not being there. Uncle, do tell me the answer to Wilforley's last. I haven't "gumption" enough to guess it, and I do want his "pictur" *awfully*.

Willie Coleman, at a party the other night I met a friend of mine, a young gentleman from New York, and such a history as he gave of you! I am afraid you are like the "William" in the song of "Dixie," where he is described as being a gay "*deceiver*."

If my letter is rather dull, please attribute it to this circumstance: my brother came in just now with a hole torn in his "unwhisperables," muttering something about "DARN IT." I took it as a hint to myself, and have been darning till every idea has walked out of my head.

Oliver, who darns your stockings? If I remember rightly, about Christmas time you had a hole in both ends of one of yours. With love to all the "crew," I close, remaining, as ever, yours to the shoe-string, JESSIE LINWOOD.

Your letter was addressed "111 Fulton Street, Brooklyn," and we should

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not have received it but that Uncle Merry was so well known by the present obliging postmaster there, and he immediately forwarded it to the sanctum. Send to 111 Fulton St., New York city.

You are rather "saucy," Jessie, but then, as you are so sorry for it, we will pardon it this time. We acknowledge the "dig," but have the forgiveness of Black-Eyes.

Aug. 16, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Is there room for just one more? if there is, may I come in? I should like to have a seat by Golden-Haired Effie, or Homely Face, if *it* is not a boy. I should like to be introduced to Mignonette and to Old Maid of Thirteen. I think I shall dispute that title with her, as I am thirteen, and every one calls me an old maid. What has become of Mattie Bell? It is a long time since her face was seen in the Chat. But there comes the terrible hatchet! Please don't, Uncle Hi—I'll be off. KITTIE F.

SOUTH BOSTON, *Sept.* 3, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES:—Wilforley, speaking of my love of natural history, particularly oology, remarks that "I ought to be quite at home in" O. O. logical "researches!" *I* logic-"*al*"! Not "eggs"-actly!

Poor Willie Coleman! What an unenviable state of mind he was enjoying when he wrote last. Dubs himself General, confesses the enemy was possessed of information supposed to be known only to himself—then denies the assertion made by Sophie, and *demands* an explanation—backs out ignominiously from his attack on Sybil Grey, and wishes to "make up!" (poor fellow! how pathetic!) and ends by trying to inveigle the "beloved" girls into some sort of a masked exchange. It strikes me *slightually*, Willie, that our girls will hardly view the matter in the same light as yourself. Apropos to which, ladies, your humble servant would be happy to exchange *cartes de visite* or autophotographs with any who may desire to so do, and will forward his, "upon application" to Oliver Onley, City Hall, Boston, Mass.

Saucy Nell, I have had the pleasure of seeing your "illuminated countenance" on paper

Minna Mervin, thanks. I need no better voucher. Therefore, being neither "married nor mated," I am consequently "open for proposals." Annie, does my photo. bespeak me one of the o. p.?

Sybil Grey, thanks to your description. I have now in memory's gallery your portrait; but it would give me greater pleasure to have the likeness visible, not only to the mind's eye, but to the human. Shall I have the pleasure of exchanging photographs?

Wilforley, my whiskers are "doing as well as could be expected."

"Three Union cheers for Jim of Baltimore." Hurra! hurra! hurra! With which I close. As ever, very truly,

OLIVER ONLEY.

Robert Merry acknowledges with feelings of pleasure the receipt of Oliver's photograph, and returns his sincere thanks. It is a very correct likeness of the original Onley, behind the statue of Ben Franklin, City Hall, Boston. It would be a pleasure for me to receive the photographs of the dear friends of the Chat whose handwriting is already so familiar. Who comes first?

CLINTON, *July* 29, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES:—I am so glad to see you, that I don't know what to say. I am rather bashful—guess you'd think so if you could see me sometimes—and am almost afraid to write, for my last letter was all cut up by the hatchet.

H. A. Danker, do you want an algebra problem? If you will look in the April number of the MUSEUM for 1856, you will find one, given by L. A. D., of which a correct solution has never been given in the MUSEUM, as far as I can ascertain. *I* can't get it right—that's not saying much—but my father has worked a good deal on it, and says he would like to see it solved by algebra.

Where are you, Pertine? Why don't you ever write? Didn't you and I have fun when we sat together in the old academy? Now, Mr. Wilforley, *Will Folly*, or *Willfully Wicked*, whichever your name is, I am almost sure that I shall soon see your face.

Wil H. Coleman, I think I can boast of a sister *Thena* as "crazy-brained" as your sister Annie. She teases me so by

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kissing me. Ain't it *horrid* to be kissed when you don't want to be? Is your sister fond of teasing you? Good-bye to you all. Ain't you sorry to say good-bye to ZEPHYR?

ZEBRAVILLE, OHIO.

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I thought you would regard the place I hail from as rather suggestive of stripes, without stars. I think it means a little of *stripes*, and *kicks*, too. But do *I* hold to the stars as well as the *stripes*? Just look at my envelope, sir. I think you are trying to "coerce" me. I advocate no such "stars" as appear in Wilforley's May letter. "*Willful*-lie, pshaw! *lapsus pennæ*—my hand trembles. *Will*-for to lie—I'll give up French, and try English (plain). Willful-li-*are* you? Well, that's the nearest I can come. Try that explanation over again, and see if the hatchet won't miss it next time. It would be a good joke if he should let it slip by. Uncle Hiram, give the Buckeyes a fair representation in the Chat, and though I like the Brooklynites and Bostonians well, don't let them crowd *us* out. I rely on your equity and justice. Yours truly, HAL B.

We have room enough for the whole State of Ohio, and as you float the right colors at the masthead, you shall have a pass to go through the entire camp at all hours. You must always be present at roll-call.

RUMNEY, *Aug.* 9, 1861.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—So you think the "beefsteak" is on my side in regard to S. L. I want to see Stella's defense before I can be satisfied of that. What can we do to those who try to deceive in other ways than that of Wilforley's? I can name one or two. [Assuming a masculine or feminine signature is merely a poet's license.—A. S.]

Hattie, I should very much like to make your acquaintance, as I see you are a Boston girl. Please call at 81 Harrison Avenue some day. I'll introduce you to Al. He's a "trump," I can assure you.

Don't you think Sybil Grey will be satisfied if she turns back to the "June, 1851, MUSEUM Chat," Willie?

Whiskers, Oliver! They can't be very wonderful, for I don't recollect your having any when I left old Notsob (six weeks ago) for Rumney. Don't you want some of Lord Dundreary's "pea-green-in-ten-minutes" hair-dye?

C. D. W., I thought it was something about two feet, but mine were not sharp enough.

Mary E. Stanley, I should like to know, for a particular reason, if you are acquainted with a young lady of West Plymouth, N. H., Miss A. L. F. by name? Please inform me. C. F. W.

WISCONSIN, *Aug.* 20, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT:—Can I come in and sit with the Chat awhile, this fine morning? Can I have a seat beside Fleta? Perhaps I could gather some of the crumbs that fall from her bountiful table. Ah, there is Ellian, from the West! One moon has arisen to represent the West (may it never set). Why do I not see some of the bright illuminaries from Wisconsin, the lily of the West? We have some here. There is Bella B., who could illumine the western sky, if so disposed (but those olive branches, you know). What has become of C. M. Gibbs? Send a certain somebody for him; if she can't go, she can take fife and drum, and call him, with other missing recruits, together. I would like that photograph of yours, WILL FOLLIE. I presume you would hardly grant it for strong beer, carronade, or ram-rod; but this is as near as I can get to an answer. G.-H. Effie, don't you wish Uncle Merry would get up an easy puzzle for a prize? (and the prize be a photograph of himself) — perhaps we might stand some chance then. Ned W. and H. A. D., I, too, have Aunt Sue's photograph. Don't you think it worth studying one's dictionary pretty well for? By the way, H. A. D., I wish to borrow of you the surplus of your knowledge-box, to fill the deficiency in mine. Aren't you afraid of having the *enlargement* of the brain? Perhaps you may have an *anodyne* that acts as a quietus on a too active mind. Uncle Merry likes brevity and wit—here is the brevity, but not the wit. I will stand for the Union forever Love to all, especially to one of the genus *homo—that's* you, Uncle Joe.

CLARA.

C. M. G. left with all his effects last March, very suddenly. Several of his *circle* left with him. We presume they have been on the *march* ever since.

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Aunt 'Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

HAVING been out of town rusticating, several kind letters must remain unnoticed till next month.

TATTLER wins the prize for August, having answered correctly 19 out of the 26 enigmas, etc.

Have any of you been to see the hippopotamus at Barnum's? If not, *do* go; no books, pictures, or lectures can ever give you any idea of the huge creature; they can't show you how he *winks* the water out of his little ears; they can't sound you his grunt, they can give you no realization of his huge, cavernous mouth, his enormous throat, his elephantine gambols. How I should like to meet all my nephews and nieces at Barnum's some day, and show them all the curiosities! Wouldn't it be fun?

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

277. I cheer the pilgrim's lonely way,
As toils he on from day to day;
Curtail me, and I then am found
What students do on college ground;
Curtail once more, and by inspection,
You'll find I am an interjection.
Sam.

278. I am a word of five letters; in my normal condition I have a tendency to heal. Transposed, I still have a tendency to *heel*, and have been known to take to them when opportunity offered. Less one fifth, I bathe; again transposed, I am good to eat. Four fifths transposed, form an article much used as an ornament; the same again transposed, is to preserve. Three fifths, properly arranged, will intoxicate. Three fifths, in right order, make a prayer. *Wilforley.*

279. When did Job call nicknames?
Jeannie Parker.

280. Did Jonah cry when the whale swallowed him? *K. C.*

281. Why would an Englishman say eggs are scarce in his country?
Uncle Joe.

TOWNS IN NEW YORK.

282. A color and a mineral.

283. An element and a game.

284. Part of a gun and a liquor.

285. An animal.

286. A color and part of a house.

287. A hole and a heap. *Jasper.*

288. What is that which every one likes to have, and to get rid of as soon as possible after he gets it? *Adelbert Older.*

289. My first is found in an oyster; my second is possessed by the nobility; every house contains my third; my whole no one applies to himself. *Busy Bee.*

290. My first is found on a ship; my second is a vowel; my third is a title; my whole is the name of an animal. *Myrtle P.*

291. Entire, I'm a man's name; behead me, and I'm a Turkish coin; behead me again, and I'm too close; again, and I'm a prefix.

292. My second is a useful appendage to my first, and my whole is to abridge. *Oliver Onley.*

SHRUBS, FLOWERS, ETC.

293. A vehicle, and where it takes you.

294. A traitor, and the place where he died.

295. To hurt, a nickname, and an engine of war *A. N. C. Arr.*

296. I am composed of 21 letters:
My 4, 9, 12 is a Greek preposition.
My 7, 5, 8, 14 a vessel used in the Scotch sea.
My 17, 13, 21 is entity.
My 18, 19, 3, 10 is a bed formed by birds.
My 1, 11, 15 is to dip.
My 20, 6, 2, 16 is to tarnish.
My whole is want of symmetry.
D. P. and W. W. Wight.

297. I am composed of 19 letters:
My 12, 3, 11, 16 is the name of a poet.
My 7, 17, 16, 19 is a prison.
My 4, 12, 14, 6, 8 is a river in Europe.
My 15, 10, 18, 5 is a river in Africa.
My 1, 3, 4, 18 is a place of defense.
My 9, 17, 10, 2 is a tool.
My whole is a noted woman. *Jim.*

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young lady who has "the heart of a stone."

Charlie F. Warren.—It *was* a mistake. I should have said, "Answers to September questions must reach me by the 12th of *October*." The writing resembles your own more than any other of my correspondents. "W," too? Does it mean anything?

Colonel.—Better late than never, which is none the less true for being so entirely original.

Jim.—You will see "what became of your answers." Solutions for this month (October) must reach me by the 12th of November. You propose that all the cousins' photographs should be engraved, and the expense shared; ah! Jimmy, you don't know how hard it is to get the *one* dollars, or you wouldn't suggest such an undertaking. The promenading young ladies have been too often in print to be much of a puzzle. You can't send "love," if you may not use the letter O.

S. Wilson, Jr.—Thanks for the scraps; they will soon take their place in the "spread."

Nina Gordon.—You sent no answers to your puzzles; the "Latin title," etc., I guessed immediately, but that "spell" I am not so sure of, unless it is on the principle of "spell *that* in four letters." I am sorry I have no room to publish poetic answers. Yours to 244 is very pretty.

Pertine.—Who has given you a peep at that photograph? Those "curls" are not "black"—they are "brown." I do know the "real name" of the one you like "best of all," and do not understand your lack of curiosity. Shake hands for me with the "gallant soldier lad."

Black-Eyes.—May I send your address to *Pertine*? Thanks for your good, long letter. I have no doubt that historians will make the women of to-day quite as noble and self-sacrificing as "the women of the Revolution." Love to George.

Adelbert Older.—*H. A. Danker* wishes to know what has become of you. You surely would not leave us without saying "good-bye."

Tattler.—Where have you been lying *perdu* all this time? All cousins absent from the Puzzle Drawer any month must be fined and imprisoned and scolded, and suffer a great many other severe hardships, and be by no means recommended to the mercy of the court.

Jeannie M.—If you are "a subscriber. and have paid up in full," your right to compete for the prize is unquestionable.

Jessie Linwood.—I have been requested to inform you that there are two letters addressed to you, one at Newport and one at South Portsmouth, R. I.

Harlan.—Time failed me, not inclination.

Clara.—The person you inquire about is *all right;* you may safely send your love. *Clara* desires to be introduced to *Annie E. Drummond, Wil H. C.*, and *Saucy Nell;* also sends love to *Kruna, Oliver Onley*, and *Willie H. C.*

Annie E. D.—You have been silent a very long time; you needn't think we shall not miss you.

Arthur.—I think you have treated me *very* badly!

Ellian.—Haven't you treated some one else very badly?

Tommy.—*Henry A. Danker* and *Jasper* have left us for their country's good. We will not forget them; but we shall expect much from *you* now.

Essays on ants received from Kruna, Harlan, Jeannie M., Homely Face, and John E. Ellinger.

Since going to press, I have received 19 correct answers from *K. C.*, which entitles him to a prize equally with Tattler. In future, *no answers will be credited* which reach me *after the twelfth* of the month.

Some who have sent for a photograph have, in a business-like manner, inclosed a postage-stamp; prithee don't do it; I don't like business, and desire to "do it up handsomely," "regardless of expense!"

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Saucy Nell, Black and Shiny, Olive, Aunt Martha, C. H. Little, Jim, Edith Livingston, Clara, Harlan, C. T. Warner*, and *Fleta Forrester*.

The addresses of all those answering "ram-rod" have been forwarded to Wilforley.

Answers too late to be credited last month from Jim (12), Olive (10), and Ned W. (21).

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SING ME A SONG.

Sing me a song of the beautiful,
A song full of joy and of mirth;
Let it be strong, full of sweetness,
Banishing care from the earth.

Sing of the birds and the blossoms,
Sing of the babbling brooks,
As they dancing go through the valleys,
And slily creep through the nooks.

Sing of the feathered songsters,
Who swing on the tree-top high,
Warbling a song in the morning,
To their Father, who dwells in the sky.

Sing of the eyes of the angels,
The stars that peep through the night,
That softly shine down upon us,
Making the gloom seem bright.

Sing me a song of the ocean,
As the waves dash on the shore;
Let me hear, as I lay here a-weary,
The song of the sea once more.

Sing me the song of the happy,
Of the holy, the pure, and the blest;
Sing me the song of the ransomed,
Of my God, and the peaceful rest.

Sing me the song of the happy,
For my labor on earth is done,
My mission of life is ended,
And a crown of life is won.

Now I hear the song of the angels—
From the pearly gates they've come,
With eyes of love bent upon me,
Whispering their welcome home.

JENNIE JENKINS.

HOPE.

Oh, do not heed the voice of Hope!
She promises what may not be,
And leads you to a sunny slope
That overlooks an emerald

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GOOD OLD TIMES.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

bundle of yellow flannel. A dear, fat baby it is—its head adorned with a ruffled cap. It is named Job, from its father, who has borne that name all his life, and been very patient about it.

"Now, Betsey," said Polly, the eldest daughter, "there's the baby sticking his fingers into the punkin sarce! I *should* be obleeged to you if you'd take care of him instead of standing there with your mouth and eyes wide open!"

And Polly shook the sieve over the bread-trough, as if she fancied herself shaking idle Betsey.

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And Betsey hastens to find some playthings for Job—a squash-shell filled with peas (which is as good as your little brother's ivory rattle), a string of porcelain beads, and a pewter plate to hold them when they shall come tumbling from the broken string.

Now she sits on the floor talking "baby talk" to the little creature who has since then been somebody's grandfather. Isn't she an odd-looking little maiden? Her hair is pulled back very tightly and fastened with a goose-quill. Then her dress is made of such thick woolen goods, all rough with little knobs. Sister Sally wove it in

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her own loom, and colored it deep blue.

But it is very evident that Betsey does not enjoy taking care of babies.

"I should think *I* might chop that are mince-meat, instead of you, Solomon, for you don' know how. See how you're spilling it!"

"Polly told me to," says little Solomon, keeping fast hold of the chopping-knife.

"Thee'd better poke up the coals in the oven now," says Mrs. Staples, appearing in the doorway with a pan of milk in her hands. Mrs. Staples belongs to the Society of Friends, though her husband does not, and none of her children have ever "joined the meeting."

"Father, thee'll have to move round and let Sally come to the oven."

Mr. Staples slowly moves his chair to the other side of the big fireplace, and then goes on shaving; he never uses a looking-glass.

I dare say you have, some of you, seen these large, old-fashioned fireplaces, with ovens at one side, and so can imagine how Sally looked as she stood by the oven mouth, with sleeves rolled up, stirring the glowing coals with a hard wood "poking-stick." Young ladies of our day do not have such sinewy arms nor such brown hands. If they had, we shouldn't see so many rings and bracelets, perhaps.

It is amusing to watch Sally as she puts her loaves of brown bread and places them on cabbage-leaves, then "tosses them into the oven to bake."

Meanwhile her mother is busy over the "Indian pudding," which she dares not trust to younger hands.

"You haven't got it thick enough, mother," says Mr. Staples, solemnly; "the Connecticut Blue Laws say the pudding-stick must stand alone."

A smile spreads over the good woman's placid face. "What does *thee* know about it? It is *mush* that thee means! I guess I can make my suet-pudding as thin as bean-porridge, spite of thy Blue Laws!"

"I wish Temperance would make haste and bring in them hops," scolds Polly; "I must set my emptins to goin' for the beer."

"Won't you tell me, never, as long as you live?" whispers Betsey to Solomon. "I heard father telling mother how he suspected Deacon Turner was goin' to send him down a jug of sweet cider for Thanksgiving, but they didn't mean the children to get hold of it. Don't you say nothing, Solomon, but you just get some long straws. Oh, won't we have a scrape?"

"Joseph," says Mrs. Staples, as she swings the frying-kettle over the crane, "thee must see about them pitch-pine knots—we haven't got enough to light up with to-night. Thee musn't stand and wait to be told, but whatever thy hands find to do, thee must do it with all thy might.

"Sally, thee may go to work on the doughnuts; thee'd better make about half a bushel, and Patience will help thee fry them. Polly, thee may finish

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them punkin-pies. I must see about stuffing the turkeys; and before thee goes out to mowing, Horatio, get me a couple of stout strings, and we'll have them all ready to tie on the nails."

"Oh, goody!" says Betsey; "aint it nicey picey, baby? Don't he like to see the turkey gurkey go swinging round, round, roundy?"

"Now, if you'll all keep still," says Mr. Staples, putting on his steel-bowed spectacles, "I'll read you something from my newspaper. It isn't every day a family can see a newspaper!"

The children look frightened. They know it is unsafe to make any noise when father is reading.

"Now, father," pleads Mrs. Staples, lifting her darning-needle high in air, and almost dropping her turkey, "thee wouldn't try to read in all this confusion? Wait till we are in a state of mind to hear thee!"

"Well, well, go on with your work, then, and I'll take the Good Book and read to myself awhile."

"Mother," says Polly, much relieved, what shall we do about that are riz bread? We shall be obleeged to send to mill this very day."

"Let me think," says Mrs. Staples; "father's got a lame shoulder and *he* can't go, and Joseph's in the woods, and Horatio is winnowing, and Jacob is threshing, and Abraham is at work at friend Jones', and Isaac—where *is* Isaac? My head gets confused."

"He's over in the corner lot," cries little Solomon, eagerly. "Mayn't *I* go to mill, mother? I haint been up to the village since *fust day*. If you'll let me go now, I won't ask for any apple-sarce to-morrow, and I'll——"

"*You* go!" sneers Betsey; "better send Job! He can drive the horse as well as *you* can!"

"Now, mother, *let* him go," says good-natured Sally; "we can tie him on to the meal-bags, and if he don't tumble off, that's all that's wanted."

After much laughter and commotion, during which poor little Job gets stepped on and loses his patience, young Solomon is perched astride the family horse, tied to the meal-bags by both legs and sent off to mill.

Did you ever see an old-fashioned wind-mill with its clumsy wings spread out to catch the breeze? Our grandfathers had to wait on the winds of heaven, as we now wait on the fall of the waters.

As this was a windy day, little Solomon expected his grist would be bound in a twinkling. But, no! It was surprising how many people there were who wanted wheat ground for Thanksgiving, as well as little Solomon.

"You must wait awhile, my little man," said neighbor Judkins, the miller, as he untied the youth and lifted him off the horse; "you're a dreadful smart child—who tied you on? But you may rest yourself a bit now. 'First come, first served,' you know."

"Father," said the anxious mother, as the shades of evening began to fall, "don't thee begin to worry some about that child?"

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"Whoever made the first move to have him go had ought to be ashamed," said Sally.

"Neighbor Judkins didn't do right not to start him off when the sun was half an hour high," said Polly, jerking off the "fry-basin" by its handle—a handle at least six feet long.

"Can't thee send off one of the boys, father?"

"Hurrah! here he comes!" cry half a dozen voices, as the children all rush to the door.

"Look here, my boy! seems to me you take it very easy," says one.

"Why don't you hold your head up?" says another; "you're a smart little man!"

"Oh, bring the camfire! — fetch some water!" screams Sally; "he's fainted clean away!"

"Not exactly," answers Polly, jerking at the string which fastens him to the bag.

"Our old horse has done pretty well this time—Solomon is sound asleep!"

THE COUGAR,

THE cougar, or American lion, is found in all parts of America. It is about four feet long, and of a tawny brown or gray color. Although he is called the American lion, he is but a caricature of the king of beasts—as unlike to him as a donkey is to a horse.

He is an arrant coward; he never contends with dogs or large animals, and runs at sight of a man. He is expert at climbing, and will chase poor apes from tree to tree, in his love of blood.

One cougar killed fourteen sheep in one night. Making a wound in the neck, he sucked the blood; gorged, he fell asleep in the midst of them, and was killed. His stomach was opened, and found to contain only blood. When taken quite young, he becomes very tame, and might be domesticated, if he were not dangerous to poultry. When tamed, he is familiar with dogs and cats; and when caressed, he purrs like a cat.

His way of welcoming his master, I think, would make his blood run cold, as we say. He crouches in a corner, and springs upon him as he enters! I believe I should prefer such a *welcome* left out.

COUSIN LOTTIE.

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A SUMMER TRIP EASTWARD.

BY WILFORLEY.

CHARLESTOWN NAVY-YARD.

LEAVING the Monument, I walked over to the Navy-yard; went in with the workmen, saw and heard them mustered into Uncle Sam's service—for the afternoon; looked at and into the ropewalk, "the largest in the world" (1,350 feet), where all of U. S.'s navy cordage is made; looked into the dry-dock and at the "Fear Not," getting fixed up therein; looked into the ship-houses and at the new gun-boats Housatonic and Wachuset, and the *old* new frigate Virginia, never to be finished; looked at—but not into—the old Ohio, receiving-ship; looked about generally, and went out, after trying to do so three times: first at the gate by which I had entered; it was locked—no go! then at an apparently open place, but found it blocked up by a sentry, who would not let me out; finally, and successfully, at the regular, legitimate, proper place of exit and entry, where the sentries were more complaisant, and did not interfere with my peaceable departure.

I retraced my steps, in a car, to mine hotel, and after taking dinner, took a ride with my friend aforesaid through the suburbs—which are really superb—and some eighteen miles or so into the country.

Much of the scenery on the road was charming, and many of the private residences that we passed were elegant, and gave evidence of the cultivated taste of their owners. The greater part of our drive was through a succession of small towns, more or less pleasant. We stayed over-night at the house of a friend of my friend, and returning next morning, passed through Lexington, of first-revolutionary-battle fame, through West and North Cambridge, by Harvard University, Washington's Head-quarters, and other places of interest. Spots of historic interest cluster thickly all about Boston.

After getting back, I crossed over from Parker's to the City Hall, circumambulated the statue of Ben Franklin, and then entered the building on which he has turned his back, knowing, as I did, that it harbored somewhere in its dim recesses no less a Merry than Oliver Onley. I found him without much trouble, had a short but pleasant talk with him, made arrangements to meet him in the afternoon, and sallied forth once more to continue my tour of investigation. I bent my steps from his office toward

THE AQUARIAL GARDENS,

where, as numerous posters had been repeatedly informing me, a real livin' live white whale was to be seen, not to mention sundry other objects of curiosity and interest. Well, I saw the whale, which was perhaps twenty feet long, and saw him spout on a small scale, and, as it happened to be feeding-time, witnessed his powers of swallow, which were not remarkable; it seemed to trouble him considerably to manage a good-sized eel. A young shark, an ugly fellow, shared the whale's tank with him. Ranged around the large tank were numerous small aquaria, in which smaller members of the finny tribe disported themselves, some of them very curious and beautiful. While I stood looking at the

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ungainly gambols of the whale, a deep voice close at my side suddenly announced, that if the ladies and gentlemen wished to see the performance of "the animals," they would proceed down stairs. Although I had come only to see the fishes, still I had no particular objections to seeing any other kind of animals the Gardens might have to show, and if they performed, why, well and good, I'd look

"ODD FISH."

at them. So I did, and saw a monkey ride a horse in four different ways, perform Napoleon Bonaparte and General Washington—or the Duke of Wellington—I am not quite sure which—in pretty fair monkey style, promenade a supposed Washington Street in the most approved manner, and finally trundle a wheelbarrow with some difficulty; to this last part of the programme he objected loudly. There was a seal, too, a bright-eyed, intelligent fellow, who showed us how the ladies bathed at Nahant, and then kissed his *hand* very gallantly to them

Then there was an *elk*-hunt around the ring, the hunter being the ringmaster with a whip, and after that a *kangaroo*-hunt, in which two kangaroos and two half-tamed Indians participated. The latter performance was one of the most grotesquely ridiculous sights I ever beheld. The kangaroos went jumping around the ring, hotly pursued by the Indians, who kept yelling at the top of their voices to make the persecuted creatures go faster. The kangs made good time, but the Indians were too much for them, and catching them by the tail, belabored them with sticks, never ceasing to yell at them. Altogether, the leaping kangaroos, and the Indians with their tattered finery fluttering on the breeze, made a scene at once wild and comical, such as I shall not soon forget.

In cages at the sides of the room were various sorry specimens of the animal kingdom, and among them their chief representatives, the lion, king of beasts, and the eagle, king of birds, but both deposed from their kingly state, and immured—or rather, enwired—for the rest of their natural lives. The lion paced moodily to and fro, gaping now and then, and the eagle hovered over its slovenly rest, occasionally uttering a shrill scream like the creaking of a cart-wheel. Was it thinking of the evil times that have befallen the land of which it is the chosen emblem? I fear its thoughts were rather of the tardiness of the keeper in bringing its dinner.

"THE HUB OF THE UNIVERSE."

Leaving the Aquarial Gardens and their interesting denizens, I struck out for the State House, dipping a little into the Common as I went, but not quite into the Frog-pond. Before the venerable edifice (the S. H., not the F. p.) stands the statue of Webster, with which some precise folks pretend to be dissatisfied, saying that Webster never looked like that, nor did anybody else, for that matter. The statue is surrounded by a high railing, on which is an inscription, probably sarcastic, warning visitors not to tread on the grass. What I wanted to know was, how they could do it at all. I ascended the time-worn steps of the State House, entered the hallowed portico, inscribed my name on the visitors' book, and climbed the winding way to the top of the dome. Imagine my feelings when I stood on the Hub of the Universe! I had well-nigh expected to see the mighty revolutions of the world, when I should stand on the end of its axle-tree; conceive, then,

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of my disappointment when everything seemed to be as stationary as ever. I say *seemed*, for probably things *were* going round, but so slowly that the motion was imperceptible. It really was not so hard to imagine yourself on the tip end of the world, when you looked down upon the dome swelling out on every side; and to make the illusion still more complete, I would recommend that the meridians and parallels be distinctly drawn upon its surface, before Gen. Gov. Banks' suggestion to gild it is carried out. Then, if the cupola could be kept stationary, and the dome set to revolving, its claim to the proud title of "the Hub" would be indisputable.

THE COMMON.

I dismounted from the Hub, and took a short walk along Beacon Street and through the Common, going this time to the very verge of the Frog-pond, admiring the fine trees, and especially the beautiful shaded walk along the Beacon Street side; altogether, I came to the conclusion that it was an *un*commonly fine Common. I proceeded thence to

THE ATHENEUM,

procured a catalogue, and set about looking through the galleries of sculpture and painting on exhibition there. Many very fine works of art are contained in these rooms, and some of them, both paintings and statuary, are quite rare and valuable; none more so than the original portraits of Washington and his wife, both painted by Stuart; some of the copies from the old masters are also very fine. Boston may well be proud of her Atheneum with its art galleries and library. This finished the morning, and after dinner

A STROLL.

Oliver Onley and I met agreeably to appointment, and strolled off through the Common to the Public Library at the lower end thereof. It is a very fine building, with a lofty and well-lighted interior, and elegantly fitted up. Leaving there we took a car for Mount Auburn, the far-famed cemetery. Just before arriving at the entrance, a heavily loaded wagon, which had broken down directly upon the track, stopped all farther progress. O. O. and I left the car to walk the little distance that remained, thanking our stars that the obstruction had not occurred before. We looked back to see the progress of events, when lo! the car had left the track, was traveling around the obstacle, mounted the track again, and soon resumed the even tenor of its way, going at a two-forty rate to make up for lost time. Moral: when you can't possibly go over, through, or under an impediment, go *around* it.

THE MEETING-PLACE.

When a blasted world shall brighten
Underneath a purer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendor here;
When earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robe of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been;
When a king, in kingly glory,
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous scepter,
Claim and wear the holy crown,
Brother, we shall meet and rest,
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Temperance, open air, easy labor, simple diet, and pure water, are good for a man all the days of his life.

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A PRAYER.

STILL night was brooding o'er the sky,
And memories through the casement came
To the heart of a fair-haired boy again,
And woke a joy that was half a pain,
And gladdened while it made him sigh.

The sigh was brief, the joy would last,
For sweet loved tones of his mother came;
He could not breathe her hallowed name,
And long be sad; for love's pure flame
Feeds on the incense of the past.

And as he called them up again,
Green spring, gay summer, and autumn sere,
The bright seasons of the faded year,
Came with his mother's face most dear,
And brightened the links of love's gold chain.

He heard the earnest, tender prayer—
"Let no dark storms bedim his life,
But strew with honor, truth, and light
His young heart's purest, richest life—
Let his well-being be thy care."

Then closed the great blue eyes, and tears
Through the half closed hands and fingers bent
Their way to his mother's grave; he sent
A prayer to God, the great God who lent
His manhood, and these many years.

"Oh, cleanse my heart from sin's dark pain
And let a new love that's free from frown,
Start into being in this young brain,
Bringing holy thoughts that are free from stain,
When thou, my Father, lookest down.

"Yes, I will breathe it, while the days
Glide onward with this, the new-found year.
Sweet thoughts, O Father! I shall not fear
My conscience while thou, great God, art near
To guide me through life's mystic ways." MYRTA.

THE LITTLE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

SHE knelt her down so meekly,
Believing none were nigh,
Clasped her little hands so sweetly,
And then, with upturned eye,

Said, "Father, please to bless me
Through all the long, long day,
And keep me all so safely
Till I come again to pray."

She simply asked forgiveness
For evil she had done;
Then said, "Now, I'm forgiven,
Through Christ, God's own dear Son."

She prayed for loved ones near her;
For friends both far and wide;
Said, "I want Thee, God, to bless them,
And all the world beside."

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MODERN IMPLEMENTS OF WAR.

THE boys and girls of this country happily know little about war. Some of us have heard our fathers and grandfathers tell of the battles fought many years ago; but nearly fifty years have passed since a war of any magnitude has disturbed the quiet of the nation. The Mexican war was too distant to be felt by the masses. In consequence of this, little attention has been paid to military matters. Comparatively few, except residents in cities, had ever seen many warlike implements before the breaking out of the great rebellion that is now shaking the nation to its center. A few descriptions of modern warlike implements will no doubt be interesting to our young friends, and we accordingly give them.

GUNPOWDER is the great article now relied on in battles. All of you have had Fourth-of-July experiences enough to be pretty well acquainted with it. It may be called a great power packed into a little space. When set on fire, its compounds form a gas which expands very greatly, and with tremendous force. Half a gill of powder will instantly produce gas enough to fill a barrel, or 2,000 gills. It is a mixture of about six ounces of saltpeter with one ounce of sulphur, and one ounce of charcoal. The charcoal made from willow wood is considered best for this purpose. These ingredients are first ground separately, very fine, then together moist, and afterward pressed into solid cakes and dried. The cakes are then broken into small grains, which are kept revolving in cylinders, until the edges are rounded. The grains are passed through sieves of several sizes to assort them. The coarser grains are used for cannon and for blasting, and the finer for guns and pistols. The fine dust which remains, is useful for making fuses or slow matches, and various kinds of fire-works. Flame can not spread through it rapidly, and it therefore burns slowly.

Percussion powder, with which percussion caps are charged, is a compound which ignites upon receiving a sudden blow. Formerly it was necessary to have a flint and steel attached to the lock of a gun, with which to set fire to the powder, but the old flint locks are almost entirely superseded by the percussion locks. The latter are surer, because less liable to be injured by dampness, and they set fire to the powder much more rapidly, so that the gun may be discharged before its aim is changed.

GUNS are of many different sizes and forms. They consist of a tube, usually round, closed at one end, except a small orifice through which to fire the powder. The Irishman's description was, "You take a long hole and pour melted brass or iron around it, and that makes a cannon." Most guns are loaded from the muzzle, though recently many are made with a movable breech, so that the charge can be introduced there. All guns may be classed under two kinds, viz., the *Smooth-Bore* and the *Rifled-Bore*. At first all guns were made smooth-bore; it was found, however, that no matter how much pains was taken to make the gun perfect, the ball could not be fired to any great distance with perfect accuracy. As it could not be fitted perfectly tight in the barrel, it would move a little from side to side as it passed out, and thus vary from the desired course; also one side of

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the ball would be a little heavier than the other, and as it moved through

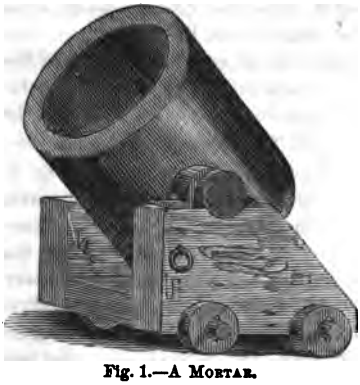

Fig. 1.—A Mortar.

the air, it dropped a little toward the heavier side. There was also much waste in the force of the powder, as part of the charge would find its way out between the ball and the sides of the barrel.

The rifled-bore was invented to overcome these difficulties. Small grooves or creases are cut the whole length of the barrel. These do not run straight along the barrel, but spirally, so as to go from half to three quarters of the way around in passing the whole length of the barrel. The ball is made so large, that in being driven through

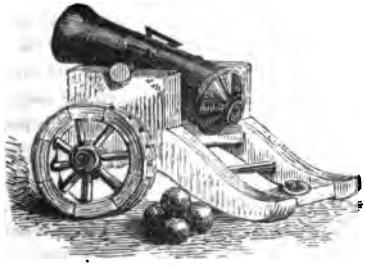

Fig. 2.—A Howitzer.

the barrel, its sides are forced into these grooves, and as it follows them it receives a rotary motion, and upon passing out, it goes spinning through the air, so that the heaviest part of the ball is as often on one side of the line of flight as on the other, and is not varied from its course, but flies straight as it was aimed.

At first only hunters' guns were rifled, then pistols and army muskets received this improvement, and within a short time cannon have been made with the rifled-bore. Iron balls are used in cannon, and as this metal can not be forced into the grooves, some of them are made with projections on the sides to fit the grooves; others have a ring of lead attached to them, which expands into the grooves.

Different Kinds of Cannon.—

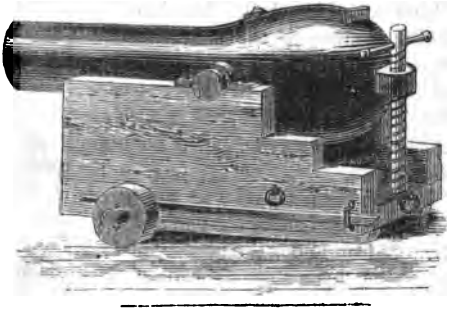

Fig. 3.—A Columbiad or Paixhan.

The *Mortar* (Fig. 1) is about the most ancient form of cannon. It is short and stout, having a very large bore, and is set upon a low, strong framework. It is used to throw balls and shells high in the air, to fall down upon fortifications, ships, etc. No very great accuracy of firing can be attained with this gun, as it is too short to give permanent direction to the ball. It has been quite destructive, however, in throwing bombs into cities, where it made little difference in what place the balls fell.

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The *Howitzer* (Fig. 2) is a cannon of smaller bore, and longer than the mortar. It is usually made of brass, or a mixture of brass and copper and other metals, called bronze. It throws either a ball or shell. The howitzer has the bore near the breech smaller than the forward part, forming a chamber to receive the powder. Small cannons of this kind, which are easily transported, are called Mountain Howitzers.

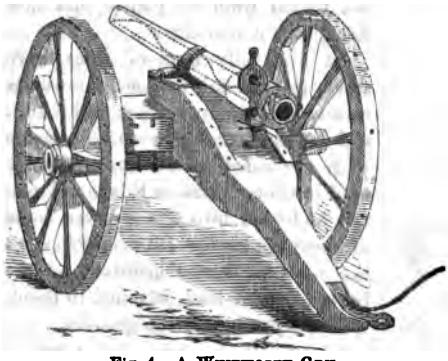

Fig. 4.—A Whitworth Gun.

A *Carronade* differs from a howitzer in being fastened to the carriage by a loop of iron under the middle, instead of resting upon *trunnions*, or projections from the sides. It is named from Carron, a village in Scotland, where it was first made.

The *Columbiad* (Fig. 3) has a bore of equal diameter throughout, but the part near the breech is made much thicker than the rest, to resist the strain of the powder. In many of these guns the thickness increases regularly from the muzzle to the breech, giving it a tapering form. Both solid shot and shells are fired from the Columbiad, and as its form lessens the danger of bursting, it may be made of great bore to carry large projectiles.

Fig. 5.

The *Paixhan* is the French name for the Columbiad, which was introduced into the French army from America by Gen. Paixhan.

The *Dahlgreen Gun* is a form of the Columbiad, named after the inventor, Captain Dahlgreen, of the United States army.

The *Whitworth Gun* (Fig. 4) was invented by Mr. Whitworth, in England. It is a rifled cannon. The dotted lines in the barrel represent the grooves. The breech is screwed off in loading, as shown in the engraving. It carries a long conical iron ball (Fig. 5), cast with spiral projections on the sides, to fit the grooves of the gun.

The *Armstrong Gun* is a breech-loading rifled cannon. The balls used have iron bands of lead cast upon them, to fit into the grooves. It has been found dangerous to those using it in the open field, as the bands often fly off when a short distance from the gun, and kill the bystanders.

Fig. 6.—*r*, Round Shot—*g*, Grape—*b*, Bar Shot—*c*, Chain Shot—*m*, Musket Balls.

Projectiles signify anything thrown or *projected*. Shot and shells of various sorts are the projectiles thrown from cannon. *Round Shot* (*r*, Fig. 6) are round, solid iron balls, weighing from two to more than a hundred

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pounds. The ordinary sizes for field use are from four to twelve pounds in weight. The guns from which they are thrown are called *Light Artillery*. Heavier shot are used in *Heavy Artillery*, for battering down fortifications, sinking vessels, etc. *Bar Shot* (*b*, Fig. 6) consists of two solid round shot, connected by a bar,

Fig. 7.—Canister.

like a dumb-bell. *Chain Shot* (*c*, Fig. 6) are two round shot linked together by a chain. They are frequently used for destroying the masts and rigging of vessels. *Grape Shot* (*g*, Fig. 6) are small iron balls, bound together in a canvas bag. They are usually arranged around an iron spike, somewhat in the form of a bunch of grapes. *Canister* or *Case Shot* (Fig. 7) are small iron balls, inclosed in a cylindrical tin box or case. The common *Shell* or *Bomb* (Fig. 8) is a large hollow sphere of iron filled with powder and balls or fragments of iron. A fuse is

Fig. 8.—A Shell.

attached, which takes fire when the cannon is discharged, and it is so arranged that it shall explode the shell at the moment it strikes the point aimed at. The improved fuse consists of two metal plates over the opening in the bomb, with fine meal powder between them. The inner plate has an opening to communicate with the powder of the shell, and the outer plate is marked with the figures 1, 2, 3, 4. Before the gun is loaded, the plate is pierced at one of these figures; at 1, if the shell is to explode in one second, at 2, for two seconds, and so on. *Shrapnel* or *Spherical Case* are large hollow shells filled with bullets, and a small charge of powder just sufficient to burst the shell without greatly scattering the contents. A fuse is attached as in the bomb. It is used in battles, on the field, to discharge among masses of men, and often makes fearful havoc. The *Carcass* is a shell filled with some highly inflammable compound, and pierced with several holes. It is ignited by a fuse, and the flames from the ingredients set fire to any combustible material around it. Round shot heat-

Fig. 9.—Hand Grenade.

ed red hot, and thin iron shells filled with melted iron, are also thrown into towns, ships, etc., to set them on fire. The *Hand Grenade* (Fig. 9) is a small thin shell filled with balls and powder, and fitted with a fuse. When used, the fuse is lighted, and the grenade thrown by hand. It is used in attacking forts, vessels, etc., at close quarters, or in repelling assailants, and is a formidable weapon.

"What's whisky bringing?" inquired a large dealer in the article. "Bringing men to the gallows, and women and children to want," was the reply.

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BIRDS OF NEW YORK—THE LINNET—(CONTINUED).

IN the genus *Chrysomitris*, or goldfinch, we have our well-known yellow-bird, the American goldfinch. Its specific name is *tristis*, a Latin word signifying sorrowful. This name was given by Linnæus, on account of the peculiar plaintive notes of the bird. We can not call the yellow-bird a constant resident, hardly, yet during the cold season hungry flocks may be seen occasionally, busily employed in gleaning a scanty pittance from the seeds of the taller weeds, which rise above the deep and drifted snows. During winter the livery of the yellow-bird is a dull brownish-yellow—the color of the females; but in spring the males obtain a brilliant dress of golden-yellow, and, tuning their lively songs, are heard in every tree, vying with each other in the delivery of their pleasing though plaintive warble. The song is peculiar, at times sinking to a low cadence like the hum of bees, and then swelling into a ringing crescendo, which resembles the loud song of the canary.

The flight of the yellow-bird, as is the case with the whole family of linnets, is performed in an undulating manner, uttering while in the air a plaintive call, like *'tshee veet, 'tshevee.* The young, in autumn, may be seen in flocks, sitting close together in a pine-tree, whistling a peculiar call, like *may-be, may-be.*

The goldfinches all have a peculiar fondness for thistle seeds, and our bird resorts to clayey hills and roadsides in the autumn to obtain these seeds, and thus destroy the germs of these noxious weeds, performing a useful labor for man. Although, at times, the yellow-bird destroys lettuce and flower seeds indiscriminately, yet he more than makes up for this damage by his persevering siege against the thistles.

In cages the yellow-bird thrives well, and sings in an animated style; they are often caught and exposed for sale, but being so common, command but a small price.

In autumn they frequent gardens and roadsides, collecting oily seeds of various kinds and shelling them with great address and familiarity; if undisturbed, often hanging and moving about head downward, to suit their convenience. When feeding on thistle seeds they are very silent and intently engaged, spreading the down in clouds around them, nor are they very easily disturbed in this occupation.

The nest of the yellow-bird is generally built in elder-bushes or in young forest-trees. It is very neatly constructed with downy stalks, root fibers, strips of bark, horsehair, etc., and lined with thistle-down, or the cotton from the cottonwood-tree. The eggs are from three to five in number, dull white, without spots. Two broods are generally raised in a season.

Next to *Chrysomitris*, we have the genus *Curvirostra*, which comprises some very singular species. The characteristics of this genus are the habits, manner of flight, and call of the goldfinches, with a bill entirely different, and peculiarly formed. The upper mandible crosses over the lower in a singular curve, giving it the appearance of being *out of joint*. *Curvirostra* signifies curved beak, and this genus comprises the *crossbills*.

In this State we have two representatives of the crossbill genus—the *Curvirostra Americana*, the red crossbill, and *Curvirostra leucoptera*, the white-winged.

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Before we describe these species, let us reason a little upon the apparent deformity of this genus. Why was not the crossbill's beak formed uniformly, so that it could feed like other birds? Of what use can such a singular beak be?

The resorts of these birds are the pine and hemlock groves. They feed on the seeds which are found in the cones of these trees, and to extract them their bills are peculiarly adapted, the crossing mandibles acting like a forceps to crush the cones, and thus obtain the nutritious seeds.

The American crossbill is of a blood-red color, the females are greenish-yellow. In fact, the females of all red-colored birds are yellowish, for example, the scarlet tanager, summer red-bird, cardinal grossbeak, orchard oriole, pine bullfinch, and others. The young of the crossbill is of a singular mixture of both colors.

The crossbill is not seen here in summer. In the wilds of Canada, and amid the mountains of Hudson's Bay, it rears its young and spends the warm season.

But after the first fall of snow, hungry flocks descend from the dreary north and resort to our evergreen groves, where they remain until their supplies of food give out.

They are naturally unsuspicious birds, and feed so attentively on the cones of the yellow pine and hemlock that they can often be killed with a stick. One way of obtaining them is to strew a quantity of fresh cones on the snow, and place a figure 4 trap overhead, with a wide board for the *fall;* the birds will congregate so closely on the snow, that when the trap is sprung, hundreds may be obtained when the flocks are numerous in the woods.

Large numbers collect in one tree, generally a lofty pine; they are seen clinging to the ends of the top branches with their strong, short feet, and crushing the cones with their sharp mandibles.

A beautiful legend relating to the formation of this bird's beak will be given in a future number.

HENRY A. D.

IN SEARCH OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

BRIGHT blood was poured in the days of old,
Like wine, in the strife and toil for gold;
The hero fought and the minstrel sung
For the gleaming dust, when the world was young.

From the rocky cliffs of the shores of Greece,
Brave Jason sailed for the Golden Fleece,
Through fearful dangers and unknown seas,
Filled with wonders and mysteries.

And years have fled with their wisdom fraught,
And still the Golden Fleece is sought
O'er the widest seas to the farthest shore,
Where man's foot never trod before.

But, alas! men's hearts grow stern and cold,
In the endless search and strife for gold;
And their youth's high hopes and darling schemes
Vanish away like the morning's dreams.

And what profits our toil for the shining dust,
Which the thief may steal or the moisture rust,
If we lay not up, with hope and fear,
The treasure-trove of a better sphere?

MATTIE BELL.

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CHICKENS AND "POETRY."

NELLY'S FIRST SCHOOL-DAYS.

MANY of our readers will recollect that very interesting little book, entitled "Nelly and her Friends," published by Brown & Taggard, of Boston, which we noticed some time ago in the columns of the MUSEUM. Another volume of the series has been published, called "Nelly's First School-days," which is equally entertaining and instructive.

Nelly's efforts to return good for evil are vividly portrayed, and though found extremely difficult, yet, in the end, she found she could succeed if she tried very hard, and tried *all* the time. The book is well written, and will be extensively read.

We present a few extracts and illustrations, by permission of the publishers.

"Spring came again, and deepened slowly toward the summer. Leaves

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budded on the trees, herbs sprouted from the warm earth, and birds sang in all the hedges.

"'I am *so* glad!' said Nelly; 'for I love the spring sunshine, and all the pleasant things that come with it.'

"When the weather grew mild, Nelly was as good as her word about raising chickens for the benefit of Comfort's nephew, the little slave. The eggs of the favorite hen were carefully put aside to accumulate, and as soon as she had done laying, and went about the barnyard clucking, with her feathers ruffled and her wings drooping, Nelly knew, with joy, that it was time to set her. So she filled the same nest in which the eggs had been laid with clean, fresh straw, and placed them in it, ready for the bantam when Martin could catch her to put her on. They found that the hen needed no coaxing, but settled herself at once in the well-filled nest, giving at the same time an occasional cluck of high satisfaction. In three weeks from that time she came off with eleven chicks, all safe and well. When she was put in her coop, under the big apple-tree by the fence, Nelly fed her with moistened Indian-meal every day. She thought it a pretty sight, when Biddy minced up the food for her babies, and taught them how to drink out of the flower-pot saucer of water that stood within her reach.

"Nelly seemed never to get tired of looking at her little snow-white pets. She felt that they were her own, and therefore she took a double interest in them.

"When she was home from school, and lessons were studied for the next morning, she would go out to the apple-tree, and sit on the clean grass an hour or two, to watch every movement of the brood, and the solicitude of the caged mother when her offspring wandered too far away. One day in particular, as she sat there, the child's thoughts were busy with the future; her imagination pictured the time when full-grown, and more beautiful than any others, as she thought they were sure to become, her eleven chickens were to be sent to market.

"'I hope,' she said, half aloud, 'I hope they will bring a good price, for Comfort's sake; I should not like to offer her anything less than five dollars. That is very little, I think, compared to all the trouble I have had night and morning to feed and take care of them.'

"She stopped a moment, and heaved a deep sigh, as she saw the little yellow dots flit back and forth through the long grass, some of them running now and then to nestle lovingly under the wings of the mother.

"'Oh dear!' she went on, 'I do believe I am getting to love my hen and chickens too much to part with them; every day I think more and more of them, and all the while they grow prettier, and sweeter, and tamer. I wish I could keep them and have the money too! Dear little chickens! Oh! Comfort, Comfort!'

"She pronounced the last two words so ruefully, that her mother, who was passing along the garden-path, near the apple-tree, called out:

"'Well, Nelly dear, what is the matter with your precious Comfort? Has she met any great misfortune?'

"'No, ma'am,' said Nelly; 'I was only talking to myself about how hard it would be to sell the little chickens, even for dear Comfort's sake, when I love them so.'

"Mrs. Brooks drew near.

"'Well, my child, that is a dilemma I have not thought of before.

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Perhaps, who knows, something will turn up to keep your darlings nearer home. When autumn comes, if I feel desperately in want of bantams, I may purchase your brood myself; but I will not promise about it. In the mean time, don't get to loving them too much; and remember, that if you told Comfort you would give her the money, you must keep your word.'"

"POETRY."

"'You see,' she said, as she arranged her writing materials on the table, and drew the solitary tallow candle toward her—'you see, Comfort, school breaks up next week, and the spring vacation begins. It lasts a month—only think of it! Will not I have good times, eh? Johnny Bixby—you know Johnny Bixby, Comfort?—well, he goes to his home in the city as soon as vacation commences, and as we may not see him again, he wants each of the little girls to write him some poetry, so that he can remember us by it; and that's the way I come to want to learn how.'

"'Oh!' said Comfort, 'I understand now. Johnny boards with those ar Harrowses, eh?'

"'Yes,' said Nell; 'and he's such a very quiet boy, you've no idea, Comfort.'

"'He's the fust *quiet* boy ever *I* heerd on, then,' said Comfort. 'Well, what do you want to say to Johnny in your poetry? That's the first and important p'int; don't begin to write till you finds what you are a goin' to say.'

"'Oh! I want to tell him good-bye, and all that sort of thing, Comfort, and how I hope we will meet again. I've got the first line all written; that's some help, isn't it? Melindy's and my first lines are just alike, 'cause we made it up between us.'

"'How does it go?' asked Comfort, puffing at her pipe.

"'This way,' said Nelly, taking up her paper and reading:

"'Our days of youth will soon be o'er.'

"'Well,' said Comfort, after a moment's reflection, 'I think that's very good. Now you must find something to rhyme with that ar word, "o'er."'

"Nelly bent over her papers, and seemed to be considering very hard indeed. Once she put forth her hand, as if she were going to write, but drew it back again. Evidently she found writing poetry very difficult work. Comfort was looking at her, too, and that made her nervous, and even the solemn stare from the cat, Nancy, from the hearth, where she sat purring, added to her embarrassment.

"'Oh! Comfort,' she said, at last, with a deep sigh, 'I can't! I wonder if Johnny Bixby would take as much trouble as this for me. Do tell me what rhymes with "o'er," Comfort!'

"'O'er,' 'o'er,' repeated Comfort, slowly; 'why, tore, gnaw, boar, roar, and such like. Roar is very good.'

"'But I don't want "roar" in poetry, Comfort,' said Nelly, considerably ruffled. 'I don't see how you can bring "roar" in. I wonder if more would not do?'

"She took up her pencil, and in a little while, with beaming eyes, read to her listener these lines:

"'Our days of youth will soon be o'er,
In Harrow's school we'll meet no more.'

"'That's pretty fair, isn't it, Comfort?'

"''Pears like,' was the answer that came from a cloud of smoke on the other side of the room. 'I'm sorry the "roar" couldn't come in, though.

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NELLY AND JOHNNY IN THE WOODS.

Don't disremember to say something nice about his writin' to tell yer if he gits safe home, and so, and so.'"

Here is the poetry after it was all finished:

"TO JOHNNY BIXBY.

"Our days of youth will soon be o'er,
In Harrow's school we'll meet no more;
You'll write no more to Mrs. B.,
Oh! then, dear Johnny, write to me!"

A FISH OUT OF WATER.

"'What's that, Johnny, flopping about in the grass?'

"She pointed to the rock-side, where, as Johnny soon saw, a decided 'flopping' was indeed going on.

"'A fish! a fish!' cried the boy, catching it, and holding it up in both hands, so that Nell could look at it; 'I'll take it to Martin to put on the string with the rest. It must have floundered off.'

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"'Oh! let us put it back,' cried Nelly; 'poor Mr. Fish! I think you would really like to try your hand at swimming again.'

"'Fin, you mean,' laughed John; 'fishes don't have hands that ever *I* heard tell. Shall I let it go?'

"'Oh! yes,' cried Nell; 'but wait till I get down from the rock, so that I can see it swim away.' She clambered down, and soon stood by Johnny's side on the long grass that grew close to the brook's edge, and mingled with the little white bubbles on its surface. Johnny stooped, and, holding the fish, put his hands under the water. The moment the poor, tortured thing felt the touch of its native element, it gave a start and would have darted away.

"'Oh! Johnny!' exclaimed Nell; 'don't tease it so. Please let it go.'

"Johnny lifted up his hands, and instantly the fish swam off so swiftly that they could scarcely see which way it went. At last Nelly espied it under the shadow of the rock, puffing its little sides in and out, and looking at them with its keen, bright eyes, in a very frightened way.

"'Poor fish!' said Johnny; 'swim away, and remember not to nibble at boys' hooks again. A worm is a very good thing for you when it isn't at the end of a piece of string.'

"The fish gazed at him a little longer, then seeming to take his advice, darted from the rock to where the water was deeper and darker, and was soon lost to sight."

"WHO was the oldest man?" asked a Sabbath-school teacher in our school the other day of Bright-Eyes on the seat before her. "Adam's father," was the prompt reply.

WASHINGTON AND THE CORPORAL.

DURING the American Revolution, it is said, the commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under him, relative to a log of timber which they were endeavoring to raise up to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up with difficulty, and on this account the voice of the little man was often heard in regular vociferations of—

"Heave away! there she goes! heave ho!"

An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turning round, with all the pomp of an emperor, said—

"Sir, I am a corporal!"

"You are, are you?" replied the officer, "I was not aware of that;" and taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and then dismounted, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead.

When the work was finished, turning to the commander, he said—

"Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

The corporal was thunderstruck! It was Washington who thus addressed him!

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS MADE CLEAR AT A GLANCE.

DEAR Smith, I owe you $20 for articles
I've bought;
If now I pay you down $2, you see I
owe you 0.

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NEW IPSWICH APPLETON ACADEMY.

THIS institution is located in the town of New Ipswich, Hillsborough County, N. H., and is about fifty miles from Boston. It was founded in the year 1789, and is the oldest academy but one in the State.

Its founders had just emerged from the long and bloody struggle for liberty and independence, which resulted in the formation of our glorious Union and Constitution, and though burdened with an enormous debt, they went to work at once with the true spirit of '76, and founded this institution of learning that their children might receive the full benefit of a liberal education, and that they might transmit to posterity the fruit of their labors. This was but one of the many schools of the kind started by our revolutionary fathers.

For seventy-two years has this academy been in vigorous operation, and more than 7,000 pupils have received the benefit of its instructions.

It is now under the charge of E. T. Quimby, A.M., and continues to stand in the front rank among the schools of New England.

On the 18th of September last the Alumni held a social reunion, and celebrated the occasion with an oration, poem, chronicles, speeches, public dinner, etc., ending with a grand levee in the evening. Altogether it was one of the pleasantest gatherings we have attended for a long time. Mr. J. N. Stearns, who is a graduate

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of this academy, was the scribe of the day, and has published a pamphlet containing all the proceedings of the occasion. The poem, by Timothy Perry, Esq., was decidedly good, and we give our readers a few extracts from it:

FIRST EXPERIENCE.

How soon the young novitiate at school
Gained confidence and learned to work by rule!
How soon, by unexpected kindness cheered,
Each timorous apprehension disappeared!
How soon the scenes, which first were strange and new,
By oft-repeated use, familiar grew,
And the last home-sick symptom passed away
Like twilight shadows at the break of day!
Even that attic-room in Students' Hall,
With one projecting window, mean and small,
Which overlooked the solemn church-yard stones,
With fears of ghosts and visions of dry bones,
In time became a paradise of joy
To every well-behaved and studious boy.
And lessons that at first were dull and dry
As an old tree-stump 'neath Sahara's sky,
Soon, as if vivified by summer showers,
Showed signs of life, and put forth leaves and flowers.
Each figure in long columns seemed to sprout,
And every unknown ∞ gave forth a shout!
Sharp angles, curves, and geometric lines
Seemed beautiful as ornamental vines;
Dead languages a resurrection took,
And from their locks the musty cobwebs shook;
Dumb Nature found a scientific tongue,
Antediluvian rocks looked fresh and young,
Planets and stars in splendor sparkled bright,
And the whole realm of learning beamed with light!

* * * * * * *

WHAT WE DID.

'Twas then we learned how rules of Mathematics
Could be applied to master Hydrostatics;
How laws of Arithmetical Progression
Govern the equinoxes in precession;
How one may often change his situation,
And yet be very dull at permutation;
Or be a gentleman in all his actions,
And practice constantly in Vulgar Fractions;
Or work industriously extracting Roots,
And neither mar his hands nor soil his boots;
Or be conservative in his professions,
And yet make use of radical expressions;
Or—still more strange and wonderful to tell—
How Jane may always get her lessons well
(In music), and yet often be at play
(On the piano), more than half the day.
But one strange thing, the solemn truth most
Compels me to admit we did not learn; [stern,
Indeed, the simple fashions of those days
Gave us no fitting opportunities—
(And if they had, such questions are involved,
'Tis doubtful if the problem could be solved)—
We never learned the form of calculation,
Either by a Quadratical Equation,
Or better, by attempting to apply
The rules of Spherical Geometry,
To properly compute, so as to tell
The area of a full-sized modern belle;
And long to come, I fear, it still will be,
A very large, but unknown quantity.

FURTHER ACQUISITIONS.

But other questions, not so difficult,
Took little time to figure the result,
And, on the whole, to speak with modesty,
Few smarter boys have lived than you or me!
Ah! don't you now remember well how quick
We worked the tough sums in Arithmetic;
Covered the old long black-board every day
With problems curious in Algebra,
And found the value of x, y, and z
With most astonishing dexterity?
And couldn't we parse and analyze
Better than other striplings of our size?
Philosophy (the natural kind) we knew,
From the beginning to the end, quite through;
Of powers mechanical we knew the action,
And could explain the causes of refraction;
Were versed in principles of locomotion;
The theory of high tides in the ocean;
The science of chain-pumps and water-wheels;
The wonders which the microscope reveals,
And all the strange results of Galvanism,
Applied to telegraphs and magnetism.
We also understood thermometers;
The operation of barometers,
And various different ways and means
Of making good electrical machines;
Could write an essay on the use of snow,
All kinds of winds explain, and why they blow,
And trace, from causes of disturbed caloric,
All the phenomena called meteoric;
Of salts and acids understood the nature,
And the whole system of their nomenclature;
How substances, in near vicinity,
Are moved by chemical affinity,
And knew by heart the first of natural laws,
That every effect must have a cause!

* * * * * * *

ADVENTURES AMONG THE DEAD LANGUAGES.

These things we studied in our mother tongue,
As any boy might do, however young;
But soon, disgusted with such common stock,
We left them all behind for *hic, hæc, hoc;*
The Latin grammar conned in every part,
And learned the rules of Syntax all by heart;

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Read Cæsar's expeditions into Gaul
In days when Rome was great and France was small.
Also translated, for a term or so,
The famous speeches made by Cicero;
And with Æneas crossed, against large odds
(Occasioned by the anger of the gods),
From Troy to Italy, and founded there
A wide-spread empire, powerful and fair.
We then, proud of our good success and skill,
For classical renown ambitious still,
Not without danger to our lives and limbs,
Learned all the Greek jaw-breaking paradigms;
Filled our distracted heads with ὁ, ἡ, τό;
Took breakfast, dined and supped on βουλεύω,
And, haunted by their horrid recollections,
We dreamed at night of aorist inflections;
Learned and remembered then, I scarce know how,
But all, thank goodness, well forgotten now!
Yet by their help, with Xenophon, we beat
From Babylon a masterly retreat,
And with old mythic Homer trod the path
Of Trojan troubles and Achilles' wrath.

COMPOSITIONS AND DECLAMATIONS.

But our rough sketch of academic life,
Of classic drill and literary strife,
Would not be half complete should we pass by
Those tests of youthful skill and bravery—
The two great *lions* in each schoolboy's way,
That filled his heart with terror and dismay.
To waylay one, he burned the midnight oil,
With sleepless industry and mental toil,
And wrote at last the third or fourth edition
Of something which he called a *composition*.
But no such private warfare could he wage
To kill the other, for upon the stage,
In sight of all and without hesitation,
He was obliged to speak his *declamation*.
And when, with show of courage well dissembled—
Although his knees, like old Belshazzar's, trembled—
He marched upon the platform, with the eyes
Of schoolmates turned like hostile batteries
Upon his unprotected person, need I tell
He might have faced the cannon's mouth as well.
O lucky wight was he upon the start,
If what he thought he knew, each word by heart,
Had not completely vanished from his mind
And left a perfect vacuum behind.
But if his soul, more manful, did not melt
With fear, and he succeeded, then he felt
As much relieved, when his whole part was acted,
As if an aching tooth had been extracted.

We have no room for further extracts, but all who are interested in New Ipswich Appleton Academy (and its fame extends all over New England and a good ways beyond), can obtain a copy of the whole poem, the oration, chronicles, and a full account of all the other interesting proceedings of the occasion, by remitting to the Publisher of the MUSEUM nine three-cent postage stamps. They will receive the pamphlet, post-paid, by return of mail.

SHADOWS.—The shadows all day long play at silent games of beauty. Everything is double if it stands in light. The tree sees an unrevealed and muffled self lying darkly along the ground. The slender stems of flowers, golden-rod, wayside-asters, meadow-daisies, and rare lilies (rare and yet abundant, in every nice, level meadow), cast forth a dim and tremulous line of shadow, that lies long all the morning, shortening till noon, and creeping out again from the root all the afternoon until the sun shoots it westward in the morning. A million shadowy arrows such as these spring from Apollo's bow of light at every step. Flying in every direction, they cross, interlacing each other in a soft net-work of dim lines. Meanwhile the clouds drop shadow-like anchors, that reach the ground but will not hold; every browsing creature, every flitting bird, every moving team, every unconscious traveler, writes itself along the ground in dim shadow.

To the man of strong will and giant energy, possibilities become probabilities, and probabilities certainties.

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Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

SO, here we are again—after another month of war—no one seceded—no one missing—no one wounded. That is the kind of war for me. I am not in favor of broken bones or maimed limbs. Welcome all; and all for Union. So, speak all together and promiscuously apart.

Sept. 11, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE:—My indignation was so roused by the last magazine that I can not hold my peace. Let me scold a little to ease my mind.

Willie, Willie, why do you force me to turn from the sweet feelings of sympathy and compassion to anger and indignation? I am astonished! *dumbfounded!* at your cool impudence!! So you "have concluded," have you, "to exchange portraits with the Merrys on condition of receiving theirs *first?*" And do you expect your lady relatives to comply with so impudent a request? Why, coz, where is your gallantry? Send the ladies your own *carte*, and never fear but they will reciprocate.

Wilforley, a mutual friend has been speaking ill of your phiz to me. Won't you send me a copy of it, that I may judge if he told the truth or was slandering you? How vexatious of you to propose a charade I had heard, so I had no chance of earning one!

"Scrape acquaintance," Ellian? Just what I should like to do. Here is a kiss for you, mignonne, and I'll beg a favor, too. May I fill G.-H. E.'s place to you? I shall look anxiously for your answer. Oliver, *mon cher cousin*, what do you think of No. 1 Pine Street? *I* think it a very interesting place. What lots of cousins we miss of late! Flib, Nip, Adrian, who since promising to sit by me has never appeared, and lastly Black-Eyes. Come back and gladden our Merry band by your presence.

Uncle Merry, please deliver love safely to *every one* of my cousins, especially Ellian, Fleta, Sybil, Nannie N., and O. O. From DAISY W.

You are sweet Daisy, notwithstanding you scold, and you shall have all the love we can spare — no more. The "Wils" will make their own reply.

BATAVIA, *Oct.* 1, 18

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I think will come in for a few moments, will only let me. I will be very if you will please give me lice speak. W. H. Coleman, I pity yo hope that soon you will again sh all the luster of bygone days. folly (you see I adopt Celeste's me I think you must be a little "cra or what can be the matter with How large are your whiskers? Ar discernible to the naked eye? Onley, the first paragraph of your sounds patriotic, certainly. I do n homeopathic doses of the "desec commodity;" they must be pretty to suit me, and accompanied by—I say what, for fear of shocking Grey. Son of the Evening Star, h my love and half a dozen kisses not forgotten you. Saucy Nell, don't forswear kissing. I like y much, that it would be cruel to d me of the pleasure of a kiss on rosy lips; so here's a kiss, *ma chère.* ley, though I do not often ente such childish games as *tag*, I bet *hug* and a *kiss* that you can not cat around the parlor. Wil H. Col I like you very much—you prom make a star of the first magn Aunt Sue, I have one cause of com —our stories are getting very chi now can't we have a good, long sensible story, with grown-up peo characters, and adapted to those w no longer children? But I hea sound of the hatchet preparing scend upon my devoted head, must go. With love to all,

BLUE-E

Blue eyes are always gentle surely no one will complain of comments, unless it may be "Be alias Wil——

CHICAGO, *Sept.*, 18

ADORABLE UNCLES:—Did you ev your life hear such a din as these y sters (wonder how the "old m ones" will like that!) keep up? The themselves "Merrys," and they a that; but seems to me some of the better adopt the name "Hatc

less they can be a trifle less sharp and tting.

Wilforley, Willie, Fleta, all of you, at are you thinking of? *Modrate*, or shall have two dear old (!) deaf cles on our hands. Then won't you sh you had bridled your tongues, and cked the rank growth of your de-ptive powers?

Aunt Sue, I spent three very happy nths in your pleasant city, not very long gone by." With a daily ride in e charming country around you, visit-g Greenwood, Staten Island, etc., and equent journeys to the Dusseldorf allery, my time passed most satisfac-rily. Do you ever go to 144 Atlantic reet, and do you know either member f the firm doing business there? The xt time I go to Brooklyn I must surely sit the "Merry and Hatchet sanctum" nd *try* to find you—if you will see me.

As I am not one of the "favored ew"—and looking in the glass (Nellie Van's recommendation to Fleta) until it cracked wouldn't convince me to the contrary—I herewith clip my own effu-sion, and save Uncle Hi's time and pa-tience. PRUE E. B.

You are heartily welcome, considerate Prue;
You must come to see us; we like you, we do;
And when we get out to that wonderful West,
We'll seek you, and find you, and—you'll know the rest.

Sept., 1861.

"As daylight can be seen through very small holes," says the Scrap-Bag, "so little things illustrate a person's character." Forgive me, friend Willie, if I have wronged you. I only judged you from past premises, such as "†°†," "!—!," from whose ashes you, in times past, arose. Now, long have I suspected that *you* were the phenix which animated the *ci-devant* "Bess." So when Wilforley stepped full-fledged from her "mangled, mutilated frame," I still thought *him*, *you*—the *same* bird, pluming yourself on the hope that you were still *incognita*. Immediately I at-tacked you. But after the distinct asseveration of Uncle Hi, the disavowal of Wilforley, the rebuke of C. F. W., and last, not least, the touchingly mute appeal of your own "saddened soul," I am convinced that I was unjustly, un-foundedly, suspicious! So I contritely "back down" from my July thesis, and declare that to the best of my knowledge and belief, W. H. C. is *not* Wilforley—and *vice versa*, of course. So, pray, Willie, forget my unkind sentiments; forgive the "naughty world;" and, while Daisy trims her "tiny lamp," assume the "marrow-bones-creak" expression and get your "40graphs" took to onc't.

Wilforley—I caught the idea—I mean the "ramrod," at first guess. *Phiz*-ically speakin', send yourself along. Aunt Sue has my address. I have tried, Wil-forley, tried hard to forgive your wild prank. At last I conclude to do so—*provided* you henceforth *stay yourself!* So—while I can not but agree with Homely Face that you are an arch-*deceiver*, and can not believe with Stella and Oliver that you are an arch-*angel*—yet I hereby extend you the hand of amity and sigh, "*Heu! cadit in quemquam tantium seclus!*—let us be friends!

Cousin Ollie, you *should* say "*Erin Go Unum, E Pluribus Bragh!* I hope the se-vere mental exercise you endured in deciphering my last letter has not put you *hors de combat*. Sorry—but I can not help my style—*naturally deep* (*!*), you know. Indeed, Ollie, if any masculine in the Chat "*could* induce" me to try the "desecrating commodity," it would be yourself. But, for reasons best known to myself, and not to be here explained, I can not be persuaded to try even a "homeopathic dose."

Kate, you do not suppose Mars ever went to war with a "jockey" tied over his ambrosial locks, do you? or that Venus sprang from the foam of the sea, in "gaiter-boots?" How *shockingly* un-romantic! You will have to look again!

Listen now to Venerable San!—wrig-gling around amid profuse *italics*, and pouring forth a handful of "harmless thunder." Sorry for you, San!—but "we feminines" don't intend to *be* "coerced." So you just needn't try.

C. F. Warren—"In earnest," was I? Never more so, my cousin. Nellie Van, I looked in my mirror according to in-structions. How was I disappointed! I fully expected to see therein Sybil Grey

"With all the murders meant to lie,
In that large, languishing gray eye."

And W. H. C., overflowing with honeyed eloquencies, of which "Attic bees each word distill." And Wilforley, "heaving disproportioned sighs." And Daisy E. W., with all her "artless love, believing

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and believed." And Black-Eyes, and C. M. G., and O. O., and Stella L.

"All so intolerably bright,
You think your eyes deceive your sight!
And you think—so witty are they, ever,
'Tis tiresome to be quite so clever!"

Nellie Van, if you think these "few" will be in my glass next time, I'll look again.

Nell of B., what is the "something else *more agreeable?*" Please enlighten.

Sister Wil, you are as bad as the thief who stole Stella's "spirits"—you have appropriated the "better half" of W. H. C.'s name. Well, here's success to you! and may you do as much credit to the name as its other owner has done.

Wilforley, please notice my remarks to Ollie on "style." They explain my "way of slinging words around."

But I must defer a few "gems" over to another letter. *Pour le present—assez.*

FLETA FORRESTER.

Oh, Fleta! Fleta! how can you so trifle with Uncle Hi's good-nature? You are so genial, so tart, so sweet, and so saucy—what shall we do with you? Can you not see that the MUSEUM is not ten miles long, and therefore can not take in more than a dozen five-mile letters? We have had to leave Wilforley out in the cold—so long, we could not even get his head in. But as for you, Fleta, as was said once of another—

"In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a genial, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, or without thee."

And so we take you as you are.

CAMP GRAHAM, D. C.; *Oct.* 17.

DEAR UNCLES:—Here I am, far away from home, serving under the "stars and stripes," as a defender of our glorious Union. Permit me to chat with my old friends as usual. The MUSEUM is more welcome than ever to me now; its arrival is a certain cure for the *ennui* of camp life, and I can say, with Hugo, that "I would rather read it than eat my supper at any time." Perhaps, after a forced march of thirty miles or so, however, the supper would be preferable.

Uncle Robert, I was sorry not to have seen you, to bid you good-bye. I had a nice chat with Aunt Sue and Tommy.

Black-Eyes, here's my hand—your sentiments are of the right kind. Amen to that prayer for our Union. Who knows but that I may meet with some of the seceding Merrys? I think we would cross swords, if that should happen.

Down-East Girl, I like your style; won't you write again?

Brown-Eyes, I think you must be a romp; I imagine Oliver blushing in his boots at your open proposal.

Hattie, you must not expose Ol; your epigram in prose is excellent, and, Uncle, yours also. Merrys, I will inform you that the note to Hattie's letter has two significations. There's a riddle for you.

Lizzie H., can't I have some of those strawberries?

Friend Adelbert, don't leave us; we have had good times together for five years, and to lose you would be losing an *old* friend. (No pun meant there.)

Oliver, you are "O. O. logical," "eggs"-actly, notwithstanding your assertion to the contrary. Didn't we used to climb trees together? Do you remember the "social chat" on the island?

Zephyr, I should like very much to see that problem you speak of, but I can not refer to back numbers here in camp, so I must ask you to state it, if you please.

C. F. W., are you related to Hattie? Your styles are remarkably similar. Saucy Nell, I have found you out at last.

Clara, my respects. No fear of enlargement of *my* brain, as my skull is too thick for expansion. My *anodyne* is a violin, and an excellent quietus it is, too. Don't cut me up, Uncle. I don't write very often. Yours truly,

HENRY A. DANKER.

Cut you up, Danker? No, not a chip, not a shaving, not so much as a scratch. And wo be to the hatchet, the sword, the bayonet, the bowie-knife, or the bullet that even grazes your skin! Just give it out in proclamation, if you please, that, if any one harms you, there are 20,000 Merrys, every one of whom will become a Hatchet on the instant, to avenge you. Yet, no—Henry, we will do better. The Merrys will all remember you in their prayers, and God will keep you from harm. Rest assured of this, you shall be tenderly, affectionately cared for at all our household altars.

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And thousands of eyes will turn daily to our Reports from "Camp Graham," to catch the first tidings of your movements. Do let us hear from you as often as possible. If it is only a word that you send, send that. God bless you.

ALL OF US.

Aug. 20, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:—I am here again, to contribute my mite to the general bustle. Oliver Onley, did you *really* see W. H. C.? What sort o' looking thing is he? Sophie, do you mean to say he, too, has been deceiving us? I will keep a sharp watch, and "beware of him."

So we have got a *Wil* H. Coleman feminine in the Chat. I second H. A. Danker's proposition about the algebraic problem. Wilforley, send on your photograph. I got out the answer to your puzzle, and sent it to Aunt Sue. Ain't I short enough, Uncle Hatchet?

HOMELY FACE.

Oct. 9, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES:—Although the Chat moves on as regularly, as far as I can see, when I am absent as when I am present, yet I wish to be "counted in" once in a while.

Oliver, have you seen me around Boston lately? I don't think that I have been there, but I am so absent-minded that I am not sure of it. Are you still acting as the shadow of Ben Franklin's statue? Wouldn't you like some one to "relieve guard" while you trim those whiskers?

Will H. Coleman, are you really a re"spec"able "spec"imen of the "spec"ies of spectacle in"spec"tors. If so, "gie us yer hon, me mon," for my eyes are also inclosed in glass. Can't you give me an appointment on your staff as com"miss"ary-general, or some other equally as good?

Young ladies and gentlemen—Aunt Sue is getting up a "rogues' gallery," and requests your pictures, so send along your photos. I shall send mine (pretty soon, Aunt Sue). ADRIAN.

Pretty soon, Aunt Sue—hey? Let me tell you, some aunts I wot of are not obliged to wait on "pretty soon"—but expect and do everything *now*. Take notice.

"WOODBINE LODGE," *Oct.*

DEAR UNCLE:—My last letter was so kindly received, that I feel a great inclination to write to you once more. I am delighted with my new circle of cousins. I only regret that the date of my acquaintanceship is so recent. But I already begin to feel "at home;" all the cousins greet me so pleasantly, and send such pretty messages. Sophie's salute I accept with much satisfaction. "War times" do not alter *my* "identity," *ma chère cousine*, however they may affect that of others.

Willie H. Coleman, if you need a "friend," by reason of your being my "namesake," I feel inclined to offer myself in that capacity. Perhaps, some time, I *will* send you my photograph, and I hope you will reciprocate the favor, immediately on receipt.

"Zephyr," my "wild" sister Annie has to succumb (when I am not in a mood to be kissed) to my assumed look of "dignity." I don't think it "*horrid*," only *tiresome!*

I think "Brown-Eyes" is mistaken in supposing that she knows me.

I live within a few miles of Fleta; and am often in the "City of Elms." I wish I knew whereabouts therein you live, Fleta, and some time I might come to see you. But I will not write too long a letter, Uncle Hiram.

So adieu. WIL H. COLEMAN.

What shall we do if this Willie is as willing and willful as the other? Two such eminences may be too much for our small craft. What *would* Barnum do with two Tom Thumbs or two Gullivers in *his* Museum?

October, 1861.

Humph! I find myself unexpectedly held up to public notice this month. Ain't a goddess endowed with infinite powers? Then, as soon as my powers are forthcoming, cousins, I'll proclaim liberty throughout the Chat, and a very dull hatchet.

Here's room, Miss Brown-Eyes. "Harum-scarum," eh? If you sit by me, you must "keep within bounds," and not shock my matronly dignity by any undue outbreaks. Your question made me laugh, by calling to mind the time I rode on horseback. I was on a visit in the country. My friends were very importunate that I should exercise on

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horseback. By dint of much coaxing, I promised. "Old Rocque" was saddled and brought to the door. I "sprang gracefully to the saddle." Don't ask my sensations when the "critter" started. I felt very high and very all-going-roundish. But I soon got used to it, and went along, I thought, admirably. I was thinking, I believe, of the beauty of the forest through which the road wound, when a strange sound caused me to turn suddenly, and there met my gaze a mischievous face, lighted by two laughing eyes. I looked at them soberly a moment, when a voice said, "Well done! how do you like it?" I wondered if they were making fun of me, when all doubt was dispelled by not merely a laugh, but a *roar of laughter* from my companion. I clutched a switch that I held in my hand tightly, determined, if ever I reached *terra firma* once more, that switch should dust one coat—and it did. Since then no persuasions could get me on a saddle. Why didn't you send me a slice of that bread?

Good, Jessie. You deserve your name, which has been honored by being borne by that other Jessie down in Missouri. Don't you think so? I wonder if we ain't *all* for the Union. Let's take the vote of the Chat.

There's some one inquiring for C. M. Gibbs. Don't send for him. Let him march on until he hits something, or something hits him. BLACK-EYES.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., *Sept.* 13, 1861.

DEAR COUSINS:—How do you do? I am not very familiarly acquainted with you through the "Chat," though I don't know why, for I have always been called a great *chat*terbox, and I know that I devour the contents of your *chatty* medium about as speedily as any of the relations. I am glad to be one of you, and always shall be, if I live a thousand years.

Wilforley, I have a special message for you—in acknowledging the receipt of your valuable letter, the contents are *especially* treasured. I would like to send a return, but am greatly in need of a "pound of flesh" to make me cast a shadow. When I get one——well, you'll see.

W. H. C., no more talk about Aunt Sue and Wilforley being identical. The problem is solved — I've seen their "picturs," and as to the last, it is a veritable *he*, with boots. Between us, though, "mebbe" they are some relations, as they live mighty near together.

I wish that some of you that have received Aunt Sue's "heart puzzle," would tell me what it is.

H. A. D. and C. F. Warner, I would like to talk with you, but I see the gleaming of the "hatchet," so good-bye. C. M. E.

What can be the matter with Wilforley that he "gets it" on all sides—that "pound of flesh" sounds ominous—has a shy lo(o)k.

If you proclaim a dull hatchet, you'll have to find a new one. The old one is sharper than ever. But Black-Eyes, dearie, have you moved your town to the railroad, so that I can get a glimpse of your brightness as I pass?

MAY—"Out West"—we can't possibly do without the hatchet. You need not fear him, I assure you, but what would Wilforley, Fleta, and the rest do without him?

COUSIN LULIE.—We are right glad to see you and to hear from you, and wish we could make room for all you have to say. The next time you come, you shall have the arm-chair.

GRASSHOPPER.—You are "short and sweet." You come with a jump, and go with a jump. Another time you will jump into the midst of the circle.

CHARLES H.—Your pictures are wonderful. When we can get an artist to engrave them, the whole MUSEUM world shall judge for themselves.

N. O. MOORE.—You shall see "that wonderful instrument" whenever you come this way. Meantime, hurry up the *ants*.

C. F. WARREN, 81 Harrison Avenue.—Remember that, all ye Merrys, and call when ye can.

"TIP," my dear, you are one of us, and your seat is by the side of "The Old Maid of 13."

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A MEMORIAL VOLUME, of the first Fifty Years of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, is upon our table. It contains the origin and history of the Board, and of its various missions in different parts of the world, and will be found a most valuable work for reading and reference. The history and progress of this Institution is one of the most interesting in the great work of evangelizing mankind. Commencing in a most humble and apparently obscure manner, it has risen to the front rank of benevolence, both in the confidence of the community and in the results of its labors.

For a half century it has been spreading the Gospel among the nations of the earth, until its missionaries have access to every clime, and are sowing precious seed among all nations, which has already resulted, in many places, in a glorious harvest.

This volume should be in the hands of every true friend of missions, and we cordially commend it to our readers.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

I HAD four claimants for the September prize—*K. C.*, *Frank*, *E. W. W.*, and *Tommy* (each answering 81 puzzles)—and was considering which would be the best way of drawing lots, when JEANNIE M. came to the rescue with 82 correct answers; it would have been 83 if "Elk-hart" would have answered for 267. If *Jeannie* will send her address, the prize will be forwarded.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

307. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 1, 7, 5, 6 is a body of water.
My 10, 8, 2, 5 is a means of getting a living.
My 5, 11, 3, 9 is a term of contempt.
My 4, 10, 1 is what all must do to attain anything.
My whole is the name of a handsome and useful tree, from which paper, cloth, and other valuable articles of commerce have been obtained. *Harlan.*

308. I am composed of 19 letters:
My 12, 2, 4, 14, 17, 18 is an agricultural implement.
My 1, 17, 8, 15, 6 is a quadruped.
My 14, 5, 11, 19 is an article of food.
My 7, 9, 3, 14, 5, 10, 4 is a kind of dog.
My 8, 13, 2, 4 is an animal.
My 16, 13, 2, 11, 12, 19, 3 is the occupation of the author.
My whole is the name of a distinguished writer of the present century. *Melnotte.*

309. Transpose part of the body into a coin. *Olive.*

CITIES IN EUROPE TRANSPOSED, AND ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

310. A reed.

311. Part of the face.

312. A trench.

313. A cloud.

314. A remedy. *Olive.*

315. Above your shoulders you will find my first;
My second, peradventure, you wear on it;
My whole, by many worn, does snugly fit,
But, truth to tell, 'tis neither hat nor bonnet.
Oliver Onley.

316. My first is to know, my second is an animal, my third is a vowel, my fourth is a race of men, my whole is a connection. *Jasper.*

317. My first is an edict; my second, in sound, is an animal; my third, in sound, is one of Shakspeare's characters; my whole, in ancient times, formed part of the equipment of a soldier. *C. T. Warner.*

318. My first, in sound, signifies quantity; my second, in sound, is a very useful member; my third is what all have had; my whole is a very pleasant town. *Clara.*

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ANAGRAMS.

319. I ran in sad.

320. Mad I nod. *Grasshopper.*

321. Oh! O, I can cut cue.

322. Pray man turn a lie. *Busy Bee.*

323. A count in a hill. *Harry Whitmore.*

324. 'Tis pure veal. *Myrtle P.*

325. My first is a biped, my second is a preposition, my third is to fight, my whole is the name of a bird. *Buckeye Ike.*

326. Entire, I am a useful household article; behead me, and I am necessary to the safety of every house. *Cornelia.*

327. Entire, I am a relief from business; beheaded, I enliven the relief; again beheaded, I am an eatable. *Henry A. Danker.*

328. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

A boy's nickname.
A fruit.
To melt.
A girl's name.
A sign.
To injure.
To request.
The initial letters name a town, and the finals the State it is in. *D. P. and W. W. W.*

329. What is the value of a missionary? *Hal Bowles.*

330. 4280. *Fleta Forrester.*

331. 5000100150E. *Jim.*

332. Required, the difference between a hireling soldier and a truculent bully. *Wilforley.*

333. ANAGRAMATICAL ENIGMA.

I am a Latin proverb, composed of 26 letters:
My 13, 14, 4, 5, 16, 20, 4, 23, 9—Lo! I read it.
My 4, 7, 22, 1, 20, 10, 12—Armpits.
My 22, 9, 19, 26, 12, 24, 20, 21—Sure plea.
My 15, 6, 17, 18, 11, 25, 4, 16, 2, 12—Coo us quail.
My 12, 8, 19, 3—Used. *T. E. S.*

334. My whole is an animal composed of 8 letters:
My 1, 3, 2 is an animal, the same as my whole.
My 4 is an animal not at all like my whole.
My 6, 7, 8 is the same as my fourth.
My 5 is a consonant. *K. C.*

335. I am composed of 19 letters:
My 14, 3, 4, 7, 11 is a girl's name.
My 12, 2, 13, 15 is a living creature, that the world would seem dreary without.
My 1, 5, 10, 8, 18, 6, 19 is a lady's name.
My 16, 17, 9 is an enemy.
My whole is the name of a reader of the MUSEUM, and a dear friend of mine. *Lizzie.*

336. I am composed of 7 letters:
My 7, 2, 3, 7. The principal thing which builders do. What few builders seem to bestow any care upon. What is most protected and least honored in war.
My 4, 5, 2, 7, 6. The place where the most important events in the world's history have occurred.
My 1, 3, 7, 2. Essential for every traveler to have, but his progress will be greatly impeded if he keeps it. A principal requisite in the operations of railroads. No soldier would go without it, few are satisfied with it, and (if the last letter is placed next after the first one) not one would acknowledge its possession.
My 4, 5, 6. An article used by every class of people in connection with all kinds of food and clothing; good for nothing alone; never bought or paid for.
My 1, 7, 2, 4. An ornament of great antiquity, still held in high esteem. Scarcely anything makes ladies [or gentlemen, either, if you please!—A. S.] more disagreeable.
My 4, 3, 7, 6. A product of the earth never cultivated, used, or desired. No sugar or rice is imported without it.
My whole was formerly greatly in use by scholars, soldiers, and housekeepers, but much less so now. Of all colors. Sometimes dark, always light. If white, is used as an ornament, and is a symbol of disgrace. *H. H.*

Answers to Questions in Sept. No.

244. Matadore.
245. Union now and forever.
246. Manassas.
247. Chinchilla.
248. Alexander Wilson.

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249. Only the dead one; the others would fly away. (I was surprised to find how few answered this correctly.)

250. Conundrum.

251. The letter I: it makes a *minister* of a *minster*, and without it a *married* would be a *marred* life.

252. Slaughter, laughter. (*Nedloh* says "Cannon-ball," and if "beheading" only meant "dividing," that would be a very good answer.)

253. Because there is *a bridge* in every *brigade*. (Several have said "he could cross with his *brig aid*.")

254. Contemplations.

255. American.

256. Paraboloids.

257. Supplementary.

258. Apollos.

259. Korah.

260. Beauty.

261. Because you can not make them *entirely* from pumps; and one is made from calfskin, the other from calf's kin. (*C. M. E.* says "they strengthen the calves." *Harrie* says "because you can put your feet in them." *Venus* says "because it is a liquor (licker)!")

262. Donor.

263. Astray. (*Jim* was the only one who guessed the original word.)

264. Impeach.

265. General Guiseppe Garibaldi.

266. Napoleon Bonaparte.

267. Roe-buck.

268. Slate, tales, least, stale, steal.

269. Plumbago.

270. Joab. 2 Sam. xviii. 14.

271. Omri. 1 Kings xvi. 24.

272. Shelomith's. Lev. xxiv. 11, 28.

273. Hadassah. Esther viii. 7.

274. Uzziah. 2 Chron. xxvi. 21.

275. Ahaziah's mother (Athalia). 2 Chron. xxiii. 13.

276. Joshua.

JEANNIE M. answers all but 267.

K. C. answers all but 253, 269.

Frank, all but 249, 261.

E. W. W., all but 249, 253.

Tommy, all but 249, 271.

Nellie A. Mather, all but 249, 261, 268.

Bertha, all but 246, 256, 257.

Mary A. E., all but 249, 268, 269.

D. P. and W. W. W., all but 246, 249, 268.

C. T. Warner, all but 244, 246, 249, 267.

Charlie F. Warren, all but 249, 257, 264, 270, 271, 272, 274, 275, 276.

Venus, all but 246, 248, 249, 250, 260, 261, 265, 266, 269, 270, 271, 272, 276.

Sarah B. Leverett, all but 244, 245, 246, 248, 249, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 261, 264, 265, 268, 271.

C. M. E., all but 244, 246, 247, 248, 249, 252, 253, 254, 256, 258, 260, 263, 264, 265, 268.

Fleta Forrester answers 244, 245, 248, 250, 251, 252, 253, 255, 256, 258, 259, 260, 262, 263, 268, 269.

Jim.—247, 248, 250, 251, 253, 262, 268, 269, 270, 273, 275.

Harrie.—244, 246, 247, 252, 253, 260, 261, 267.

Everard L. Cassels.—270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276.

Grasshopper.—249, 255, 258, 259, 272, 273.

Nina Gordon.—244, 250.

Colonel.—249, 273.

Eddie.—266.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. P. W.—I am sorry your jaunt that day was so unsuccessful; "better luck next time." Concerning your question touching the magazine, I sent over to Mr. Stearns an express messenger with a note of interrogation, and received this reply: "It is nearly eight years since I have been connected with the MUSEUM, and by the leave of Providence, I hope it will be continued for as many more years." Of course the 20,000 say "*Amen!*" So send along the "subscribers."

Carrie T. Warner.—Yes, that is the name. I wish you "many happy returns." If you want *comfortable* ink, get *Maynard and Noyes'* Boston ink; *I* use it with very great satisfaction to myself, and also, I trust, to my friends. *C. T. W.* sends love to *Kruna*.

Fleta Forrester.—Notice the above remarks on ink, and bear in mind that a weak solution of paregoric and water is *not* good to write with. No insinuations! Many thanks for the budget.

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Saucy Nell.—Don't you *know* what "he thinks" of you? You have only to write to O. O., to secure his photograph. *Vide* page 123.

Daisy Wildwood "wants" the *cartes de visite* of *Fleta, Stella, Black-Eyes, Annie E. D., Nannie N., Flib, Nip,* and *lots* and LOTS more. I mention the fact for the benefit of whom it may concern.

Harry Bowles.—"The 12th of the month" rule will be enforced with the September answers, and all following months.

Harrie.—I am glad it is a "fixed fact." "Levi" has but *four* letters; so you must take more than a "glance" another time.

Mollie Myrtle.—Wilforley received your letter safely; he "'cepts your 'pology," but would like your photograph, or permission to write again.

Eddie (of Milwaukee) desires to be introduced to the cousins generally. October 1st was rather too late to answer August enigmas, *Eddie.* Come earlier.

Annie E. D. reciprocates the kind regards of those cousins who have sent their love to her. Mayn't *I* keep "Benjamin's portion," Annie?

Homely Face.—You are right about the name. We haven't lost *Fleta Forrester, by a great deal.* Give my love and a kiss to Carrie. I don't agree with Adam Clark in the matter referred to; the Bible forbids *unseemly* "jesting;" but surely there is "wisdom" and "prudence" in solving enigmas. See Proverbs viii. 12.

Jim.—The letter you took such pains to write was sent to *me*—I suppose because it was written on *both sides* of the paper. But it shall not be quite lost to the world. *Jim* is grateful for the love and cheers; assures Wilforley that he likes it, but isn't faithful or believing yet; wishes the boys to join together to cut out W. H. C.; hurrahs for *Black-Eyes* for suggesting a Christmas present for Uncle M., and informs Lizzie H. that, as he is in partnership with *Charlie,* it will be two against one, unless *Black-Eyes* comes to her assistance.

C. M. E.—All right.

Venus.—You have never answered the question on page 28, July number. Indeed, you must not "leave us so long" another time.

Tommy.—I am very glad you have received such favorable tidings from Jasper.

Charlie F. W.—I forwarded your letter, as requested. I hope you convinced the "carrier" of the error of his ways *Tommy* has a message for you, if it has not already been delivered.

Sarah B. Leverett.—The Ant compositions are coming in slowly, as yet. The good-night kiss is reciprocated, also the "love" of "sister and little brother;" bless their little hearts! Welcome to our puzzle ranks.

Black and Shiny.—May I not call you *Josie?* I love that name, and there is none like it among my correspondents. I don't know of any cousins living near you. I shall be glad to hear from the "schoolmate."

Daisy.—*I* have not yet received a photograph from *Fleta,* so *you* need not hope to get one. I hope you safely survived those "duties."

Nell.—*Many* thanks for the photograph. I had heard of some one else having one, and was growing very jealous. *I* didn't "show O. O." any of your "letters." I know nothing of the "Lake" you refer to.

Black-Eyes.—Your address was forwarded. I shall have to speak to G. in future when you are not looking.

Nellie A. Mather desires me to inform Wilforley that she has received his photograph, and thanks him for the same.

Wilforley.—*N. A. M.* might have written directly to yourself, mightn't she?

Annie E. D.—*Now* who is delinquent?

Lucy W. C.—The "denouement" was immensely satisfactory. *Your* "Arthur" is not "*my* Arthur," so he need not fear a "writ of attachment." I had seen "the conundrum."

Arthur (mine).—You *have* cause to fear.

Tommy.—Thanks for the envelope. *Uncle Joe* is no such a man.

Sunflower.—Shine on us again.

Busy Bee.—When the country is settled, and you once more receive your "dear MUSEUM," you will find that you were not forgotten.

Jessie Linwood.—Where is that *carte de visite* you saved for me?

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Grasshopper, Black and Shiny, K. C., Eddie, D. P. and W. W. W., Nedloh, Jim, Venus, Lucy W. C., Tommy, Harry Whitmore,* and *C. F. Warren.*

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THE LITTLE HATCHET.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

"IT'S a mud-turtle," said Carroll.

"It's a tortoise," said Mabel.

"Well, what's the difference? You come here and look, Frank. Now, what do *you* call it?"

Frank had placed a murmuring sea-shell close to his ear, and was listening to its music, but he slowly sauntered along toward Carroll and Mabel.

"Don't you know what that is?" said he, contemptuously. "It's a crab, a young crab."

"You might as well say a lobster, and be done with it," cried Carroll. "If it's a crab, I'll eat it."

"Don't you *contraspute*, boys!" cried a little voice. They looked around, and there sat Lizzie on a rock, dipping her feet into the bay. Of course she was having a good time, for what makes children any happier than to paddle in the water?

Charlie had rolled up his pants, and was wading in as far as he dared, and Rover was wading after him, wagging his tail, and looking very much pleased.

It was a lovely day. The boats seemed to enjoy themselves in a free and easy way; and the sea-gulls skimmed gayly over the bay, as if they knew what fair weather was as well as the children did. I wish the children could have known what a happy time they were having, but children never do know. A little way off you could see Cape Elizabeth sunning herself in the soft air, and darkening now and then with little shadows from the floating clouds.

But the children thought of nothing but the pretty shells. When they had gathered as many as they liked, they started for home, Mabel running ahead as usual. Long before the others had reached the house, she had entered by the back-door. As they walked slowly along, a sharp scream was heard in the direction of the house. It was Mabel's voice. Cousin Charles, the oldest boy, ran for dear life, to see what it meant; but the others were not so easily alarmed. They had a notion that girls were always screaming, and that it was beneath the dignity of boys to take any notice of it.

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"She's afraid of that 'mud-turtle,' like enough," said Carroll; "it was in her basket."

But Mabel was crying for better cause than a mud-turtle. When she entered the shed she saw a hatchet lying on a block—the hatchet which Margaret used to chop kindlings, and which she had been forbidden to touch.

"I'll just break open some of these clams," thought the child, "and we'll have some for supper."

But the hatchet, instead of cracking the clam-shells, came down with full force upon her foot! It cut through her boot in an instant, down deep into her instep. Do you wonder she screamed? Dropping the hatchet, she ran with white face into the kitchen, a stream of blood oozing from her boot at every step. Margaret met her at the door.

"Oh, my darlint!" cried she, "and what have ye been doin' to yourself? The blood is jist a trailin' from your feet as ye walk! It's jist meddlin' with my hatchet ye've been!"

"No, no, no!" screamed Mabel, struggling to get free from Margaret's hold. "I never touched your hatchet!"

By this time Mrs. Howard was on the spot, with a face almost as white as Mabel's.

"Help me take off her boot, Margaret!" cried she.

This was no easy matter, as the foot was already much swollen, and at every motion the blood gushed forth in a stream.

"Saddle Frank's pony, Charlie, as quick as you can, and ride for Dr. Wood. If he is out, get Dr. Goodwin. Don't lose any time!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Howard and Margaret placed Mabel on a bed, and stayed the bleeding as well as they could with linen towels.

"Don't be frightened, my child," said Mrs. Howard, for Mabel was trembling in every limb. "The Doctor will bind up your foot, and it will soon feel better. And I dare say my little girl will never take up that hatchet again without leave!"

"I never!" exclaimed Mabel, sobbing, as if her heart would break. "Father told me not to touch the hatchet, and I didn't do it!"

Mrs. Howard opened her eyes wide with surprise. "Was it an ax, then?" said she.

"No, ma'am," said Mabel, hiding her face in her apron, "it wasn't anything! I was a-coming into the house with my shells, and my foot slipped, and I fell and hit me on something—I don't know whether it was a hatchet or a stick of wood; but *I never touched the hatchet!*"

Mrs. Howard was really distressed at this bold falsehood, but there was no time now to reason with the child.

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The Doctor came, and when he saw the wound, Mrs. Howard noticed that he looked sober.

"So, so, little girl!" said he, "you thought you'd make a deep cut this time. There's no half-way work about you! You're the child that had the top of your finger clipped off in Mrs. Allen's corn-sheller, hey?"

Poor Mabel did not like to be spoken to in this way. She was mortally afraid of Dr. Wood. So she only hid her face in her apron, and sobbed harder still.

"It must have been a powerful blow," said the Doctor, as he examined the wound. "She must have brought down the hatchet with a great deal of force. Do you see how deep it went into the bone?"

"I fell and hit my foot!" said Mabel. "*I never touched the hatchet!*"

"So, so," said the Doctor, very much astonished. "Well, never mind how it was done; it is done, little one. You will try to keep your foot still, won't you? If it should start to bleeding again, Mrs. Howard, be sure to send for me," said he, as he left the room; "and mind you keep the child as quiet as possible."

When the Doctor came next morning, he found little Mabel somewhat feverish, but he thought if she could be kept still, there was nothing to fear.

"By the way, my dear," said he, "what were you trying to do with that hatchet, when you cut your foot?"

"*I never touched the hatchet,*" said Mabel, sullenly, and that was all that could be got out of her; and although the hatchet was found, red with blood, she still denied that she had used it.

"Are you afraid of being punished?" said her father. "Is that the reason you persist in telling such a story? I have never intended to punish you, for you have certainly suffered enough for your disobedience."

Her father spoke in very gentle tones, and Mabel cried bitterly, but answered—

"Father, I tell you the truth, *I never touched the hatchet.*"

Ah, every time Mabel repeated that falsehood, it became more and more difficult to take it back. I dare say she would have given anything if she had only told the plain truth in the first place, but now it was too late.

"Has Mabel confessed yet?" said the Doctor, a week later.

"She has not," said her mother, sadly.

Mabel was still lying on the bed, looking rather pale. Everybody tried to make her as happy as possible, but there was always a thorn in her pillow, so that Mabel could not be very light-hearted.

"Ah," said the Doctor, "I supposed that Mabel had told the whole story before this time. Well, never mind, my dear, you're a pretty smart girl. You know what the old saying is, 'A lie well stuck to is better than the truth wavering.'"

Poor, poor Mabel! Her cheeks burned crimson, for she knew very well by the tone of the Doctor's voice that he was making sport of her.

"He thinks I've told a lie," thought she. "I hate him! I wish he'd never come here again!"

And then she buried her face in the sheet, and wished she was dead.

Time passed on. The trees got tired of their summer dress, and came out in the "fall fashions" of Solferino, Magenta, and all the colors of the rainbow. Then the beautiful leaves withered and dropped off. Christmas was coming. You began to feel it in the air. The Howards were going to have

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a Christmas-tree. Frank almost froze his fingers when he went into the woods after it; but you wouldn't catch him crying!

Dear me! Such a whispering and fluttering! What should be bought, and who should have it. "Now, don't you tell Frank!" "Don't you tell Carroll!" "Don't let Lizzie see!"

And because nobody told Lizzie anything, she was sure to find out everything; and many a plan had to be given up because "that little skipe of a Lizzie up and told!"

But there was one who was not quite happy in all this pleasant excitement. Whenever Mabel met her father's eye, she thought she read in it, "My daughter can not be believed—she has told a lie."

Whenever her mother spoke to her suddenly, or the boys seemed to feel amused, she was afraid something was to be said about the hatchet.

Not that any member of the family ever so much as hinted at it. It was her own troubled conscience.

Mabel dreaded to think of having Christmas come while she was feeling so.

"People are so good at Christmas," thought she. "That is the time when everybody loves you and spends money for you. What shall I do?"

"Confess!" whispered a little voice, softly.

"Well, if I hadn't told that lie over and over so many times, perhaps I could, but now it's *too* hard."

"Confess!" repeated the little voice.

"But won't the boys laugh at me?"

"Never mind if they do," said the little voice, stoutly. "You tell the truth, and then you'll be easy."

"I'll do it," said Mabel.

When she got as far as that, the work was begun, for, as the Doctor had said, "There was really no half-way work about Mabel." She had no sooner decided what to do than she walked bravely into her father's study, her heart thumping very hard, to be sure.

Her father had just risen from his easy chair, and was leaving the room.

"Won't you stop a minute, father? I've got something to say!"

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"Father," she went on, clinging to one of the buttons of his coat, and making great haste, lest her courage should fail, "I did use that hatchet, and I've told more than a hundred lies. Will you forgive me?"

Tears sprang to Mr. Howard's eyes. "My darling child," said he, "you don't know what a load you have taken from my heart! Forgive you? I do indeed! I hope and pray this may be the last time you will try to deceive."

It seemed to Mabel that the sun had all of a sudden burst out from a dark cloud. She wanted to sing all the time. She wanted to hop about the house like a bird, only she was slightly lame yet. Now she could look her kind mother in the face. Now she wasn't afraid of the boys when they laughed—how good they were not to plague her at all! Now she could get ready for Christmas in earnest.

She would finish off that watch-case for her father. It had looked like a mountain before, but now, with a few hints, she was sure she could do it.

She had her "savings-bank" broken open, and counted over the money twenty times. Her mother should have a beautiful cologne bottle; Frank a comforter; Carroll a new handkerchief; cousin Charlie (oh, it was so hard knowing what to buy for a boy!) —Charlie should have a pen-knife; Margaret a thimble; and little Lizzie a new doll, which would "show off so pretty on the tree."

Of course nobody ever saw such a splendid tree. The wax tapers twinkled in the dark boughs like stars, only a great deal brighter. Mother's silver cake-basket shone, too; that was from father. This Christmas-tree bore such strange fruit! Ever so many boughs had red books, and the gilt edges were very dazzling—a gold tooth-pick, a gold ring, a gold pencil. Ah, what was that beautiful thing dangling from one of the upper branches, right under the right wing of the waxen Christ-child?

A gold chain, to be sure! and it was marked, "Mabel, from her father."

"Oh, dear me, how splendid! And what is this little 'charm' that hangs on it? Oh, the cunningest little gold hatchet! As perfect a hatchet as ever breathed!"

Mabel looked at it closely, and the color mounted to her brow as she read this one word: "Remember!"

Now, dear readers, we will leave the children at the Christmas-tree spying wonders. I hope you'll have as merry a Christmas this year, and as many presents as they had.

I only want to add that this is almost a true story. Little Mabel is now a young lady, and her mother thinks that this little event of the hatchet had a wonderful effect upon her character.

At any rate, before that bitter experience she was in the habit of telling a good many wrong stories; and since that she has been remarkably truthful. She would scorn to tell even a "white lie."

She is teaching a school somewhere in the West. She may see this story; who knows? And if she does, she may know that I speak from the heart when I say that her word is of as much value as gold.

THE length of streets in New York is four hundred and eighteen and a half miles, in addition to eleven and one-eighth miles of piers projecting into the rivers on both sides of the city.

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FASHIONS OF THE ANCIENTS.

OUR FASHION-PLATES.

IT would seem that from the creation, or rather from the fall of man, no part of the human family has ever been quite satisfied with its personal appearance, or fully believed that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most." Contrivances of all sorts, sizes, colors, and degrees were devised to give additional beauty and grace to the human form. The first attempt at tailoring and mantua-making was an ingenious arrangement of fig-leaves. Since then, fabrics of linen, wool, silk, cotton, hair, grass, and I know not what else, have abounded. And considering that, in most parts of our world, clothing is absolutely necessary to comfort and health, it is strange that far more labor and expense are lavished on what is mere ornamental, or supposed to be so, than on what is useful. I say "supposed to be so," for nothing is clearer than that many —we might almost say *most*—of the fashions of dress disfigure rather than improve the appearance of the wearer.

Our Indian tribes, with their painted faces and bodies, their tufted hair, their ornaments of eagles' claws and porcupine quills, which we call savage and barbarous, are not more wild, uncouth, and hideous to the eye of true taste, than many of the more civilized tribes and nations have been, in all ages. Indeed, many of the fashions of our own times, and our own country, are far more unreasonable and ungainly than theirs. It is a matter of serious doubt whether there is a squaw or papoose in all the wilds of America who could be prevailed on, at any price, to wear on her head

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one of those misshapen, ugly-looking brown earthen basins, or those narrow inverted cockle boats, which disfigure nine tenths of our school-girls at the present time.

The fashions of the ancients, as they appear in some old drawing, are certainly very queer and amusing, and would serve as a fine groundwork for our modern caricaturists. They apparently regarded the head as the chief part of the body, and had a great fancy for adorning it. They were not confined to one set style. They adopted styles in vast variety, as fancy or ambition prompted. Their ear-rings and nose jewels, their horns and crest and vails, are often alluded to in the Bible. They are conspicuous, too, in many of the sculptures of Egypt and the East. Sometimes, no doubt, these were mere appendages of idolatry, being regarded as talismans or amulets, endued by an ignorant superstition with certain magical powers to protect the wearer from harm. It is not unlikely that those, which, taken from his family by Jacob, and buried under the tree at Bethel, were of this sort, and not, in the full sense, idols to be worshiped.

Form of Ear-Rings. From ancient Egyptian sculpture

One of the most conspicuous and peculiar of the head ornaments of the ancients was the horn. It was not merely an ornament, but was regarded as an emblem of power, because the horns of animals are used as instruments of offense and defense. These are often mentioned in the Bible. To "defile the horn," was to degrade one's self by some unworthy act, or to be degraded by defeat. To "lift up the horn," was to raise one's self to honor or authority, or to walk proudly among men. Horns, as head ornaments, were not confined to men, or to ancient times. The women among the Druses on Mount Lebanon wear them now. Sometimes they seem to serve the purpose of supporting and displaying the vail, which is the universal appendage of woman—so much so, that many who have no other decent article of dress, will have at least a respectable vail, and sometimes a very splendid one. This peculiarity of taste is also seen among the women of Central America. The head-vail worn by ladies of Western Asia and Egypt, when within doors, is described as a remarkably graceful article of dress. They are in most cases made of white muslin or colored crape.

That which is worn as part of the walking dress is a different affair, and generally screens the person entirely from view. Such vails of lace as are worn in this country and in Europe are not known in the East, and are never seen in ancient paintings and sculpture.

It is manifest that fashion does not rule with its iron rod there, as with us, requiring constant changes of

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FASHIONS OF THE ANCIENTS.

style, and making that hideous and ungraceful to-day which was deemed a model of taste and elegance yesterday. We find in nearly all the countries of the East the same fashions now that prevailed in the time of the patriarchs and prophets of Scripture, so that we can easily understand allusions in the sacred Book which would be otherwise unintelligible. A remarkable coincidence of this kind is found in the *horned head-dresses* exhibited in one of our engravings. In 1 Sam. ii. 1, Hannah exclaims, "My horn is exalted in the Lord." This would be very ambiguous, if we were wholly unacquainted with the Oriental fashions of the present day. We are told by Dr. Macmichael, that one of the most extraordinary parts of the attire of the females among the Druses of Lebanon is a silver horn, sometimes studded with jewels, worn on the head in various positions, according to their respective conditions in life. A married woman wears it on the right side, a widow on the left, a virgin on the crown. Over this horn a long vail is thrown, with which they so completely conceal their faces, as rarely to have more than an eye visible. This horn is a conical tube about twelve inches long. One is mentioned, worn by the wife of an *emir*, made of gold, and studded with precious stones. Similar horns, but differently arranged, are worn by Abyssinian chiefs in their military reviews or triumphal parades. They are much shorter than those worn by the females, and are about the size and shape of a candle-extinguisher, fastened by a strong fillet to the head, and not easily broken off, an accident which would be as humiliating to the soldier as the loss of his sword, or a wound in the back.

There was a considerable latitude

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for taste and ingenuity as to the number of horns worn by the men, and their shape and manner of arrangement, and no law of fashion seems to have interfered with the utmost liberty in this respect. Some heads were surmounted with four or five silver or golden-tipped horns; some with feather-shaped crests; and some with a tolerable imitation of the modern cleaver or bowie-knife—all emblems of power, and indicating the prevalence of the warlike sentiment among all races of men. The same idea is seen carried out in most of the crowns worn by the monarchs of the world, ancient and modern. They are usually in the form of the battlement of a tower, as if to indicate that the throne was the fortress of the nation. Perhaps it may occur to some, from reading in history what kings and princes have done, that this sort of crown was well adapted to such heads, which, having no brains within, to indicate power, needed some outward sign of the power that should be there. However that may be, the fashion in crowns and military head-pieces has been to make a great display of the natural emblems of power. This seems to have been universal among all nations. The Indian tribes of America, having for their armor the bow and arrow, have taken the feather, which wings the arrow, for their head ornament, having to them the same meaning that the horn has in the East. It is far more graceful than the horn, and far more adapted to the use of females; though, among these tribes, the women never wear them. There is no power on earth like Fashion, at least there is no power so despotic, none so exacting, none so tyrannical, none so unreasonable.

ABOUT THE OLD "MEETING-HOUSE."

"YOU did not think, I am sure," said Edmund's grandfather, "that it could have been so long ago that the 'Meeting-house' was built; but there the great gilt figures 1771 stood, and many a time I have looked at them till I would drop asleep in sermon time, which my dear good mother thought was very wicked in me. Well, it is about thirty years since the old meeting-house was torn down; and a great pity, we used to think, it was. It almost broke my heart; and although it was an ill-shaped thing, I had from childhood regarded it with awe, and it always looked to me like some presiding power.

"But I will describe it to you, boys. I never knew certainly, but I really *used to think* it covered a quarter of an acre of ground. Land was plenty in old times.

"It was of wood, painted white, and nearly square, and about as high as it was long. It had a shingled roof, peaked from end to end, and painted red. Two rows of smallish windows, without blind or shutter, went all around, except the steeple end. Its side stood to the street, or rather road, of the town of Coltar. One large double door opened right into the middle aisle, or "broad alley," and facing the pulpit. The pews were square, like little *pens* for animals. They had seats upon three sides, which seats were of pine board, and uncushioned; alas for the weary occupant! Occasionally some luxurious grandma comforted herself by her chair cushion of patchwork. You must understand that one seat in every pew must, of course, be with the back

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to the preacher. Wasn't that a queer arrangement?—the people must sit and look at each other. There was not a particle of carpeting, except upon the pulpit stairs; and no stoves—not any fire in the most severe weather.

"The woodwork was painted a dark mahogany color, and all around the gallery was a row of gilt stars at intervals of three feet. Now the pulpit was a greater curiosity than anything else. You have seen the marble mortars that druggists use for pulverizing their drugs; this pulpit was as if a great wooden mortar was split in half, and one half placed just midway up the high wall, and against the wall. Quite a long flight of stairs led up to it; a window was at the back, and this had a green venetian blind. The queerest thing of all—I almost laugh when I think of it—was the 'sounding-board' over the preacher's head. The shape of the whole concern was something like a tunnel. Think of one of wood, some twelve feet in diameter, and inverted, and then fastened to the ceiling, and hanging just over the head of the preacher. The sounding-board, to make it more easy to speak, as they fancied in old times, was the thin boards which covered what would be the open part of the tunnel. At the stem or pipe of this, where it joined to the ceiling, was what passed for a dove, with leaves in its mouth—olive branch, certainly.

"The steeple was remarkable for nothing but its immensely tall spire and its very good bell. This was rung every week-day evening at nine o'clock. 'Old Judah,' the sexton, was given to drunkenness, but he always knew when it was nine o'clock.

"For thirty years the minister was not changed in Colter; and the large burying-ground back of the meeting-house contained many whom he had baptized in infancy, and buried as adults.

"Between the graveyard and the meeting-house was a large clump of towering sycamores, rich in shade and songs of birds."

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

BY LAURA ELMER.

I wish ye merry Christmas,
Merry girls and boys;
May Santa Claus your stockings
Heap with lovely toys.

And may your hearts, now joyous,
Swelling with good-will,
Around pour out their kindness.
Needy souls to fill.

Oh, visit ye the downcast—
Comfort those who lie
On tattered beds of sorrow,
Hopelessly to die.

Haste ye with good gifts laden,
To the suffering poor;
Let Christmas not pass onward,
Opening not their door.

So waken, merry Christmas,
Merry girls and boys,
For hearts that are but rarely
Lighted up by joys.

Don't Brood over Trouble.—Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a light sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

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THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY AUNT SUE.

NOT many years ago, an English lady with her three little girls visited France, intending to stay there a year or two.

After traveling about for some time, they arrived at Honfleur, in Normandy, and there Mrs. Wilson concluded to spend one summer, at least.

The next thing to be thought of was where to find a suitable house to live in. After some time spent in a fruitless search, they discovered just the very place. It was an old-fashioned house on a hill-side, in the center of a terrace of magnificent trees, through which might be had glimpses of the town, and of the river Seine in the distance.

But the place had some disadvantages; it was at least a quarter of a mile from any other dwelling, except a farmer's cottage at the foot of the hill.

It so happened that to reach the house it was necessary to go across a part of this man's farm.

Now, there were fine apple and other fruit-trees in the field, and the farmer was very much afraid that depredations would be committed upon his premises, so he spread an evil report about the old-fashioned house.

He declared that it was haunted; that the crockery would be broken without apparent cause; that the furniture would dance gallopades all over the house every Friday; that Satan kept his treasure there, and came after some part of it every night.

Strange as it may seem, he had in this way succeeded in keeping the old house for a very long time without tenants. But Mrs. Wilson was not to be frightened by such ghost stories. She had a talisman bound in purple morocco with gilt edges, which she consulted regularly morning and evening; this, she felt very sure, would keep Satan at a respectful distance, and she made arrangements to take the house.

Very black and cross looked the farmer when the English lady, with her three little girls, took up their quarters (just *four* of them, you know) in the haunted house. Susan, the youngest, had heard the current gossip about the place, and although, of course, she did not *believe* it, still she couldn't help *thinking* about the strange tales when she first went into the large square parlor, with its shiny oak floor, and looked up at the huge jelly-glass-shaped chandelier which hung from the ceiling. What a fire-place there was, too! You might have placed a chair against the chimney on one end of the pile of logs, and taken your seat there without scorching your dress.

Then the bedroom windows were strange little holes or slits. The stairs were winding and narrow, the closets were deep and dismal, and over the kitchen was a bedroom reached by a ladder which the occupant could draw up after him and cut off all communication with the lower world. The hinges groaned mournfully when a door was shut or opened, and queer crab-like spiders would drop down in front of your face when you least expected them.

It must be confessed that Susan always liked to have a lamp with her

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after dark, when she walked about the house.

After she was in bed, and the light was out, especially on Friday nights, she couldn't help listening to every sound, and wondering if it really was the kitchen tongs and shovel dancing a *pas de deux*, or the washstand and bedstead over-head indulging in an *Esmeralda* or *polka*.

One warm night in August, it might have been about midnight, Susan was awakened by a strange noise in the room. You can't wonder if her little heart beat faster than usual (it was only eight years old). She touched her sister and whispered, "Fanny! Fanny! hark! there is some one in the room!"

Fanny was twelve years old, and very courageous. She was at first disposed to make light of her sister's fears (poor Susan would have been glad to have had her make *light* of anything if she could only have *seen* by it). After listening awhile, however, and hearing the pitcher upset, and the looking-glass moved, she was quite ready to admit that there was something or somebody in the room besides themselves. There was no cat or dog in the house, so it could not be anything of that kind.

"I'll go and call ma," said Fanny.

"Oh! no, don't leave me," said Susan, trembling.

Just at that moment she received a slap on the side of her head that was too much for any one's philosophy to bear quietly; so screaming lustily, she sprang out of bed after her sister, and both ran out of the room, shutting the door behind them.

Their mother and sister Emily were sleeping in a room at the foot of a short flight of stairs just below them. Down they went, and in they rushed. "Oh, mamma! mamma! there is something in our room; it has been banging the furniture about, and knocked me on the head, and upset the pitcher and—oh! I don't know what all!"

Of course Mrs. Wilson was a little startled, as there was no one in the house but themselves, for no servant could be persuaded to stay a night in the house, though plenty were willing to work there by day. She was, however, much too sensible to allow the children to see that she was frightened. So, while getting a light, she very quietly said, "I dare say it is only a moth or a bat that has flown in."

"Oh! no, ma," said Susan, "no bat could hit me on the head as hard as that did!"

"Well, let us go and unravel the mystery," said Mrs. W., and taking the light she led the way, closely followed by her three girls.

On opening the door, the cause of the alarm was seen sitting on the bed, staring fiercely at them with a pair of monstrous eyes.

It was an owl!

The bird had flown in at the open window, doubtless with the hope of finding something worth stealing. He was easily caught, and the girls kept

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him caged for some time. But he was fierce and untamable, and when one night, taking advantage of a loosely fastened door, he flew out and away, no one regretted his exodus.

But now suppose that Mr. Owl had got out of that bedroom by the same way he came in, before Mrs. Wilson and the girls returned to the room! How would the disturbance ever have been accounted for? Who would have thought of an owl flapping his heavy wings about in that style? The story would in that case have gone abroad, and the farmer would most likely ever after have had it all his own way in the matter of the legends of *the haunted house.*

When you hear a ghost story, children, be sure there is a "loop-hole" *somewhere.*

This is warranted a true story, for it was over the writer's devoted head that that abominable French owl flew. It did not stop her growth, however; she is not a bit afraid of the dark now, and indorses the sentiment, that "*knowledge* is power," which being interpreted, signifies that the *edge* of that *owl's* wing taught Susan to attribute *supposed supernatural effects to natural causes.*

SCENERY OF THE RHINE.

THE mountains of Switzerland are more majestic and strange, but there is a charm in the banks of this river which is almost unequaled. Look at that castle which overhangs yon precipice; and that also on the island, almost concealed among the foliage of the lovely trees! Oh, surely the spirit that inhabits and guards this place has a soul more in harmony with man than those that pile the glacier!

The river winds between hills not high, but steep, and of beautiful forms. Many ruined castles stand upon the edges of precipices, surrounded by black woods, high and inaccessible. This part of the Rhine presents, indeed, a singularly varied landscape. In one spot you view rugged hills, ruined castles overlooking tremendous precipices, with the dark river rushing beneath; and on the sudden turn of a promontory, flourishing vineyards with green sloping banks, and a meandering river, and populous towns occupy the scene.

OH, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

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IMPRESSIONS.

Were I asked to give my general opinion of Boston, formed from this first visit, I should say—as far as looks are concerned—that it is a handsome and picturesque city, notwithstanding that the streets are generally narrow and crooked; that it also has a solid, substantial, and slightly antiquated look; that it is decidedly lacking in pretty girls—unless they all have a way of staying in the house—those I saw nearly all had a strong-minded look, and wore inverted bowls for hats; there were *some* exceptions, but that was the rule. About the society I am not qualified to speak, having seen very little of it; but that little was very pleasant. Upon the whole, I was decidedly pleased with Boston, beyond my anticipations, and mean to go there again some of these days, and get better acquainted.

GOOD-BYE, BOSTON.

Next morning I paid my bill, packed up my valise and duster, and was vehicled round to the dépôt of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, where I took the 8.30 morning train for New Haven. I had intended to go by the Shore line, as affording the prettiest prospects, but was not sorry that I had changed my mind, finding the B. and H. route a very pleasant route, and passing through a number of well-known and flourishing New England towns. The train stopped at Springfield at early dinner-time, and as it was not to get to New Haven before two o'clock, I left it and "treated" myself on three doughnuts; the locomotive lunched at the same time, on wood and water, and I noticed then that we had "Apollo" for a puller. Besides the doughnuts, I had been feeding nearly all the way down on the "*Veal*" furnished by the "Country Parson" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and what with both, I managed to stay my appetite until the journey was ended. After riding for some distance along the shores of the placid Connecticut, we at last reached New Haven, the City of Elms, coming in by a kind of half "underground railway," through the bed of a disused canal. Upon leaving the train, I consigned myself to the charge of a Tontine Hotel coach-driver, followed him up a flight of stairs into daylight, and was by him conveyed to that ancient hostelry, on Church Street, opposite "The Green," right among the most glorious elms in the Elm City.

In the afternoon I "walked about the city" and noted the trees thereof, the houses, the churches, and the *girls* thereof, whose ways were not as the ways of the Boston fair; noted them, I say, and that to admire. New Haven's elms are already too celebrated to need any tribute of praise from me, but I can not refrain from saying that they fully equaled my highest expectations; nay, "the half had not been told me"—they were magnificent.

One of the first things I did was to institute a search for Fleta Forrester, "our New Haven correspondent," but without success; she was not known there by that name, and as I did not know any other for her, I naturally couldn't find her; had I done so, there probably would have been some "*remarks*" made on both sides. That evening I witnessed the performances of Morris Brothers' Minstrels—from Boston—in the Music Hall: the concert-room was large and elegant, while the programme of the sable band was more varied and select than such performers usually give.

Next day I still further perambulated the city; noticed a number of elegant

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residences and beautiful private gardens; visited the Trumbull gallery of paintings, whereby Colonel T.'s reputation as an artist was elevated to a high peg in my esteem; visited Yale College grounds and the mineralogical and fossil cabinets; saw a returned Connecticut regiment "mustered out" on the Green; and took a ride-all-alone to East Rock, where, outstretched at my feet lay a splendid panorama, embracing New Haven, Fairhaven, and the surrounding country, with streams winding through it like silver ribbons, and the Sound, dark in the distance. Had I succeeded in finding Fleta F., she should most assuredly have been the recipient of an invitation to accompany me on that ride; I felt very selfish, enjoying it alone.

GOOD-BYE, NEW HAVEN.

I pulled up stakes the next morning early, and left New Haven by the 7 A. M. train for New York, bringing away with me, as souvenirs of the visit, some stereoscopic views of the elm-shaded streets.

New Haven is unquestionably a beautiful place, and from its being the seat of a renowned institution of learning, could hardly fail to be a place of cultivation and refinement. Such, too, was the impression made upon me by my rambles through its streets, and the very slight opportunities that I had of intercourse with the dwellers therein. The ride thence to New York was a very pleasant one —though hardly so much so as that from Boston there — and passed through a number of handsome places, among which Bridgeport was prominent, where Wheeler and Wilson's sewing-machines and P. T. Barnum come from. Nothing special, either good or bad, occurred along the road; I devoured the last of the Country Parson's Veal, and in less than five hours after leaving New Haven was treading New York and Brooklyn streets, and feeling perfectly *at home*.

GOOD-BYE, EVERYBODY.

Thus ended my summer trip eastward; may my next, whether in the same direction or not, trip along as pleasantly and wag as Merry-ly—"only more so"—as did this one. If it shall induce any other Merry who may hereafter take a similar jaunt in some other direction, to give us the benefit of his or her experience and observations, then this rambling record will not have been penned altogether in vain.

THE CITY OF OUR GOD.

I KNOW that on His purple heights
No evening shadow ever falls;
For they are wrapt in heavenly lights,
Which shimmer through the jasper walls.

The silvery chime of singing founts
Is tuned to anthems of the blest;
And there upon those crystal mounts,
His chosen ones shall surely rest.

Enthroned on calm Elysian hills,
That God, whose name is fraught with love,
Watches His saints who've borne life's ills,
And gained their crowns of light above.

When, through the eye of faith, I see
These glorious scenes and visions bright,
I feel a longing to be free,
To soar unto the realms of light.

Oh! when I stand on Jordan's side,
And drifts my soul on God's bright sea,
May pearly gates stand open wide
In realms of rest to welcome me.

M. JENNIE SECOR.

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ANTS, AND THEIR HABITS.

ANTS furnish a very interesting study, and I will try and relate a few things I have learned in my inquiries after their way and means.

There are red and black ants, likewise the large white Indian ant, but at present the red and black ants shall be my theme.

Many have stings, which they use in their defense, while the larger number, when in danger, squirt an acid pungent fluid at their enemies, which inflames and irritates the skin like nettles. The eyes are extremely black, and under them are small feelers incased with fine silky hair; they have six legs, armed with small claws, which assist the insect in climbing.

They are very brave, exceedingly active, and have little fear in attacking animals many times larger than themselves.

ANTS' NEST.

The different species make their nests differently, but they are all built with great system, neatness, and regularity. "If an ant-hill," says an eminent naturalist, "be examined any time after midsummer, and ere winter sets in, there may be seen, mixed in with the busy wingless insects, males and females furnished with wings. These are carefully watched, and if any stray away, they are dragged back again by vigilant sentinels, which may frequently be seen hauling back a single deserter by the legs and wings." Huber says he watched attentively the little eggs, and remarked that their shades, sizes, and shapes were quite different: the smallest were white and cylindrical; the largest, transparent and slightly arched at each end, while the medium-sized were semi-transparent. When the eggs are hatched, the grubs are fed by "neuters," and by the female parent, with a liquid discharged near the nursing ant's breast. Wasps, humble-bees, and certain birds feed their *babies* in the same way. When the larvæ has attained the full size, they spin a silken garment in which they wrap themselves, and remain perfectly quiescent, minus nutriment, awaiting the final change, when they assume the ant shape. Partridges and pheasants seek eagerly after ants' eggs, which they eat with a relish.

In England and America, ant-hills appear arranged with very little regularity, but in France and Italy they are made with amazing ingenuity. They are generally built near a large tree by a river's bank; the tree gives them nutriment, and the water furnishes them with the abundant humidity which these insects find eminently requisite and necessary.

The ant-hill is made with leaves, chips, sand, earth, grain, stubble, and gum, all carefully united, and making a thimble-shaped building, intersected with galleries, passages, and tunnels extending every way, and reaching far underneath the basement, perhaps I might say *cellar*. When the edifice

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is first begun, it is simply a small cavity in the earth; but in a very little while attains size and stability; it appears but a careless heap, when in reality it is very cleverly arranged, and built in such a manner, externally, that it sheds the rain, evades the wind, and successfully repels all attacking enemies. They fag energetically all the summer, but the winter suspends their trials and terminates their annual industry. The diligent ants sustain the idlers as well as themselves. They eat insects and ripe saccharine fruits. (If they are anything like the ants I am acquainted with, they might relish a little bread and meat with a few crackers and a gingerbread cake.) If what they find in the alimentary line exceeds their present requirements, they tear the balance in pieces and carry it away with them.

When the female ant begins laying her eggs, the indefatigable servants carry them carefully and place them safely in the sub-cellar, where they guard and defend them with the greatest assiduity. If a single ant, during his travels, finds a rich treasure, he hurries back and carries the pleasant tidings; the rest assemble immediately, and all are quickly stirring. But while they are thus busied in their pursuit, they never neglect the little treasures in the cellar, and always leave a vigilant sentinel in charge.

When the baby ants leave their shells, they remain a great while under careful superintendence, the slaves attending them with great tenderness in their wanderings within the nest, making them acquainted with all the galleries and chambers with which the building is furnished, in fact, they are served in all respects with unremitting zeal. In autumn they attain wings, and every plant in their vicinity is literally black with them. The slaves still watch them, and seem distressed when at length they take their flight. When the air is warm and still, they rise in myriads, bidding their nests farewell, and leaving their faithful servants with careless ingratitude. When the female alights, after taking her aerial jaunt, she examines the place in which chance has placed her, and if it suits her requirements, she deliberately dispenses with her wings, turning her head back and tearing them in pieces with her sharp mandibles. Strange as this may seem, it is dictated by an unerring instinct, as thereafter they can but be a hindrance rather than an assistance in her many duties.

If any "kind Samaritan" ants are near, they unite their strength with hers, and energetically assist in excavating a small and humble dwelling in the earth; and with this she begins a new era. She lays her eggs, and is then an established queen, treated with marked civility and respect.

I may here state a singular fact. When the male and female ants (the rest are neuters) are leaving the pupa state, slaves are captured by kidnapping ants that they may watch and guard the new family. *The slaves captured are always black*—the ruthless capturing marauders, pale red.

There is in Africa an interesting class called the driver ant; they travel in vast armies, and can attack and vanquish any animal whatever that impedes their way, unless it escapes by instant flight.

Mr. Smeathman says it might be called the visiting ant. They never build dwellings, but tarry, until they resume their march, under any tree

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Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THERE are stirring, noisy times outside, but our parlor is always quiet. There are no "rumors of war" here. We chat in peace. Wilforley and some others will perhaps say—in pieces. But that is their fault. We never cut anything that is short, not even short cake. We prefer to break it. Wall Street is the place where the short are apt to be cut shorter. But, to the Chat. The door is open.

But first, Wilforley wishes us to say, that in his "Summer Trip," in the November number, the ropewalk in Charlestown Navy Yard should be the *longest*, and not the *largest*, in the world. The eagle was hovering over his *nest*, not "*rest*." And the kangaroos had one tail apiece, the text to the contrary notwithstanding. Perhaps, however, it was only *a piece* of a tail, after all. But such as they had, each had his own piece.

CHICAGO, *Oct.*, 1861.

DEAR AUNT:—I am almost afraid to write to you, on account of that unmerciful *hatchet*, or your still *more* unmerciful *self*. Well, if my letters are of no account, I will send some enigmas, etc., and see how you like *them*. By the way, I must warn you and the cousins to "look out," for "Sucker" and myself are going to see which can get the first prize, and we are both good at getting out enigmas, etc. (!) Now, will you just warn all competitors to move their quarters until our contest is over. Give my love to Bess, Busy Bee, and all the rest of the pretty cousins, not excepting Annie E. Drummond, to whom I would give it "in propria persona," but I am rather bashful. I remain your humble servant, HARRY WHITMORE.

Why, Harry! Have you been playing Rip Van Winkle? "Bess" one of the "pretty cousins!" Step forward, Wilforley, and make a bow. I fain would give your love to Busy Bee; Cupid's arrows ought to be able to *cross the line*. At least we will chronicle it here for *future reference*. A. S.

BROOKLYN, *Nov.* 11, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES:—I've had an attack of the "Union fever," and have just recovered in time to wish you and all the cousins a "Happy New Year;" my chat with the cousins will *not* be very long. Well, Blue-Eyes, your "kisses" are very numerous, but beware who you send them to—there may be some more Wilforleys among us. H. A. Danker, my best wishes for your success. Ha! ha! Adrian, so you are going to send your photograph to the "Rogues' Gallery" (as you call it); my impression is, that your face will be the only one to be found there, if that is the name it is to go by. Black-Eyes, I agree with you in regard to C. M. Gibbs. "Ellian," my photograph has been sent, and I hope ere this it has been received; do not fail (as soon as convenient) to send a certain person's, as it is anxiously looked for. Charlie F. W., how about the B. P.? I thought we could retire off of the fortune we would realize, but I haven't seen it. Oliver Only, how are the "whiskers" getting along? Are the hairs beyond counting? How is it that I have heard nothing from you since your departure from here; perhaps you have had an attack of the "war" fever; if so, let me hear from you when you recover. Mary of B———, you can obtain the required information concerning me by applying to "Aunt Sue." Now for "our darling pet," Busy Bee. Oh! what a shame you should be shut out from us so. We were in hopes that by this time the "war" would have been settled, and then you could have come back once more to us, and have a long chat. We are all waiting with open arms to clasp you once more, and escort you into our "Merry circle." Now, Uncle Hi, don't cut me up much, I don't come very often. So good-bye all. TOMMY.

OUT OF THE WAY, *Nov.* 6, 1861.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have taken the MUSEUM for ten or eleven years, and read the Chat most of the time, and have never written a letter for fear of the hatchet. But that is not what I was going to say. I like Kitty F.; would like to have a seat by Golden-Haired Effie or Homely Face, if IT is

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not a GIRL. As I am an Illinoisan, I should like to scrape an acquaintance with Anna E. Drummond. Sophie, have you seen Willie H. Coleman? C. M. E., Jacksonville, Ill., won't you give your name in full in the MUSEUM?

Yours, LONG BILL.

ST. ANDREWS, *Nov.* 11, 1861.

A right down good sensible idea, Black-Eyes; *if* we should all carry it out, wouldn't M. and H. roll in gold? But—pshaw! Cousins all, let us kick the ifs and buts out of the way and *do* it. Put me down for a one-dollar kick to begin with. Black-Eyes, please *don't* say *ain't* for *isn't*.

Thanks, Annie Drummond. The *carte* was safely received, and mine has long since sped upon its way to Chicago. Next—

Yes, Forgetmenot; but where shall I send it? Forward yours with address.

"It strikes me," Oliver, "that our girls *will* ( ) view the matter in the same light as" myself. *Vide* Wil H. C.'s letter and my answer to Annie E. D. Ditto to you, Daisy W. Ye-e-s, C. F. W.

Yea and amen, Fleta Forrester; but I *acknowledged* my double-dealing. I wonder if Uncle Hiram would "take *me* as I am," should I run on to the same length.

Thanks, Wil H. Coleman. I wait to reciprocate.

Here's that spec-ulating Sophie again. Thought you made quite a hit, I suppose, about spec-kled generals? What do you say to Governor Sprague and Frank Sigel? I am content to stand in their company.

Jessie Linwood, can you give me the initials, if not the name, of that friend from New York?

It is worth going to war to receive such a message as that from "All of Us" to Henry A. Danker. May it nerve his heart to be pure and faithful; his arm to strike quick and true. But have we no more Merrys "keeping step to the music of the Union?" Speak, if there be any such, that we may give you God-speed!

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

NEW YORK, 1861.

DEAR UNCLES:—As I see that you are having some very *Merry* times as well as exciting, I hope that you, or the fair cousins, will not object to my entering the charmed (and, need I add, charming?) circle.

Now, fair cousins, as the Uncles have so kindly permitted me to enter, allow me to address myself to you. Ahem! ahem! Cousin Sybil, please move your chair a little nearer. I wish to whisper a word in your ear, of that suspicious fellow, W. H. Coleman; and that is, *Beware! He'd* better talk about *masked batteries*, and the like. Humph!

It "riled" me considerably, young ladies, to see all those kisses, and such like, worse than thrown away on that would-be female, Wilforley, or as one of my fair cousins has suggested, Wilfully Wicked. Wilforley, how fares the "poor, mangled, mutilated frame?"

But I fear you will regard my letter as a species of "linked misery long drawn out"—so I will close, with much love to Saucy Nell, Mrs. B.-E., Sue Laigh, A. E. D., Sybil Grey, and the remainder of the fair sex.

Brother W. Coleman, if the bloodroot does not work, I would recommend *garlic*.

Adios. FRED RYDER.

There is a rider for a real, live, dashing dragoon, and you must look out for him.

Sept., any time in 1861.

"Who goes there?" cries Uncle Merry from his post, for he is mounted on guard. "Pertine." "Well, advance, and give the countersign."

Now that is done, prepare for a scold, for I am provoked, and my temper (for I'm blessed with one) can not be controlled. I do wish that you would all wake up; if you don't, I shall die, as Fannie Fern says, of "still weather." To be sure, we have a Zephyr; but I want a breeze, a regular gale, just such a one as there was when I went down to take a bathe the other day. Why, the wind blew so, and the waves were so strong that they lifted me off my feet and I was buried in surf, much to my good mother's fear that she should never see my smiling countenance again. But father said, "Let her be; the harder the storm is, the better she likes it." I wish you all had been there, and I would have ducked you; but the waves would have done that for me. So some of you think the MUSEUM is getting to be an advertising office. Well, there is no fear of my advertising myself, for I'm too homely and ugly. I never saw a person yet five minutes but what they said I

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My whole is a word of Levantine connection,
And name of a passport insuring protection. *Fleta Forrester.*

ANAGRAMS ON CITIES.

338. Go miles (in France).

339. Not a rat (in Italy).

340. Yes, rank (in Russia).

341. The Nimrod (in Norway).

342. A lone crab (in Spain). *Jim.*

343. What two female names express a chemist? *Josie.*

344. In a word of eight letters, the first three and the last three (transposed) name the same animal. The remaining two (transposed), with the last letter, name another animal. What is the word? *Olive.*

345. When does the weather resemble a lawyer? *C. F. Warren.*

346. *a* My first (in sound), second, and whole are birds.
b My first, second, and whole are plants. *Nedloh.*

347. Entire, I am a cooling drink; behead and transpose, and I am a cause of reproach; again transpose, and I am an article of dry-goods. *Tommy.*

PLANTS, FLOWERS, ETC.

348. Part of every animal and part of every vegetable.

349. A beast of burden and a poison. *Uncle Joe.*

350. A sweet substance and a cluster. *D. Bell Butler.*

351. A weapon and part of the body.

352. A household article and what often forms a part of it. *D. P. and W. W. Wight.*

353. Dear friends, your notice now I crave,
For I'm a king, a queen, a slave;
Each human being claims my name,
And rightly, too, so where's the blame?
Although I'm never more than one,
Just cross me once, you'll find I'm *some!*
Whate'er my state of toil or rest,
I always love myself the best.
I may be greater, never less,
So now, young Merrys, please to guess. *Aunt Martha.*

354. What two letters give a word meaning to debate? *Charles Little.*

355. Both my first and second (in sound) are found in the scale. Entire, I am a term of praise. *Sucker.*

356. I am a word of four letters: in me may be found 1 a verb, 2 an animal, 3 a viscid liquid, 4 a science, 5 a conjunction, 6 a preposition. *Jim.*

COUNTIES IN ILLINOIS.

357. An article of furniture.

358. A body of water.

359. A boy's name.

360. One of the presidents.

361. One of the American generals.

362. One of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. *Fred Judson.*

363. A puzzle I will dedicate
Unto the sharp ones here;
Now do not think it difficult—
Too easy 'tis, I fear.
Sharp and keen, I trow,
Unconquered too, I vow,
E'en with you now. *Oliver Onley.*

364. Add a letter to an animal, and make a building. *Tommy.*

365. Transpose a tree into a boy's nickname.

366. An animal into a famous battle.

367. A tree into a verb. *Charlie F. Warren*

368. An insect into part of a book.

369. A game of cards into a dress. *Harry.*

370. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 1, 4, 5, 2, 8, 9 is a Scripture name with which we are all familiar.
My 3, 7, 5, 6 is an article of food.
My 8, 10, 11 is a nickname.
My whole is a Scripture name. *G. W. C.*

371. I am composed of 26 letters:
My 17, 3, 21, 9, 14 is a heathen divinity.
My 8, 25, 20, 10 may be a sign of either joy or sorrow.
My 19, 1, 11, 4 is what some people love to hear.
My 24, 6, 22, 12 is an article of clothing.
My 7, 15, 18, 16 is an animal.

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My 2, 5, 23, 13, 7 is what MERRY'S MUSEUM is.
My 26, 20, 21 is a verb.
My whole is an adage.
Daisy Wildwood.

372. I am composed of 13 letters:
My 4, 2, 7, 6 is a tool.
My 10, 11, 8 is a fish.
My 9, 1, 5, 3, 6 may generally be seen on a farm.
My 13, 6, 9, 12 is to refine.
My whole is a celebrated patriot.
Nedloh.

373. I am composed of 23 letters:
My 11, 23, 3, 2, 10 is a door-post.
My 1, 12, 7 is an inclosed place.
My 5, 8, 19, 15, 15 is an elastic cord.
My 13, 4, 21, 14 is to espouse a cause.
My 20, 4, 6, 16, 9 is useful to the cook.
My 18, 22, 17, exactly—directly.
My whole is a sentiment that may be found in MERRY'S MUSEUM (August No.). *E. W. W.*

Answers to Questions in Oct. No.

277. Hope, hop, ho!

278. Salve, slave, lave, veal, vase, save, ale, Ave.

279. When he said "Bildad."

280. He thought he was *going to blubber*, but he didn't. (C. D. W. thinks "he was certainly *blubberin'*," which we must credit.)

281. Because there are "only two hens" (n's) in all *England*.

282. Black Rock.

283. Waterloo.

284. Lockport.

285. Buffalo.

286. Whitehall.

287. Pitcairn.

288. A good appetite. ("Ideas," "money," "victuals," "a joke," "breath," "news," etc., have been suggested, but they do not apply so generally as the above.)

289. YOU.

290. Mastodon.

291. Casper, asper, sper, per.

292. Curtail.

293. Caraway.

294. Judas tree.

295. Marjoram.

296. Disproportionableness. (This exceeds in length those words given by *O. O.* and *H. A. D.*, page 28.)

297. Florence Nightingale.

298. Pestilence.

299. Illustrate.

300. Adherent.

301. Abe Lincoln.

302. Sesquipedal.

303. Stereotypographer.

304. Trefoil.

305. Baltimore.

306. Parathesis.

CHARLIE F. WARREN answers all but 279, 280.

E. W. W., all but 279, 280, 306.

Mary A. E., all but 279, 280, 304, 305, 306.

C. D W., all but 287, 288, 289, 294, 295, 296.

Fleta Forrester, all but 279, 280, 281, 288, 289, 294, 306.

Sam T. K. and Red Dick, all but 279, 280, 288, 290, 291, 294, 295, 300, 303, 305, 306.

Myrtle P., all but 279, 280, 281, 286, 288, 289, 294, 295, 302, 303, 304, 306.

Pennsylvania Dick, all but 278, 280, 289, 294, 295, 299, 304, 305, 306.

Jeannie Parker, all but 279, 280, 281, 287, 288, 291, 299, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306.

C. M. E., all but 279, 280, 281, 288, 289, 294, 304, 305, 306.

Venus, all but 279, 280, 281, 287, 288, 289, 294, 295, 296, 301, 302, 304, 305, 306.

Black and Shiny answers 277, 278, 280, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 290, 292, 297, 298, 299.

Stumbler.—277, 278, 282, 283, 284, 286, 287, 288, 290, 292, 296, 297, 298, 299.

Jim.—277, 278, 280, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 290, 293, 297, 300.

Clara.—277, 278, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 288, 292, 297, 298, 299, 300.

Lucy W. C.—277, 278, 282, 283, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 293, 294, 297.

Lizzie L. H.—277, 278, 281, 283, 284, 285, 286, 297, 298, 305.

Nina Gordon.—277, 282, 283, 285, 286, 290.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sarah B. L.—I am glad "brother" hasn't lost his interest in us. I am almost sorry his "Expurgated Essay" was not the best.

Nina Gordon offers her "*bona fide autograph*" to all who will answer correctly the following: "Spell Constantinople, Busy Bee, Laura Elmer, Wilforley, all the world, and 'Bosting' in three letters; not one more letter will be allowed. The offer, I suppose, holds good till the 10th of January.

Stumbler.—It is from the Greek πρό. The dots of your I's and your capital S's wear a familiar look. If you would like a photograph of Aunt Sue, for your very excellent Essay on Ants, just say so.

C. D. W.—It seems to have been hardly worth asking for, but you shall have it. Your message shall be forwarded to C. F. W., although *I* don't think he needs brightening.

C. F. Warren.—If all our enigmas (especially conundrums) were to be submitted to a lawyer's scrutiny, very few, I fear, would survive the ordeal. In the matter of Jonah he might say, "How can you *prove* that he thought 'he was going to blubber?'" I am afraid our circumstantial evidence would not be sufficient to convict him. But in the matter of the pigeons I maintain my ground even with "dictionary" requirements. I asked a gentleman if he had ever shot a bird in a tree, and the bird had remained—dead—in the tree. He replied, "Yes, twice, for I had to climb up the tree to get them; one time I spilled all my wads and percussion caps, and was an hour, more or less, picking them up again; and the other time I tore—" I told him he needn't continue—I was perfectly satisfied. So, *Charlie*, the pigeon (upon which our conundrum was constructed) was to *remain in the tree*, as "*in the immediate neighborhood*" might not clearly define "remain."

Lizzie L. H.—I am always *glad* when "papa" or "mamma" helps to solve the enigmas, and consider it perfectly fair for every one in the family to "lend a hand," provided *only one* sends the answers. Tell "Fanny" that 99 100ths of my correspondents were "strangers" to *presto* me until they wrote to me, when——they were friends! Uncle Hiram and Uncle Merry are two individuals, separate and distinct. The conundrum *is* ancient.

Myrtle P. desires to sit by *Saucy Nell*, if the latter is willing. *Myrtle*, you are the first who has sent any answers to my anagrams.

C. M. E.—Wasn't it cruel that in your nice long essay on ants, *four* O's should have crept in? "Lying in succession"—"the chambers *too*"—"in an incredibly short time."

Nellie A. Mather.—You have left yourself no excuse about your photograph. It *is* "worth having," because I want it.

Clara.—Glad to hear from you. I had no difficulty in reading, though I was sorry for the cause of the obscurity. Kind remembrances to Bella.

Sam T. K.—I congratulate you on the acquirement of *Red Dick's* pen.

Pennsylvania Dick.—If you had asked - - — — - . . — . . . . . the questions you so confidentially address to me, he would most likely have answered you better than I can, for I am entirely ignorant of the "wherefore," but I'll try and find out for you. *I* can read telegraphic messages now; I have been practicing for fun. A person *may* answer his own enigma. The advantage is but a fair reward for his labor and ingenuity. I agree with you in regard to *Fleta's* poetic genius, and concerning the enigmas. See "hints to puzzlers."

E. W. W.—I don't quite agree with you; I think I would rather be "next to the head" than "down foot."

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Tommy*, *E. W. W.*, *Minx*, *Bertha*, *Wilforley*, *Nina Gordon*, *Pennsylvanian Dick*, *C. F. W.*, *Nellie A. Mather*, *Venus*, *Sam T. K.*, and *Red Dick.*

I have received, besides those previously mentioned, very clever essays on ants from *Bertha*, *Mary A. E.*, *E. W. W.*, *Frank*, *Homely Face*, *John E. Ellinger*, *A. J. Van D.*, *Nellie A. Mather*, and *Harlan*; but each of them contain less than 1,000 words.

Missing for some time, if not longer, *Alpha*, *Rose-Bud*, *Anna W. N.*, *Bella B.*, *Uncle Joe*, *Ned W.*, and *Adelbert Older*. Any information that will lead to their arrest and the recovery of the goods will be liberally rewarded.

HINTS TO PUZZLERS.

Write only on one side of your paper. Attach to *each* enigma its solution, instead of having a separate list of answers.

N. B.—I have already on hand *enough enigmas composed of figures to last for two years.* All *other* kinds are acceptable.

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